

REMAINS

REV. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN,

COMPILED BY

FRANCIS GRIFFIN:

A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

The Deceased,

THE REV. JOHN McVICKAR, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, ETC. IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

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THROUGH ITALY AND SWITZERLAND.

LETTER XXXII.

POMPEII—HERCULANEUM—ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

I HAVE made two long visits to Pompeii, and am at length enabled to reduce my ideas respecting the place to some degree of order. It lies twelve miles from Naples, and about four beyond the base of Vesuvius. It is well known that this city was formerly one of the most populous and commercial in all Campania, that it was ruined by the shock of an earthquake, A. D. 63, and covered with a shower of cinders in the year 79. Dion affirms that the inhabitants were at the theatre at the time of the eruption, and were most of them buried there. This, however, would appear not to have been the case, as only one skeleton was found there, and scarcely sixty in the whole city. These were, perhaps, wounded or killed in their flight by the stones ejected from the mountain; the rest it is probable were able to escape. Besides, this city was not, like Herculaneum, overwhelmed by a rolling tide of lava, which would have been more sudden and less easily avoided. The cinders, as they are called, by which it was covered, are for the most part very small

pieces of pumice stone, ~~and~~ substance resembling black sand. About the middle of the last century, a villa without the walls was discovered in making a plantation of vines. From that time to this the excavations have been continued, and yet the greater part of the city remains beneath the soil.

Enough, however, is exposed to give one a complete idea of its appearance. Whole streets are excavated, shops and houses, theatres and temples, porticos and forums, are opened to view and examination; unroofed and ruined, it is true, yet standing in their original connexion, and displaying their ancient forms. The houses are generally of one story, built around a quadrangular court, paved with mosaic, and surrounded with columns. On three sides of this court are arranged bed-rooms, in general very small, and receiving air and light only from the door. Their walls are covered with a hard plaster, painted red, green, or white, and frequently ornamented with beasts, birds, landscapes, and figures of dancers, bacchanals, heroes, goddesses and gods, single or in groups. The fourth side of the quadrangle opposite the door of entrance, is occupied by a single large apartment, raised on a platform elevated a foot or two above the surface of the court, and destined for the reception of company. Its walls are adorned with greater care and richness. All the apartments are paved with mosaic, composed of pieces of marble and colored glass about a quarter of an inch square, arranged in figures resembling those of our ordinary oil-cloths. Issuing from the rear of the reception room, you find what may be called a garden, though very narrow in dimensions, surrounded with plastered and painted walls, and in part paved with mosaic. It is ornamented frequently by a fountain, in the form of a niche, covered with mosaic and shell-work, its basin surrounded with small bronze statues. In one instance, the garden was furnished with a triclinium built of stone, somewhat in the horse-shoe form, broad as the ordinary length of a man, shelving to-

wards the exterior and enclosing a short pillar used no doubt to support a small table.

Such is a brief outline of the houses of Pompeii. Some are much larger, containing two and even three courts. Many of course are smaller. But one has been found which has a second story. This is the villa of M. Arrius Diomedes, the first house discovered. It stands without the city, perhaps a quarter of a mile from the gate. It is built around two courts, one covered and the other open, enclosing a garden surrounded by a covered portico, supported by pilasters. Below this portico is a winding subterraneous passage, in which, besides jars used to contain wine, were found a number of skeletons, probably of persons whom their panic did not permit to escape. Above, in the garden, was found the skeleton of a man carrying keys in one hand, and money and gold ornaments in the other, and behind him another loaded with bronze and silver vases. Striking memorials these of the awful calamity which overwhelmed this devoted city! Of the second story of this house, according to the guide book, only one side remains. I am inclined to think that it never occupied more than a part of the front. To this belief I am induced, not only by the present appearance of the building, but by a landscape found on the garden wall of one of the houses in the city, which represents a villa of the form I have supposed. Near this house, on the summit of a rising ground, is supposed to have been a villa of Cicero, which among all that belonged to the magnificent orator, seems, from his letter to Atticus, to have been one of his favorites. On both sides of the Consular Way, which leads from hence to the gate of the city, are found tombs of various forms and sizes, but generally exhibiting a simple and chaste beauty. The two most remarkable are on the right hand of the road. They are built of white marble, in the form of an altar, raised upon a lofty and massive pedestal. The pedestal of one is hollow, and may be entered

from the rear. It contains, arranged in niches, the urns which hold the ashes of the dead. One of them is broken, and exhibits fragments of bones now falling from their last receptacle. Not far from it, within an enclosure, is a triclinium, whither the relations of deceased persons came to partake of a funeral repast.

The entrance into the city is by three arched gateways, the central one corresponding with the middle of the street, and the others with the side-walks. Before entering the gate, you perceive the ruins of the guard-house, in which was found the skeleton of a soldier, lance in hand, according to the story of my cicerone. On entering the city, you perceive extended before you the street, paved with large and irregular, though flat and admirably joined stones, and bordered on both sides with lines of shops and houses. Upon the walls are still to be seen their rude inscriptions, in paint of various colors. The traces worn by the carriage wheels are plainly visible—nay even the stains of their tires remain upon the stones. You feel as if the silence which surrounds you, and the awful solitude, were something unnatural and strange—as if some Arabian enchantment had arrested in a moment the activity of life—as if by some new exertion of magic power, it must return as suddenly as it departed. But in vain you await the dissolution of the spell. It is the silence and the solitude of death. Pursuing your way, you find shops where hot liquors were sold, and where the marks made by the goblets are still seen upon the marble counters; oil shops, whose huge earthen jars are still fixed in their surrounding brick; work-mills, whose stones still rest in their original position; houses, whose apartments are still entire with the exception of their roofs. The most remarkable objects in this part of the town are, the house of Sallust, in which is a fine painting of the story of Diana and Actæon; what is called the Pantheon, containing a remarkably expressive representation of Theseus showing the sword of

Ægeus to his mother, which he has just taken from beneath an enormous rock ; and another of Ulysses, seated as a beggar and regarded with earnest astonishment by Penelope ; and the house called of Castor and Pollux, from paintings of these deities on the walls of the passage near the door of entrance. This last house is among the most recent excavations, and its paintings are the freshest and most beautiful. In its drawing-room are found, on each of the side walls, five paintings, the two principal of figures about two and a half feet long. The subjects are chiefly taken from Homer ; and are represented with great spirit of design, though not with much truth of coloring, or regard to perspective. In this last point, however, they are less deficient than I had previously supposed. The drapery of some of the figures, particularly of two small groups of Bacchanalians, is exquisite. In a cross street are to be found the public baths, interesting from their fine preservation, and a house called the house of the tragic poet, from some manuscripts which were found there. This is remarkable for a fine pavement of mosaic, just within the door, representing a huge dog chained up, and bearing, instead of the usual hospitable inscription "Salve," the rude motto "Cave Canem." It contains also a number of paintings on the walls, one of which claims the honor of being the most obscene among the numerous indecent ones still left at Pompeii.

Near the centre of the town, on an eminence, is the forum, about one eighth of a mile in length, and one sixteenth in breadth. It is surrounded by a colonnade, before which are placed pedestals apparently for statues. The columns are of tufa and marble, and are fluted. Around the forum are situated a multitude of Temples, of Jupiter, of Venus, of Fortune, of Mercury, &c. a Basilica, a Chalcedicum, and other public buildings, all adorned with columns of marble, and tufa stuccoed. They are, however, in a state singularly ruinous : some of the shafts are manifestly

old—others, it is plain, are yet unfinished ; nay many are lying on the ground, only rough hewn. This is to be accounted for by the fact before mentioned, that the city had been ruined by an earthquake, A. D. 63, and that repairs had been commenced previous to the eruption of 79. Thus every thing betrays the sudden interruption of human enterprise, by an irresistible and overpowering cause. Not far from the forum on the same ridge, is another extensive portico surrounding the old Doric temple of Hercules, the founder of the city, and commanding a fine prospect of the sea. Immediately below this is the tragic theatre, with its white marble seats, sufficiently preserved to exhibit its whole arrangement ; and still further down another extensive portico, called the portico of the soldiers, whose fluted columns are of brick, covered with stucco. Not far from this is a smaller theatre admirably preserved. From hence passing the temples of Isis and Æsculapius, you enter on a path leading for about one third of a mile through cultivated fields, that still rest upon the buried houses, to the amphitheatre which is within a few feet of the wall of the city. This edifice is also well preserved. Its longest diameter is about four hundred feet ; it contains three ranges of seats, or *meniana*, and is said to be large enough to accommodate thirty-five thousand spectators. The course of the ancient wall may from hence be plainly seen ; one of its ruined towers is near at hand.

The feelings and the reflections excited in the mind by a visit to Pompeii, are essentially distinct from those suggested by the ruins of the mistress of the world. Here are no proud associations to swell the bosom, no reverence for the “unforgotten dead.” But on the other hand, here is an ancient city in almost perfect preservation. Not a few columns merely, or a ruined amphitheatre, survive ; but the temple, with its altars and its shrine ; the theatre, with its seats, its orchestra, and its stage ; houses almost habitable, and shops

into which modern artisans might enter after a few repairs. You feel actually familiar with a people over whose graves nearly eighteen centuries have passed away. You enter into every detail of public and of private life. In these courts kneeled the multitude before the temples of the gods—on these altars streamed the sacrificial blood—on this stage trod the masked and buskined actors—above that door of entrance sate the magistrates—in this curia are still to be seen the steps which ascended to the rostrum of the orator—in this basilica was the tribunal of the judge—here are the shaded portico, and the luxurious bath—here are the bedroom, the parlor, the dining-room, the garden—here is the shop of the apothecary, the baker, the vender of oil, the carpenter, the miller, and the armorer—here are the tavern and the dram-shop—on these very pavements rolled the carriages of Pompeii—on these very stepping-stones the inhabitants crossed the streets—into these very doors they entered—on these very stairs they ascended to the roof :—a thousand circumstances at every step concur in transporting you back to a distant age. If the ruins of Rome exhibit, as they unquestionably do, a far greater magnificence, still enough is seen here to astonish us at the splendor of a mere provincial city. I will venture to affirm, that there is not a public place in any city I have visited, (always excepting Rome) which can be compared at all, in architectural beauty and effect, with the forum of Pompeii. The ornaments of the houses, too, contribute to produce the same impression : floors of mosaic, walls of paintings, colonnaded courts, statues of bronze and marble, are only the ordinary attributes of those of the better class. The very cooking utensils found there are all of bronze. In comfort, however, if we compare them with our own, there will be found, at first sight, a great inferiority ; yet, when we consider the climate of the place, we shall perceive less reason to congratulate ourselves, than we had imagined. The bedrooms, it is true, are never larger than ten feet

square ; but then they open on a sheltered court : the floors, it is true, are of mosaic ; but this is an advantage in so warm a climate. The same reply will serve, if the very small quantity of window glass in use be made an objection. One circumstance deserves notice in illustration of the morals of the ancients. The most shockingly indecent pictures are found both in the public and private apartments of the best houses, betraying a very slight regard to female modesty and virtue, and leading us to infer from this fact, a general corruption and depravity of manners.

After visiting Pompeii, Herculaneum is scarcely worthy of attention. But two excavations have been made. By one, a private house, resembling those of Pompeii, has been completely opened. The material which buried it was not the solid lava that covered a part of the town, but merely cinders caked with boiling water. The other excavation leads along passages cut through lava, solid and hard as stone, into various parts of the theatre. You cannot enter these subterranean passages, nor indeed any part of the buried cities, without being oppressed with a sense of the almighty power and mysterious providence of God. Here were two cities ruined in a few short hours, almost like Sodom and Gomorrah, by fire out of heaven. Here were multitudes deprived of all their substance, and driven from their houses by an approaching flood of liquid fire, amid a cloud of sulphurous smoke, and more destructive cinders, the earth quaking beneath their feet, the mountain roaring in their rear, the sea itself retiring as if affrighted, calling, as they fled, for friends or kindred lost or perished, and deeming themselves fortunate to escape with the loss of all but life. Perhaps it was their peculiar crimes which thus devoted them to the vengeance of heaven ; perhaps some other cause operated in the Almighty mind, and led to this tremendous visitation. Without judging them, however, I could not, with these monuments before my eyes, but stand in awe of that almighty sway,

which holds us, and all men, and all things, in heaven and earth, at its sovereign and irresistible disposal.

From these ruined cities of the plain, the transition is natural to the tremendous cause of their disasters. At Resina, which is about five miles from Naples, and is built upon the lava that covered Herculaneum, you leave your carriage to mount mules or asses for the ascent of the mountain. The scene in the court-yard of Salvatore (the principal guide to Vesuvius) is ludicrous enough. You have been attended about half a mile back, by a multitude of muleteers, cantering their poor jaded beasts, to show their paces, and offering them from time to time to your acceptance. When you arrive in the yard, unless you are very alert in descending, you will probably be blockaded in your carriage by heads and tails jammed close around it, with only room enough for the noisy masters to stand, offering the rope, bridle, and club, and bawling in your ears, "*buono mulo.*" Perhaps one or two, more lucky than the rest, have caught from travellers a few words of English, which they are careful to display to the best advantage, by vociferating "good mool," "new sad," as long as their breath allows them. At length, however, you are mounted, with a guide in your rear, armed with a substantial club. No sooner is the signal for departure given, than the club falls first on one flank, and then upon the other, of the much enduring animal, who does his best, for a short distance, to imitate a gallop. But, alas ! a distance of ten rods convinces you of the futility of his efforts. For the remainder of the journey, you are fortunate if, once in a while, he can be induced, even by the most forcible arguments, to trot. The nature of the ground, in fact, soon becomes such as to render even this impracticable ; winding up steep ascents, and over uneven layers of lava, the product of various eruptions, the path admits of no pace faster than a walk.

The appearance of the mountain even here is awful. The

black masses which lie beneath your feet, you cannot but remember were once sheets of gliding liquid fire. This stream, your guide will tell you, ruined Torre del Greco; that buried Herculaneum; and this bed of ashes is of the same species with those which covered Pompeii. Far above you rises the conic crater, apparently too steep for any human foot to mount, crowned with its light cloud of smoke waving in the sun with treacherous beauty. Look downward, however, and what a contrast is presented in the glorious prospect which bursts upon the view. Northward lie the delicious plains of Campania Felice, rich with verdure and with foliage, and crowded with the habitations of men. Westward beneath your feet, a line of villages, Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici, is stretched along the coast. Opposite lies Naples, on a gentle ascent crowned with the conic eminence and castle of St. Elmo, terminated on the bay by its projecting moles, and leading the eye westward still along the lofty promontory of Posilippo. Further on, in the same direction, Cape Miseno juts into the sea, sheltering the classic gulf of Baie. Procida comes next, a little to the south; and closing the semi-circular sweep, Ischia lifts towards heaven its volcanic summit. Turning to the south, you behold a long and mountainous promontory, beautifully diversified by the varied outline of its highlands, by its retreating bays, and lofty capes, edged with delightfully situated villages, Castel a Mare, Vico, and Sorrento, and others scarcely less remarkable, and at its descending point separated by a narrow strait from the island of Capri, whose wildly graceful outline appropriately terminates on this side the most enchanting bay in all the world.

Near the base of the cone lives a hermit, in the habit of a Capuchin friar, who furnishes travellers with the refreshment of bread and cheese, and the delicious wine produced on the mountain, and known under the name of *Lachrymæ Christi*. He lives here without apprehension, being confident in his

ability to discern the signs of an approaching eruption. The signs are, indeed, in general, sufficiently distinct. Tremblings of the earth, and the emission of black smoke, which rises to an enormous height in the air in the form of a column or a cone, almost uniformly give warning of impending danger. At length, after an ascent of two hours, you arrive at the bottom of the cone, and alight from your mule. Henceforward you must trust to your own exertions. Your guide will offer to let you hold by a belt around his body ; but for my own part, I preferred to endure a little additional fatigue, rather than increase the burden of any man so greatly. The ascent is very steep, but what is worse, the soil on which you tread is a loose sand into which you constantly sink up to the ankles, and which slips from beneath your feet to such a degree, that you lose at least one step in three. The perpendicular height of the mountain is three thousand six hundred feet—that of the cone I could not ascertain, but should conjecture it to be about one fifth of the whole. The labor of the ascent is of course prodigious. Frequent pauses are necessary to enable one to reach the top in a state short of utter exhaustion.

Arrived at the top, you are indeed rewarded for all your fatigue. Directly beneath your feet yawns a horrid gulf, three or four hundred feet in depth and upwards of a mile in circumference, occupying the whole summit of the mountain, except a narrow border generally not more than four feet wide. The sides of the gulf, in many places precipitous, are steep in all. Below is seen the surface of the crater, in part black with cooled lava, and covered in part with liquid fire, and sending forth smoke and flame from every crevice. In the midst arises a low cone, formed of ejected matter, upon whose summit open the very jaws of the subterranean abyss of fire. From thence issue clouds rolling upon clouds, of sulphurous smoke, mingled from time to time with flashing flames, and at every burst of the volcano pierced

by a thousand fragments of shivered rocks. The loud breathing of the fire is borne across the crater, seeming the fierce pantings of some chained monster; the sharp sound of the crackling flames pierces the ear, as if, assuming another form, sound had become material; while the tremendous roar of explosions succeeding each other at every instant, fills the organs and almost confounds the soul. Forcibly abstracting my attention from this fearful gulf, and turning once more towards a world which I almost seemed to have left forever behind me, a scene burst upon my view which I could not deem less than elysian. Far in the west, the setting sun yet shed a parting smile upon the landscape, communicating a still softer, still more tranquil beauty. That golden atmosphere, those purple mountains richer far in hue than northern climes can furnish, or their inhabitants imagine, those glorious islands, those lofty promontories, that ample bay, that beautiful city, those long lines of villages, I never shall forget, as they appeared at sunset from the summit of Vesuvius.

It was now time to descend into the crater, an experiment without danger, though attended with great fatigue. There was still light enough to guide us, and at the same time, the approach of evening of course increased the apparent brightness of the flames. When arrived at the bottom of the crater, we found ourselves treading on a black uneven surface, yet warm beneath our feet. It was broken into blocks, like ice on the surface of a river, and in the intervals was to be seen, three or four feet below the surface, instead of water, lava still red hot. Fortunately the mountain had poured out on the very morning of our ascent a fresh stream of lava, which now surrounded about one half of the circumference of the crater. On approaching it, the heat both of the air and of the surface under our feet, was greatly increased. In some places we could see the lava still in a state of fusion, and boiling like molten glass. In others, it

had begun to grow black on the exterior crust. It would have been easier in some respects to obtain specimens by thrusting a stick into the boiling liquid. But it was actually too hot to be approached. We were therefore content to strike off with our canes, by a strong effort, pieces from a part which was much cooler, though still red hot. I did not attempt to ascend the cone containing the actually operative crater, as stones were constantly falling around it, and I was far from wishing to court the fate of Pliny. As twilight began to fall thickly around us, we hastened our ascent to the edge of the great crater, each conscious I believe of something like a wish not to be the hindmost. When arrived once more at the top, we lay down in our cloaks upon the brink, again to enjoy the terrible sublimity of the scene, which is in fact witnessed best from hence. In the crater you are occupied with parts—here the grand whole not only occupies—it absorbs you. But my powers of description, when compared with the mighty subject, are, I confess, exhausted, utterly inadequate ; and though I remained three hours longer on the spot, to observe the increased magnificence both of sight and sound, in the darkness and stillness of night, I must not dare to add another word. Our descent, which would have been dangerous on any other animal than a mule, was performed by torch-light ; and as there was a number of parties at the same time upon the mountain, some above and some below us, and others winding along on either side, our march was exceedingly picturesque. I must confess, however, that I hailed with great pleasure the carriage that awaited me at Resina, and with still increased satisfaction, even the Neapolitan bed that finally received me.

LETTER XXXIII.

EXCURSION TO PÆSTUM—VIETRI—SALERNO—RUINS OF PÆSTUM—NORMAN
REMAINS NEAR SALERNO.

THE road to Pæstum passes through Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, and Torre del Annunziata, whence, leaving the bay of Naples, it skirts the ruins of Pompeii, and runs eastward to Nocera. From hence taking a southerly direction, we shortly arrived at Cava, beautifully situated among the mountains. Descending hence through a region the most picturesque, in the course of two or three miles, we came suddenly in view of the village of Vietri, and the noble bay of Salerno. From Vietri the road leads along the heights which here border the sea, and affords a delightful view of the magnificent scenery of the bay. Before us lay Salerno, white as the evening sun, reclining like Naples, on an eminence descending to the sea. Southward stretched a long extent of coast, bordered at a distance by varied highlands, and terminating in the plain and adjoining mountains of Pæstum. Behind us rose the last cape of the long promontory of Sorrento, and beneath us rolled the sea, chafed into fury by a recent storm, whose effects had not yet subsided. Salerno was the ancient capital of the Picentines, and in the middle ages the seat of one of the Norman principalities. It is exceedingly picturesque in situation, but badly built, except along the quai. In wandering through its narrow filthy streets, I had renewed occasion to observe the unex-

amplified misery of the inhabitants of the kingdom of Naples. A wretched dirty population is here crowded into houses, whose stone floors are covered an inch deep with hardened mud, whose walls seem scarcely to have experienced the touch of lime, whose dark and close precincts refuse admission to the light and air of heaven, and emit a sickly and intolerable stench. Beggars swarm around the stranger at every step, whose greasy hands, and polluted garments, and varied miseries, not only make the heart ache, but almost turn the stomach.

Having slept at Salerno, in a wretched inn, we set out early in the morning for Paestum, and rode along the new Calabrian road, amid incessant showers of rain. We could observe, however, that the country, as we approached Paestum, was level and uncultivated: its low thickets principally employed as shelters for whole herds of buffaloes, that feed here in multitudes, apparently without the superintendence of a keeper. Solitude and silence pervade the precincts of the ancient city. You are not aware of its vicinity, until your carriage passes through its ruined gateway. In a straight line from the gate, on the right hand side of what is supposed to have been the main street of the city, are seen the three surviving temples of Paestum, the melancholy monuments of its former grandeur. Having ridden, however, twenty-five miles without breakfast, and our physical nature requiring support, notwithstanding the feast offered to our minds, we hastened to a group of two or three farm-houses, the only human habitations within the extended walls. On inquiring of its proprietor, whether he had an apartment for the accommodation of strangers, he replied, with self-satisfied alacrity, "*Già, Già, ma brava stanza.*" I do believe the poor fellow thought he was telling the truth; for his apartment was at least ten feet square, the walls had once been white, the windows were actually furnished with shutters much stronger than glass, and there was a fine pan

of coals in the middle of the floor. The only thing of which I was disposed to complain, was the want of room ; for, as three carriages had arrived before us, filled with ladies and gentlemen, it was difficult to find a seat. We ate our egg and bread, therefore, (whether leavened or not, I am not sure) standing. Even this simple operation was constantly interrupted by the intrusion of some shaggy head, offering, under the general title of "antichità," well rusted pieces of copper, and bruised fragments of earthenware. Perhaps some of them were genuine, as many antiquities have really been found in the construction of the new road, which runs now to the centre of Pæstum, and is destined for Calabria ; but, as the manufacture of these articles is quite a trade in Italy, it becomes the traveller to be upon his guard. He may buy a few of them, however, if it be only to relieve the misery of the wretches who surround him, and whom poverty and famine have sometimes driven to robbery upon the highway. I do not say that they are all deserving of compassion ; on the contrary, many a countenance, sullen and fierce as it was lank and haggard, attracted my attention. But something is surely due to such extremity of wretchedness, for its own sake. We are not called upon, we are not entitled, to sit as judges upon characters which we do not know, and refuse relief because we choose to deem them unworthy.

Attended by an escort of these poor outlaws from humanity, we proceeded to visit the true and abiding antiquities of the place. The temple nearest the gate is called the temple of Ceres ; that in the centre the temple of Neptune ; and the third is supposed to have been a covered portico. The first is eighty-five feet long, and forty-four in width, surrounded by an open colonnade, composed of thirteen fluted Doric pillars on each side, and six in front and rear. All these columns are standing, and still support their entablature, and at each end a pediment. They are sixteen feet high, by four feet in diameter, very tapering, resting without base

upon the platform of three high steps, on which the whole temple is elevated, and surmounted by flat and projecting capitals. On entering within the colonnade, are seen the ruins of a double portico, constructed before the cella. To the remains of this you ascend by four steps, which still exist. The temple of Neptune, resembling that just described in its general plan, is still larger, more massive, and more entire. It is no less than one hundred and sixty-nine feet in length, by seventy-five in breadth. It has one more column on each side, but the same number in front and rear. The architrave and pediments are still entire. The portico of the cella was composed of two pilasters placed against the termination of the walls, with two columns in the intervals. This is ruined, as are also the walls of the cella, whose foundations only are visible. The interior columns of the cella still survive, seven on each side, supporting an architrave, on which rested a second story of smaller pillars, intended to sustain the roof. Of these are still left, five on one side and three upon the other. The massiveness of this edifice is astonishing. It is built of a grayish stone, and even the blocks that rest upon its columns and compose its architrave, are more than six feet long. The dimensions of its columns I could not ascertain, but I should suppose them to be at least one half thicker than those of the temple of Ceres. It is asserted that the columns of Pæstum are covered with stucco, which has assumed the hardness and appearance of stone. Of this I saw evidences, but only on a single column. To parts of it a thin coat still adhered, of which, however, no traces were to be seen on the remainder, and by far the greater portion of its surface. I cannot, however, venture directly to contradict an assertion, with which I became acquainted only after my return from Pæstum. I would only ask how it happens, if the columns remain covered with stucco, that the joints of the pieces of which they are composed are so distinctly visible? The third building

is the largest of all. It is one hundred and sixty-nine feet long, by eighty-five broad, surrounded by eighteen columns on each side, and nine at each end. Its architecture is also Doric, but lighter and more elegant than that of the temple of Neptune. It is divided in the midst by a longitudinal row of columns, three of which still remain. This peculiarity has very much perplexed the antiquaries, and rendered it impracticable to discover the exact nature of the building, as in all other respects, its portico, its raised platform within the colonnade, etc. it very much resembles the temples.

In general I would remark with regard to these ruins, that, independently of the respect and almost veneration which their age and state attract, they are in themselves interesting, imposing, and sublime. The temple of Neptune in particular, seemed to me one of the most majestic of human edifices. Its great extent, its massive proportions, but above all, its noble and severe simplicity, inspire a solemn and awful admiration, such as I had thought peculiar to Gothic architecture alone; while at the same time, its beautiful form and regular arrangement are obvious to the eye, and satisfy the taste. Besides these, are shown the obscure traces of an amphitheatre and theatre, and the remains of the ancient wall. The walls were formerly two miles and a half in circumference, and may be traced, it is said, around their whole circuit. They were no less than fifty-three feet in height, composed of enormous masses of stone. Their height is at present only from five to twelve feet. The arch of one gateway still remains, and some of the ruined towers of the rampart.

The question now occurs, to what age and people are the remains of Pæstum to be attributed? Their massiveness points obviously to a very early period, when architecture was undergoing its transition from the clumsiness of Egypt to the elegance of Greece. Their style, the earliest Doric, would seem incontrovertibly to indicate that they were not erec-

ted by the Romans, with whom that order was little in use; nor by the rude and warlike Samnites; nor by the luxurious Sybarites, who all in turn inhabited the city: but by the primitive colony of Phœnicians, who first settled Paestum. These were from the city of Dora, and belonged to the same people with the Dorians who settled in Greece, and there preserved their paternal appellation. Thus the ruins of Paestum may be supposed to ascend even to the heroic age, deriving from that fact an additional charm to affect the imagination.

After remaining about three hours at Paestum, we returned to Salerno, where we again passed the night. In the morning we rose early in order to ascend the hill in the rear of the city, upon whose summit we had before had frequent occasion to admire the picturesque ruins of an ancient and extensive castle. On our way we visited the cathedral, whose cloistered court is supported by a great number of granite columns, brought from Paestum in the eleventh century, by the orders of the celebrated Guiscard. Continuing our journey by a very steep and difficult path, we shortly arrived on the summit, and wandered through the deserted halls, and broken staircases, and ruined terraces, of this old abode of Norman chivalry. Here, thought I, Guiscard mediated his great designs; here, perhaps, his grand nephew Tancred, the true hero of Tasso, determined on his adventurous enterprise—here, at least, the victorious Normans dwelt in high and proud supremacy. How different are the feelings with which such associations are entertained, from those with which we revive our classic recollections. Appealing less to our admiration of learning and genius; less to our sensibilities to the arts and the blessings of civilization; less to the veneration which we cherish for national as distinguished from individual glory; the heroes of chivalry do, notwithstanding, assert a stronger claim on the imagination than even the ancient masters of the world.

Their unequalled prowess, their high souled generosity, their disinterested sacrifices, are exactly calculated to attract a faculty, which delights in the excessive of the true and noble, and catches at the wonderful and wild. From Salerno we returned to Naples, taking the same road by which we came.

LETTER XXXIV.

ENVIRONS OF NAPLES—GROTTO OF POSILIPPO—TOMB OF VIRGIL—GROTTO DEL CANE—SOLFATERRA—POZZUOLI—BALÆ—STOVES OF TRITOLA—PISCINA ADMIRABILE—VIEW FROM THE PROMONTORY OF MISENO—PLACES DESCRIBED IN THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE *ÆNEID*.

THE environs of Naples, on the west, are equally interesting with those on the east and south. The “*Puteolana et Cumana regna*,” were celebrated in the days of Cicero for their scenery and climate; and were chosen as the site of their favorite villas by the orator and his most distinguished contemporaries. The nearest objects of curiosity are the grotto of Posilippo and the tomb of Virgil, at a short distance from the city, within easy compass of a walk. The first is a passage cut through the steep and lofty promontory of Posilippo, a third of a mile in length. It existed in the time of Strabo, and is mentioned by him without giving the name of its author. Just above the entrance to the grotto, a little to the left, is found the tomb of the Mantuan poet. Its exterior form is that of a plain round tower. Within is a vaulted apartment, pierced by three windows. No trace,

however, is to be seen of the sepulchral urn of the poet, inscribed with the well known distich,

“ Mantua me genuit : Calabri rapuere : tenet nunc
Parthenope ; cecini pasæua, rura, duces.”

It is said to have been preserved here even as late as the sixteenth century. Since then it has disappeared, and the sacred ashes have probably been scattered to the winds. This place was selected for the burial of his favorite by Augustus, as commanding scenes which, while living, he loved to contemplate, and in the midst of which he had taken up his principal residence. The view is still delightful, though the eyes of its great admirer are closed in the sleep of death. Before you lies the fine semi-circular sweep, formed by the suburbs of Mergellina and Chiaia, terminating on the water in the Castel del Ovo. Above, rise the white and flat-roofed houses of the city, and the hill and castle of St. Elmo. Beyond, in the same direction, swell the distant mountains closing towards the south in Somma and the smoke-crowned Vesuvius, with Portici and Resina sleeping securely at your feet. Turning southward, the broad bay and the long promontory of Sorrento, with its jewel villages, and Capri with its wildly graceful outline, are spread forth in all their ever-varied and inexhaustible beauties. Nothing could be more interesting than to muse beside the tomb of Virgil, upon this delicious scenery of his favorite Parthenope. There was a delightful coincidence between its grace, beauty and majesty, and the corresponding qualities in the genius of the poet : a coincidence which affected at once the senses and the mind with a pleasing melancholy, more diffusive than grief, more exhilarating than joy.

Passing through the grotto, and taking the road which branches off to the right a little below it, we came, after about two miles walk, to the lake of Agnano, and the Grotto del Cane, mentioned by Pliny, with all the wonder of igno-

rance. The grotto is a small irregular hole in the side of one of the low hills which surround the lake, not high enough, for the greater part of its length, for a man to stand upright, and not more than ten feet long. The ground at the bottom is quite hot to the pressure of the hand, and exhales carbonic acid gas in sufficient quantities to extinguish a torch held within the region to which the specific gravity of the gas permits it to ascend. The place derives its name from the inhuman experiment, usually tried, of holding a dog in it near the ground. The noxious air deprives him of respiration, and of motion, in the course of two minutes. The poor animal is then placed in the open air, and permitted to recover. Near the lake are a number of apartments hollowed out of the rock, from holes and crevices, from whose sides issues a hot nitrous vapor, which is greatly increased in quantity by lighting a match, even at the distance of ten feet. The atmosphere in these apartments is of course oppressively warm, and immediately induces perspiration. They are used for medical purposes.

Between the lake and the town of Pozzuoli, and about a mile distant from the former, lies Solfaterra, a plain eight hundred and ninety-three feet long, by seven hundred and fifty-five wide, surrounded by hills encrusted in part with sulphur. From various crevices among the rocks proceeds a sulphurous vapor, intensely hot, accompanied by a noise resembling that of steam when let off from a small aperture. The ground is hollow beneath your feet, and resounds to every tread. Every thing indicates the existence of subterranean fires. A manufactory of sulphur and alum is established here, the materials of which are found upon the spot. Solfaterra was anciently called Forum Vulcani; and is the field assigned for the battle between Hercules and the giants. From hence we descended to the town of Pozzuoli, about a mile and a half distant; now meanly built, but once so splendid with the palaces of the richer Romans, as to be

called by Cicero the little Rome. Of all its magnificence, no testimonials are seen but a marble temple, dedicated to Augustus, by the Roman knight Calpurnius, now converted into the church of St. Proculus; three headless columns and the elliptical platform of the cella of a once celebrated temple of Serapis; thirteen broken piles still rising above the sea, in irregular grandeur, the sole remains of the stupendous mole erected by the Greeks; a ruined amphitheatre; and sepulchres falling to the ground. From hence we walked onwards to the ruins of Cicero's villa, which he called *Academia*, and where he wrote a part of his *Questiones Academicæ*. A few substructions only are left. It was near this villa, according to Spartian, that Adrian was buried, and a temple erected to his memory by his successor. He died at *Baiæ*.

Returning to Pozzuoli, we crossed by a boat to that ancient seat of Roman luxury, now a deserted coast. A few ruined temples, and one whose rotunda and dome, one hundred and forty feet in diameter, still remain almost entire, with scattered substructions of villas, alone are left, sad relics of its pristine splendor. And yet so admired was the beauty of the spot, that, if we may believe the accusation of Horace, the ancient Romans built even into the sea, invading the domain of Neptune, to gain a site upon this favored shore. In confirmation of the fact, pieces of the wall are still seen, adhering here and there to the rugged and almost precipitous rocks. One of these adhesions is pointed out as the ruins of Caesar's villa, and another as the remains of that of Marius. That of Pompey has entirely perished. From *Baiæ* we were rowed about a mile to what are called the Baths of Nero, from a supposed palace of that emperor in the vicinity, or more correctly, the stoves of *Tritola*, a corruption of the ancient *Fritola*. All that I saw of them was a subterranean passage, emitting a hot vapour, into which I had not advanced more than a dozen steps, when I found my

breath so impeded by the heat and rarefaction of the air, that I was obliged to return. The *custode*, however, penetrated to the fountain, where the water almost boils, and brought back a pail full of it, containing two eggs thoroughly cooked. Though he was clad only in a thin pair of pantaloons, and was not gone more than five minutes, his naked body on his return was covered with large drops of sweat. Here was another indication of the treacherous nature of the soil in the environs of Naples, and of its being undermined by secret fires.

Again taking to our boat, and repassing Baïe, we landed near the village of Bauli, the place whither Hercules is said to have brought the flocks of Geryon. Passing the ruined mansion of Hortensius, and the remains of an ancient theatre, called the tomb of Agrippina, from the fact of her having been assassinated in the neighborhood by order of her son, the infamous Nero, we ascended to view the *Piscina admirabile*, a subterraneous reservoir constructed by Augustus, to supply the Roman fleet with water. It is two hundred and twenty-five feet long, by seventy-five wide, and twenty high; divided into five corridors by forty-eight piles, which form arcades and support the vaulted roof. These piles are in the form of a cross; and, as well as the walls, are covered with a rough cement as hard as stone. At a short distance from hence are the hundred chambers, consisting of a succession of subterranean cells, and supposed to have been formed for the same purpose, though called by the vulgar the prisons of Nero. From hence we ascended to an eminence near the termination of the promontory of Miseno, where we might overlook the port commenced by Julius Cæsar, and even now called Porto Giulio. It seems cut, at least in part, out of the solid rock; and though small, was sufficient to answer its purpose, that of sheltering the Mediterranean squadron. Pliny, the naturalist, was stationed here in command of this fleet when he lost his life by

approaching too near to Vesuvius, during the time of an eruption.

Upon this eminence I sat down to rest and to meditate on all that I had seen. The beautiful bay of Puteoli lay beneath my feet, calm as a sleeping infant. Before me rose the Promontory of Posilippo, hiding Naples from my sight. But as if to repay this loss, Procida and Ischia lay floating on my right; and in the south, with outlines and tints mel-
lowed by distance, rose the airy Capri, and the long-drawn projection of Sorrento. These were indeed splendid accompaniments to solitary musing. But even from these, the moral interest of the scene had power to withdraw the attention, leaving, however, the impressions first produced by them to increase the general effect. Indeed, Rome itself hardly suggested so vividly to my mind the recollection of her illustrious dead, as this, the site of their dignified retirement, their refined luxury, their literary enjoyments. Opposite, on that descending point, once lay the villa of Lucullus, the most polished and magnificent of all the Romans, richer and more generous than princes. Near at hand in the small but lofty island of Nisita, Marcus Brutus meditated, sufficient to himself in stoic solitude. In the bosom of the bay arose the multitudinous palaces of Puteoli, once thronged by the most splendid aristocracy of earth. Upon its neighboring coast, the Roman orator was wont to sit amid the groves and gardens of his own Academy, expatiating with his friends on themes of high philosophy. Upon a point beyond towered the villa of the perpetual Dictator, abrupt and lofty, like the ambition of its inmate, above the low ordinary level. On this side dwelt the proud Plebeian, indulging with the usual inconsistency of man, in the luxuries of those very patricians whose luxuries and persons he professed to scorn. Here too, I might find a site for Pompey, benevolent and generous, and on all occasions great, except when his genius was quelled by that of his transcendent rival. What men

were these to be presented in a group ! The impression was, I surely believe, indelible. As evening was approaching, we were again rowed across the bay to Pozzuoli ; whence taking a carriage, we returned immediately to Naples.

I have passed over a number of remarkable objects, of which we came repeatedly in view during this tour, as it was my intention to examine them more fully afterwards, taking the sixth book of the *Æneid* as my vade mecum. This intention I prosecuted the next day. Taking a carriage from Naples, I passed through Pozzuoli ; and, skirting the lake of Avernus, arrived early in the morning at Cumæ, about four miles beyond Pozzuoli, near the sea, on the Mediterranean side of the promontory of Miseno. Cumæ was, according to Strabo, the oldest settlement in Italy ; and was still, in the age of Augustus, a large and flourishing city. Ravaged, however, by pestilence and war, it rapidly declined not long after. At the present time scarce a trace of it is left, except some masses of ruins, and a few scattered substructions. It was the place whither Tarquin the proud finally retired after the failure of all his violent attempts to recover his lost kingdom, and where he died and was buried. At a short distance lie the ruins of the ancient *Literani*, celebrated for how different a retirement, and how different a tomb ! This is the hallowed spot

* * * "ubi se à vulgo et scenâ in secretâ remorant

"Virtus Scipiadx, et mitis sapientia Lati."—*Hor.* Sat. I. lib. II

The verse is applied, I believe, by Horace to the younger, but is equally appropriate to the elder Scipio. It was here that the conqueror of Carthage employed himself in the decline of life, in literary occupations, and easy intercourse with his friends. It was here that he laid his bones, teaching a necessary lesson to capricious Rome, by the reproachful

epitaph inscribed upon his tomb. "Ungrateful country, thou shalt not receive my bones."

But returning to Cumæ, and abandoning for a time the recollections of history, let us attend to the associations suggested on the spot, by one of the sublimest fictions of ancient verse. Standing on the Fuhæan rock, hard by the ruined temple of the Cumæan Apollo, the shore is full in sight, the "Euboicæ Cumarum Oræ," on which Æneas landed with the remnant of the Trojans. Between it and my station, still rise impervious thickets, the degenerate descendants of the ancient wood, through which he came in search of the temple of Apollo and the Sybil's grot. The temple of Diana, the "aurea tecta," on which the poet lavishes so many embellishments, and where the priestess of Apollo and his sister met the pious hero, has left no trace of its existence, save in the immortal verse. But the cave of the sybil, the "Antrum immane," still survives beneath my feet, "excisum Euboicæ latus ingens rupis in antrum." I saw, it is true, no hundred entrances, and heard no inspired voice. It was enough that I remembered the description which Virgil gives of the confusion of Æneas, and the frenzy of the prophetess. It was enough that I could recall her threats and warnings, and the humble petitions of her suppliant. From hence I followed with my eye the son of Anchises as he returned towards the shore, alarmed and anxious, "mæste defixus lanûna vultu." I seemed to witness his grief at the death of his companion, to behold the Trojans preparing for the funeral, to see their chief withdraw in search of the golden branch, and mark his return to perform the final rites, and erect a rude monument to the memory of his friend below that very promontory—

* * "qui nunc Misenus ab illo

"Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen."

Leaving my station, I betook myself to the lake of Avernus, about a mile eastward, which still bears its ancient name, and near which Æneas had discovered the golden bough. It is situated in a deep basin, nearly circular, and about half a mile in diameter, surrounded by steep and lofty hills, the sides of which were once covered with forests, the gloomy resort of the Cimmerians. They are now in the state to which they were reduced by Augustus, entirely bare. But although the brown horror of the woods, the "*neonorum tenebræ*," are removed, here are still the jaws of the infernal abode, a long subterranean cave, with dark and narrow diverging passages, sufficient in truth to furnish materials to the fancy of the poet. Before this yawning abyss, I again met the bold adventurer and his sybil guide. The sacrifices are offered to Night and Proserpine, and the victim hurls to Pluto. The summits of the trees begin to tremble, the earth bellows beneath, and the howling of the dogs of Hecate is borne upon the morning air. The raging prophetess exclaims, "*Procul, O procul este profani*," and, followed by her companion, plunges headlong from the light of day. Within this passage the poet places the terrible assembly of Grief, Remorse, Disease, Old Age, and Fear, and Famine, Sleep, "*Lethi consanguineus*," and the bad joys of the soul; and in the opposite threshold, "*adverso in limine*," War and Discord and the coaches of the Furies. This opposite threshold is the other termination of the passage, where it issues from under the hill towards the south. Near it grew that ancient and dark elm, the roost of empty dreams; and between it and the Lachrymæ lake, the "*Stygia palus*" of the poet, which lies about a quarter of a mile to the southeast, are still found caverns, the "*Stabula ferarum*," where were assembled all the monsters of ancient fable, "*Gorgons and hydras and chimæras dire*." Hence the road leads onward to the waves of Acheron. The "*Achernsia palus*," now Lago di Finsaro, is about a mile distant from Avernus in a south-

westerly direction, and is about a mile in length, terminating at its southern extremity, in a small pool with a narrow entrance, the Cocytus of the poet. It has an outlet in this quarter also to the sea. Upon the banks of Acheron, the hero finds himself surrounded by the wandering ghosts of the unburied crowd who belong to neither world, and soon meets the infernal boatman with his eyes of fire. The charmed branch gains him admission into the frail bark; which, though almost sinking with the unaccustomed weight, yet bears him safely to the further shore. These precincts are pervaded by the bark of Cerberus, "*adverso recubans immanis in antro.*" This monster lulled to sleep, Æneas hastens onward to the region of the weeping souls of infants and of those who have died under a false accusation, where Minos shakes his fated urn. Not far from hence are the "*lugentes campi,*" the residence of the victims of unhappy love. Here the shade of his forsaken Dido silently flits by, refusing to listen to the prayers, the complaints, the lute and vain repentance, of the Trojan hero. How exquisitely tender is this allusion of the poet. The subject is just touched with the power, and left with the judgment, of a master. Further on a host of his old companions crowd around him to demand the object of his coming. Torn away by his attendant, he shortly arrives at the spot where the two roads divide, one leading by the walls of Pluto to the Elysian fields, and the other to the place of torment, the "*impia Tartara,*" of the poet. On the left Æneas sees the city of the damned, with its triple walls, surrounded by the fiery Phlegethon, and guarded by the ever-wakeful Tisiphone. The sounds of groans and stripes and clashing chains affright the passing hero. To increase his terror, the gates open wide upon their grating hinges, and the sibyl points him to the region of woe, extending downwards twice as far as the ethereal Olympus rises above earth. After alluding to the crimes and wretched fate of some of its inhabitants, she

draws him onward on their destined path. Even in this part of his description, the poet follows the geography of the place. The point where the road divides, is about half way between the lake of Fusaro (Acheron) and the Mare Morto, which lies a mile and a half to the southeast. On the left, "*sinistra rupe*," rises a long eminence, now called Monte de Selvaggi, bearing on its summit the craters of two extinct volcanos. It was allowable in the poet to suppose one of them at least active in the days of Æneas, and it required no great stretch of the imagination to convert a raging volcano into the Tartarus which he has depicted. Why, indeed, may it not be supposed, that there was an eruption of lava in the time of Homer, corresponding with the fiery Phlegethon which he describes as running down into the Acherusian lake?

Leaving in the rear this terrible vicinity, Æneas soon reaches the gate of Elysium, and deposits within his golden branch. In the beautiful words of the poet—

"*Devenère locos lætos et amœna vireta*

"*Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.*"

This delightful region is worthy of his description. Its principal expanse is an ascending plain, on the northern and longest shore of the Mare Morto, a fine sheet of water communicating with the Julian port. Secluded, fertile in fruits and flowers, commanding a fine prospect, rejoicing in a glorious sky, and a delicious climate, and sheltered alike from the sirocco and the northern blast, it is the most appropriate place that could have been selected by the poet for the peaceful habitation, the tranquil enjoyments, of the blest. Inquiring for Anchises, they are led by one of the shades with the direction "*Hoc superate jugum*," up a rising eminence, such as exists along the northern bank of the port of Miseno, and find the object of their search engaged in

meditation in a secluded valley. The greeting of the father and the son, the joy, the tears, the vainly sought embrace, so eloquently described by the immortal bard, are familiar to all the world. I will not pause on the discourse of Anchises, illustrating, as it does, the metempsychosis of the ancients, nor on his exhibition of the posterity of his son, which concludes with that beautiful and pathetic allusion to Marcellus, supposed by many to be a proof that the advent of some extraordinary personage, a "hero of heroes," was expected in Virgil's time among the heathen, corresponding with the Messiah of the Jews.

One or two points in the localities of the region alone remain to be discussed. Where is the fabled Lethæ, which Æneas saw from hence, and the secluded vale? The latter lies just below the hill on the eastern bank of the Mare Morto; and this lake is the only substitute which we have for the "Lethæa amnis." The double gates of sleep may best be placed upon the eminence where Anchises sate retired. His son, dismissed from the ivory gate, and thus spared from retracing the horrors he had passed, "cleaves his way" directly to his ships and his companions. Such are the traces given of the distant Trojan hero, by the Canon de Jorio, in his admirable work entitled "*Viaggio di Enea allo Inferno ed agli Elisii secondo Virgilio*." It is pretended by some, that the nature of the ground has been changed so much since the days of Virgil, that it is impossible so accurately to identify the various points of the journey. It is true, that in the earthquake of 1538, the ground opened near the Lucrine lake, and poured out a flood of sand and cinders sufficient to form Monte Nuovo, a hill four hundred feet in height, and three miles in circumference. But this, besides being without the limit of the "Tartarea regna," is the only change authenticated, or even definitely pretended. To the incredulous, I would only address the fair and constant exhortation of de Jorio, "*Andate e vedete*"—Go and see. I frankly confess that

it was this proof, and this alone, that could make a convert of myself. Others complain that the region and the objects are not commensurate with the descriptions of the poet. It is absurd to expect that they should be so. Virgil is not a writer of geography. He merely associates the splendors of his own imagination with names and places hallowed by Homer's verse, and by ancient superstition. He takes sufficient care, however, that a similitude should be preserved throughout. It is no doubt true, that the sybils' grot, and the cavern, on the borders of Avernus, are artificial. Still, they have existed as far back as the memory of man extends ; and even before the Augustan age were endowed with their fabulous character and titles. Avernus, too, is stripped of its surrounding forests, and the Elysian fields of their delightful groves. Still, enough is left in this poetic region, trodden and retrodden by the feet of Virgil, and pervaded, as it were, even now by the majestic intonations of his muse, not only to satisfy but to fascinate the mind, which, instead of indulging in a criticizing humor, yields itself up to the enthusiasm, that the circumstances under which it is surveyed are so well calculated to inspire.

LETTER XXXV.

FINAL DEPARTURE FROM ROME—VIEW FROM THE APPENINES—TOLENTINO
 - MACERATA —LORETO—ANCONA—FANO—SAN MARINO—RIMINI—THE
 RUBICON.

I LEFT Rome, whither I had returned from Naples, never probably to revisit it, with deep regret, on the fourteenth of May. It has been well observed, that even disagreeable things and persons excite a melancholy sensation when parted with, apparently for ever. There is a magic in the word farewell, in the thought that our adieu is final, which conceals the qualities that may have displeased, the deformities that may have disgusted us; while it infinitely magnifies the beauties and the virtues which had previously escaped our notice. What then must be the feelings of the traveller when he bids farewell to that eternal city, when he issues for the last time from her walls, when he crosses for the last time her Tiber, when the seven hills sink below the line of vision, and the cross of St. Peter's itself finally disappears from view? They must be experienced in order to be realized. To undertake their description were utterly in vain.

For one hundred miles I pursued the same road which I had taken in coming from Florence: through the pestiferous verdure of the Campagna, the delightful groves that border it; the rich valleys of Narni and Spoleto, watered by the streams of the Velino and Clitumnus, and separated by the

lofty ridge of Monte Somma ; through landscapes ever varied, and every where exulting in the glorious lights and luxuriant vegetation of an Italian sky, climate, soil and spring. From Foligno we turned off toward the east to meet the Appenines. Nothing could be more interesting than the prospect from the first ascent. The shades of evening had just begun to fall upon the valley, softening its smiling beauty into sober sadness, and clothing, with a browner horror, the steep and craggy hills by which we were surrounded. In the distance rose, range above range, in far perspective, the mountains which bound the valley on the west. Around us myriads of fire-flies flitted above the low herbage, stud-ding the surface of the earth with jewels. From hence we travelled for about forty miles through the dreary Appenines beneath the light of a scarce visible moon, by the side of frightful precipices, and frowning summits, amid a silence interrupted only now and then by the roar of a mountain torrent, or by the thunder now muttering in the distance, and now reverberated through all the caverns of the moun-tains. At Serravalle, a town situated between two summits scarcely six hundred feet apart, we left Umbria, and entered upon the March of Ancona. The morning brought us to Tolentino, a considerable town situated on the Chienti. Here terminates the passage of the mountains, although the country still continues hilly even to the ocean. At some distance from this town upon the road, there is a circular plain of no great extent surrounded by steep hills, which was the scene of the last battle of the gallant and unfortu-nate Murat. The contest continued for three days ; but the undisciplined valor of the Neapolitans was not sufficient to resist the experience and skill of the Austrian army, though the last was far inferior in number. From this field of blood, we passed onward to a delightful region in the vicinity of Macerata. The face of the country is entirely composed of hills, varied in size, height, and outline, crowned here and

there with picturesque cities, cultivated to their very summits, and exhibiting the utmost luxuriance and beauty. Such is the country from Macerata to Ancona, through Recanati, Loreto, and Osimo, all situated upon the summits of the hills. The towns themselves are remarkably well built and clean, far superior in general to any I had seen of the same size in Europe. From their exterior you command a delightful view over the surrounding country, comprehending sometimes five or six considerable cities, and terminating on one side in the mountains, on the other in the blue line of the Adriatic.

Loreto is celebrated as containing, according to the legend, the very house of the Virgin Mother, transported hither through the air by angels. The house now stands beneath the dome of a large and magnificent church, and is incrustated on the outside with bas-reliefs in marble, but exhibits within its original rough stone walls. It is about thirty feet in length by fifteen in width. The city consists of one long street, composed almost entirely of shops, where rosaries, crucifixes, and other objects of devotion, are sold in profusion ; and is crowded with beggars, whose number, importunity, and insolence, are intolerable. The view of Ancona from a distance is strikingly interesting. Seated on the borders of the sea, beside a beautiful basin, whose shores are high and varied, and commanded itself by a steep conic eminence, in part covered with houses, it overlooks the Adriatic, like a queen. It is in fact the most commercial town in the pope's dominions, being a free port. It contains about twenty thousand inhabitants. This port was the principal naval station of the Romans on the Adriatic. They built a magnificent mole of huge stone, bound together with iron, about five hundred yards in length, and adorned the entrance with a triumphal arch, in honor of Trajan. This consists of a single gate-way with four half columns on each front. It

is composed of marble, and is of the Corinthian order. Though much worn, it is still entire, and very beautiful.

From Ancona we travelled along the borders of the sea to Rimini, passing through Sinigaglia, Fano, and Pesaro, and a number of places of inferior importance. Fano is situated on the Metaurns, a river celebrated for the defeat of Asdrubal by the consuls Livius Salinator and Claudius Nero; a defeat which forever destroyed the hopes of Hannibal, and established the security of Rome. A hill not far from Fossombrome still bears the name of Monte Asdrubal, and is supposed to have been one of the principal sites of the battle. At Fano, also, there is a triumphal arch, erected in honor of Augustus, and though much defaced, serving still as one of the gates of the town. Pesaro is a beautiful town, very regularly built. On the left of the road from thence to Rimini, you have almost constantly in view the city of San Marino, situated on the top of a mountain, which presents on the side towards the road a tremendous perpendicular precipice. The republic is, indeed, seated like an eagle's nest, in a place well calculated to preserve its independence. Its site is no less adapted to the preservation of republican simplicity. Its soil is rugged, and its climate severe. The snow lies for six months in the year. Its weakness is its defence. It embraces only that single mountain and two or three hills in the vicinity, counting five churches, three convents, and five thousand inhabitants. They had the wisdom to decline any enlargement of their territory at the hands of the French. Rimini is an ancient and large city. You enter it after having passed under a beautiful, though ruined, arch of triumph erected in honor of Augustus, over a superb bridge, constructed of white marble, under Augustus and Tiberius. I could not but remember that this was the city of Francesca, whose melancholy and guilty story has been treated with such surpassing tenderness and delicacy by the Florentine bard, a poet who generally dealt only

in the gloomy and the terrible. Another poet, in still earlier times, has immortalized another historical fact which occurred at Rimini, and which indeed needed no additional immortality beyond its own importance. Rimini was the first city that saw Cæsar in arms against his country, or rather against an envious faction, which wished to deprive him of the authority that he had used so advantageously for the extension of the empire, and to strip him without a cause of all his hard-won honors. Lucan has described his sudden appearance in the forum of Rimini, with his usual fire and rapid accumulation of circumstances. The pedestal is still shown in the market-place, from which it is pretended that he harangued the inhabitants. Between Rimini and Cesena, there are three small streams crossing the road, which all claim the title of the Rubicon. The fact, however, probably is, that it belongs to none of them, but rather to the stream formed by the confluence of the three. This stream was crossed by the ancient *Via Æmilia* at the confluence, and still nearer the sea by another road, which was probably the one taken by Cæsar. It was here that he cast the die that decided his own destiny, but not the destiny of his country; which made him a dictator and the victim of conspiracy, but which had but an accidental influence in hastening the crisis, that the luxury and corruption of the citizens had been long preparing for the state. From Rimini we passed onward in a fertile but level and uninteresting country, through Savignano, Cesena, Forlimpopoli, Forlì, Faenza, and Imola, to Bologna. All these towns are ancient as the times of the Romans, and are remarkably neat and well built, with broad clean straight streets, and an air of comfort seldom seen in continental towns. Faenza particularly is called the Florence of Romagna.

LETTER XXXVI.

BOLOGNA—ARCADED STREETS—INDUSTRY OF THE PEOPLE—TOWERS—
GREAT SQUARE—GALLERY OF BOLOGNA—PRIVATE GALLERIES—
CHURCHES—CEMETERY OF CERTOSA—CHURCH OF STA. MARIA DELLA
GUARDIA—CONVENT OF ST. MICHAEL IN BOCCO—UNIVERSITY OF BO-
LOGNA—FERRARA—HOSPITAL WHERE TASSO WAS CONFINED—PUBLIC
LIBRARY—THE PO—THE ADIGE—THE LAGUNE—ARRIVAL AT VENICE.

BOLOGNA is a city which deserves a sojourn of weeks, and a description of many pages. Unfortunately it was not in my power to remain longer than four days. You will easily perceive, therefore, that my notices must be brief. Bologna, as you well know, is only under the protection of the pope, and not properly an integral part of his dominions. It is true that a cardinal legate resides there in capacity of governor: but his prerogative is much restrained by the people, who elect their own magistrates, administer their own laws, and manage their own finances. The town is situated on the Reno, a rapid stream, which serves to turn the machinery of a multitude of manufactories; and is about two miles long by one wide, containing upwards of seventy thousand inhabitants. The houses are generally well built, the churches richly ornamented, the palaces extensive and magnificent. What distinguishes Bologna, however, from every other city in the world, is, its arcaded streets. I know not how better to describe this than by saying that the sidewalks, which are generally broad and paved with brick, or with a hard composition resembling marble, are in fact a part of the basement story of the houses,

the front wall being opened in arcades, supported either by piles or columns. This arrangement is not only convenient, but magnificent. It contributes, however, with other causes, to render the city somewhat *triste*. The streets are necessarily more narrow; and, as there is little use for carriages, it is a rare thing to see one abroad. Besides this, the uncommon industry of the Bolognese confines them very much to the manufacturing of silk crape, flowers, paper, and soap; so that, in comparison with other European towns, their city appears solitary and deserted. Of all the towers of Bologna, built by her nobles in times of barbarism, for no other purpose than to attest their grandeur, only two remain; one (it is said) upwards of four hundred feet in height, and the other one hundred and sixty feet, with an inclination from the perpendicular of nearly ten feet. The great square of Bologna boasts one of the finest fountains, in some respects, in the world. It is entirely of bronze, and is the work of a celebrated native artist, John of Bologna. The colossal statue of Neptune, leaning on his trident in an attitude and with an air truly majestic, is a prodigy of art. The heads of the sirens, who are placed at each angle of his lofty pedestal, are extremely beautiful, and the other accessories are of a similar character. The general design, however, is spoiled by the miserably small quantity of water, which the fountain emits only in petty jets from various quarters. Sometimes, indeed, there is no water at all; so that the god of ocean is called to preside over the spout of a tea-pot, or an exhausted urn.

The principal gallery of Bologna is that which belongs to the city, and though not very extensive, is rich, more especially in *chef d'œuvres* of the Caracci and their school. Of these I shall mention but a few. The Communion of St. Jerome, by Agostino Caracci, though inferior to the delineation of the same subject by Dominichino, is yet a very beautiful piece, and is remarkable as containing, in some respects,

the germ of the more celebrated work. The head of the saint, particularly, is the same in both. The Transfiguration, by Ludovico Caracci, is a noble composition, nobly executed. It represents only the scene upon the mount. The figures are larger than life ; our Lord is speaking with energy ; the heads of the prophets are instinct with inspiration. The apostles are smitten with overpowering awe. There is more energy in this piece than in that of Raphael ; but every one must prefer, as more appropriate and impressive, the divine dignity, the calm, celestial grace, the godlike expression, of the Roman master. The genius of Annibal Caracci is not adequately represented in this collection. The same, however, cannot be said of Guido. There are two pictures here, in his *forte* manner, which may challenge competition with any in the world. The one is his celebrated Samson, who, after having slain the Philistines, is drinking, with head upraised, the water which distils from his singular weapon. The attitude is replete with grace : the design of the figure is very much admired by connoisseurs, and the relief is truly magical. The other is the Slaughter of the Innocents, a miracle of composition, in which six mothers with their children, and two executioners, are placed in an incredibly small space, without the least confusion or distortion. The savage form, features, and expression of the brawny ruffians, the distraction of the flying and resisting mothers, the despair of one who, prostrate on her knees, with clasped hands, lifts her desolate but still exquisitely beautiful countenance to heaven, the fright of the living, the bloody and livid forms of the already murdered infants, are delineated with a force which appeals at once to the imagination and the heart. The picture, indeed, is only saved from being too horrible, by the celestial beauty, the sublime sensibility, of the kneeling figure in the midst. There is another enormously large picture by Guido, the composition of which is exceedingly defective, as he was obliged to follow in it the

directions of others. The execution, however, is impressive and sublime. The picture is divided into two parts. In the upper is represented a Madonna della Pietà, attended by angels, and seated above the dead body of her son, extended at her feet. In the lower are placed the patron saints of the city of Bologna. A full-length portrait of some nameless bishop, by the same great master, is really marvellously executed, particularly in its relief. The whole figure, at some distance, seems actually alive and projecting from the canvass. The Madonna del Rosario, by Dominichino, is so called from the fact that all the personages are furnished with that implement of catholic devotion. It is a large picture, brilliant with beautiful cherubs, pious saints, and transported martyrs. The composition is the usual one—in this instance, however, admirably managed—of a Madonna seated in the air, and the other personages ranged below. The martyrdom of St. Agnes, and the assassination of St. Peter, a Dominican monk, and a member of the inquisition, by the same hand, are also excellent. The St. Bruno of Guercino, placed below, in an attitude of devotion, while the Madonna is seated above, in calm and dignified and beneficent beauty, is admirable for the disposition of light and shade, and the magic relief effected by the peculiar method of this painter. Amidst this gorgeous display of the *chef d'œuvres* of the school of Bologna, the genius of Raphael still shines predominant. Attended by four male and female personages, his St. Cecilia stands, holding in one hand a model of the pipes of an organ, and looking up to heaven, with a countenance on which is depicted the very soul of music and of devotion. In this renewed contemplation of the manner of the great master, I could not enough admire that wonderful union of the utmost fineness and nicety of execution with the greatest force of composition; the highest energy of poetical and refined expression, and the perfection of grace, dignity, and beauty. This picture is placed opposite to the Slaughter of the Inno-

cents by Guido. These were to me the most interesting pieces in the collection.

The private galleries of Bologna are some of them extensive ; but I must confess myself to have been disappointed in their contents. The gallery of Zambeccari is now the principal, but is in fact, comparatively speaking, scarcely worthy of a visit. The gallery of Sampieri, which contained, among other celebrated pieces, the St. Peter and St. Paul of Guido, has lost all its pictures, which are now dispersed into every quarter of the globe. In the churches also, I was disappointed. In the city of the Caracci, I had expected to find more numerous traces of their art. The cathedral church of St. Peter contains some frescoes from the hand of Ludovico. On the curve of the tribune is represented our Lord, surrounded by the twelve apostles, delivering the keys to the kneeling Peter ; a piece replete with expression, and manifesting a profound knowledge of the art. There are other frescoes, by the same hand, on the ceiling, which at the time of my visit were covered by a staging erected for the purpose of repairs. In the church of San Dominico, there is a beautiful fresco by Guido, representing the saint ascending and received up into glory by Jesus and his mother. The wall glows with the pure brightness of heaven, while the heads beam with an expression equally celestial. The church of San Giacomo Maggiore contains a number of works by the Caracci and Dominichino. Here, again, circumstances were my enemies. The church is ordinarily dark, but in honor of the festival of Easter, it had been hung with rich crimson drapery, which, descending two or three feet below the top of the recesses where the pictures are placed, so obscured them, that it was almost impossible to discern the figures. I thus lost the conversion of St. Paul by Annibal, and the three pictures painted by the two brothers and the cousin, in competition with one another. The Circumcision of our Lord by Dominichino was, how-

ever, more advantageously situated. The earnest piety of the mother, and the dignified sanctity of the high priest, the rich drapery of the latter and his attendants, suggest at once to the mind that this is by the author of the Communion of St. Jerome. The picture is also distinguished by two of the most beautiful of those beautiful children, whom its author was so fond of introducing. The church of St. Paolo, contains some exquisite pictures by Cavedone, and other Bolognese painters, and a St. Gregory by Guercino, delivering souls from Purgatory. At the invocation of the saint they rise, assisted by angels, from the flames, and ascend towards Christ and his mother, seated in glory in the heavens. In the same church are two colossal statues, *chef d'œuvres* of Algardi, representing the decapitation of St. Paul. The resigned and kneeling Apostle, and the brawny executioner wielding his suspended sword, compose a group of genuine sublimity.

I devoted one day of my stay at Bologna, to the environs, which contain some objects well worthy of a visit. The cemetery of the Certosa, about two miles from the city, is one of the most magnificent on earth. It is composed of two grand courts, three or four hundred yards square, surrounded by covered porticos, within which against the inner wall, are placed the monuments of the deceased. These are of various kinds: paintings on the wall in imitation of bas-relief, sarcophagi of marble and scagliola, adorned with statues in marble and in plaster, presenting collectively, a scene of monumental magnificence, not to be met with elsewhere in the world. Besides these principal courts, there are a multitude of smaller enclosures, appropriated to special purposes, to nuns, monks, orphans, strangers, the army, &c. and a number of passages lined with tombs.

From hence I proceeded to the church of S. Maria della Guardia, situated upon a lofty eminence three miles from the city. This church contains a picture of the Madonna,

said to be by St. Luke, to which the Bolognese formerly paid so great a devotion that they loaded her shrine with jewels, erected this beautiful church in the form of a Greek cross, surmounted by a dome, and covered within by the richest marbles, and constructed a covered portico with six hundred and fifty arcades, and three miles in length, from the gate of the city, to the very door of the church. The portico is built massively of brick covered with stucco. The expenses were defrayed entirely by private contributions. The view from the eminence is stupendous. On one side you behold hills of the most picturesque and wild outline, swelling gradually towards the west, into the Appenines of Florence. On the other you command a plain apparently as broad as the ocean, traversed by the sandy bed of the Reno, studded with villages and cities—here Bologna reclining at your feet, and there the distant towers of Modena just marked on the horizon.

Descending by the arcade, we turned off before we reached the city, to visit the deserted convent, and church of St. Michael in Bocco, situated about half way up the declivity of the same range of hills, crowned by the church of S. Maria. The convent was formerly the residence of a rich corporation of Olivetans. They were dispersed by the French, and the building was converted into barracks, and a hospital. It was subsequently used for a prison. At present it is vacant. We were first ushered into a circular court, whose walls once boasted some of the finest works of the Caracci, and their most distinguished scholars. They have been so obliterated by time, damp, and still more by a barbarous soldiery, that they are no longer distinguishable. I saw, for instance, one face whose beauty might have saved it from such a vulgar outrage, with a pair of spectacles on nose scratched in the wall. From hence we passed into the dismantled church, whose frescoes, being out of reach, are in a tolerable state of preservation. On the vault of the

principal chapel is represented the Virgin in glory, and on the cupola, Paradise itself, both glowing with radiance and with forms and features of celestial beauty. On the partition that divides this chapel from the body of the church, over the broad arch which constitutes its entrance, is represented the Archangel Michael armed with a shield and spear, driving the rebellious angels out of Paradise. The avenging minister is placed above in the centre of the arch, while down the two sides fall headlong the enemies of God. In gazing astonished at this piece, one is irresistibly reminded of the judgment of Michael Angelo, which it resembles in sublimity, and in some of its details. In one of the side chapels is found a repetition by Guido himself, of the *Madalena delle Radici*, of the Sciarra palace at Rome. The ceiling of the Convent Library, consisting of one long hall, and a smaller chamber at each end, is painted in fresco by Guido, Dominichino, and the Caracci. When the convent was used for a prison, the windows of these apartments were walled up, and only a few holes left for air. In the same state they still remain, and are consequently so dark that the frescoes, which appear to be well preserved, cannot be viewed to any advantage. The range of hills on which these two churches are situated, affords a number of delightful sites, covered with the villas, groves, and gardens, of the Bolognese nobility. Their aspect is gay and splendid.

The University of Bologna, one of the most ancient, and at one time, the most distinguished, in Europe, must not be forgotten. It contains an extensive museum of antiques, a large collection in natural philosophy, of wax anatomical preparations, of chymical, physical, and astronomical apparatus, and a library of one hundred and forty thousand volumes. At present it has about four hundred students, not the twentieth part of the number which it once could boast.

I left Bologna with regret, and traversing a rich dead level, without passing through any considerable town, arrived after

a journey of thirty miles at Ferrara. It is a beautiful city, with uncommonly broad well built streets; but at present is not in a flourishing condition. It contains within its wide extent only twenty-four thousand inhabitants, three thousand of whom are Jews. The cathedral is of a sort of mongrel Gothic architecture, vast in size, but otherwise not remarkable. The ancient castle of the Dukes of Este, is also Gothic and surrounded by a moat. One cannot traverse its damp and gloomy halls without emotion. At every step one seems to hear the echo of the voice of Tasso, or to see the form of Eleanora, or to listen to the inspiring strain of the romantic bard of chivalry. From the castle I proceeded to the hospital, where Tasso was confined by his patron. The chamber of the poet is a tolerably spacious, but damp and chilly vaulted apartment, the pavement of which is on the surface of the ground. It receives its little light and air from a small grated window, looking on a narrow and obscure interior passage. Here the poet consumed seven wretched years, torn by cruel regrets, by the remorse of an illicit, or at least presumptuous passion, by exclusion from all the fair works of nature, and communion with his fellow-men; by sufferings, in short, sufficient to produce that very madness under pretence of which he was confined. At the door is the name of Byron, scratched, it is said, by his own hand, upon the plaster, a name blackened by crime, though illustrated by genius.

• From the prison of Tasso, I proceeded to the public library, a large collection very elegantly arranged, but distinguished above all, by the relics which it preserves of three of the great poets of Italy. In one end of the principal hall is fixed in the wall the monument of Ariosto, brought hither together with his bones by General Miollis, from the church of the Benedictines, at the time when the convent was converted by the French into a military barrack. Here, in a temple consecrated to letters, the bones of the poet finally and appro-

riately repose. In a small apartment adjoining are preserved his autographs, together with those of Tasso and Guarini. The relics consist in one of the comedies of Ariosto, and a number of his letters ; some of the minor poems of Tasso, among others the sonnet addressed by him from his prison to Alfonso, which is said to have procured his liberation, and a copy of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, not written but corrected by himself, and the whole of the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, very neatly prepared for the press by his own hand. Besides these relics, are preserved the chair of Ariosto, and a beautiful bronze inkstand presented to him by the Duke of Ferrara, which he was in the habit of using. My emotions on looking over these interesting remains, I am not ashamed to confess, were overpowering. I was in the city of Ferrara. I had visited the palace of Alfonso : I had just left the prison of Tasso : the bones of Ariosto were in the next apartment, and here were the familiar traces of their genius, the “ winged words” which proceeded from their glowing imaginations, to be fixed upon the leaf by their own hands in enduring characters. How great, I thought within myself, how enduring, how universal, is the influence of genius ! It is confined to no age, language, or nation. Three centuries have passed away, and yet every one who has a soul lingers in the charmed apartment, as if Tasso and Ariosto still were present. Mountains and oceans intervene, and yet here am I from a land in their days a wilderness, a pilgrim at the shrine of the Italian muse.

Having passed the night at Ferrara, I was conveyed early in the morning to Ponte del Lago Oscuro, a small village, about four miles distant, on the Po. Here I embarked on board of a steamboat, and sailed for four hours on the broad bosom of the “ king of rivers.” It is here a large and rapid stream, but certainly one of the most uninteresting that I have ever seen. The banks are uniformly flat, and only diversified, at very long intervals, with filthy and miserable

villages. From the Po we entered a canal, which conducted us, in a wretched boat drawn by one horse, to the Adige, whose bed, though only about twelve miles distant, is considerably higher than that of the Po, which it resembles in the character of its scenery. Having descended the Adige a short distance, we entered another canal, by which we passed, after crossing the Brenta, into the Lagune that surround Venice upon every side. At Chioggia, a town built apparently in the water, we took a steamboat for the distance of fifteen miles which still remained. The Lagune and the towns built upon them, are defended from the inroads of the sea by tongues of land, united and fortified by an enormous mole, in all twelve miles in length, rising about ten feet above the surface of the water ; broad enough at the top for three men to walk abreast, and composed entirely of hewn Istrian stone, resembling marble in its whiteness. This rampart was built during the prosperous days of the Republic, and is, beyond a doubt, the most stupendous work of its kind in the world. It was distinctly visible as we passed along. Having thus in view this noble monument of her ancient greatness, and skirting along a number of towns, her island satellites, we at length came in sight of the Queen of the Adriatic, floating in the distance, on her appropriate element. The scene was indeed magnificent. On the left arose the Euganean hills, whence the prophetic seer beheld afar off the battle of Pharsalia. Before us the fairy city, with its spires and domes, and projecting islands, seemed to rise indeed a Venus from the foam of the ocean. Behind her towered the mountains of Friuli, still crowned with the snows of winter. As we approached, a Venetian pointed with exultation to the tower of St. Mark's, to the beautiful domes of the Salute and the Redemptore, and the lofty spires of S. Zacharia and S. Giorgio. Still nearer, and the long and narrow gondolas, painted uniformly black, with bow and stern raised above the water, managed by two

rowers, or more generally by one alone, began to flit about us like birds skimming the surface of the ocean. By and by the Piazzetta of St. Mark's became distinctly visible, with its rich ancient palace and its motley crowd. A moment more and the steamboat anchored. Gondolas came swarming round us. I descended into one, and was shortly landed on the very door-step of the hotel.

LETTER XXXVII.

VENICE—GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CITY—PIAZZA OF ST. MARK—THE BASILICA—THE CHURCH—PALACE OF THE DOGE—DUNGEON OF THE INQUISITION—BRIDGE OF SIGNS—ANCIENT LIBRARY

THE next day I began my examination of Venice, by being rowed in a gondola through various parts of the city. Commencing with the grand canal, which divides it into two parts, running in the form of the letter S, and is about one hundred feet in breadth, I passed whole lines of uninhabited palaces, with closed window shutters and broken glasses, presenting a melancholy spectacle of grandeur in decay. Upon demanding the names of their owners, I heard repeated those of Faliero, Morosini, Cornaro, Grimani, Contarini, Priuli; families connected with all that is glorious, and all that is atrocious, in the history of Venice; but now extinct, or banished, or driven by poverty from the splendid abodes of their ancestors. The history of one family, that of Pesaro, is singular and interesting. Its head, though rich and able to maintain his rank, has been a voluntary exile

ever since the fall of the Republic. The appearance of the older palaces is one of barbaric magnificence. They present Gothic arches supported by Grecian columns and roofs, sometimes crowned with mimic spires. The more modern are large and majestic edifices, constructed in some instances entirely of marble, and presenting a front of two or three stories of columns of different orders. By and by we came to the bridge of the Rialto, thrown across the canal in a single lofty arch built of white Istrian stone, and covered on both sides with shops. Landing here, we ascended the bridge by its steps, to catch the superb view which is presented on both sides by the circular sweep of the canal, with its lines of palaces. Descending, we visited the ancient square of the Rialto, in the olden time the exchange of Venice, the very place, indeed, where Shylork was rated by Antonio. It is small, and surrounded by a portico. The oldest church and prison of the city stand fronting the square; and near it, along the edge of the canal, lies a long low building, the original palace of the Doge. From the grand canal, I afterwards made a circuit through a number of the minor ones; and, landing occasionally, viewed in the deserted streets still more conspicuously the fallen estate of Venice—walls mouldering to decay—the streets themselves sinking, in places, below the ordinary level—and whole lines of houses uninhabited, and falling fast into ruins.

The principal object of curiosity to a stranger is the Piazza of St. Mark, and its surrounding edifices. The square is about five hundred feet long by two hundred wide. One end is occupied by the church of St. Mark, and the opposite one by the new marble palace erected by Eugene Beauharnois. The sides are adorned by two long uniform buildings, two stories in height above the basement, furnished with as many ranges of half columns, and composed entirely of marble. One of them is occupied as the residence of the viceroy or emperor, the other for private purposes. Around

three sides of the square runs an arcaded gallery, occupying, with its shops and cafés, the basement story of the three edifices last named. From the end of the square on which stands the church, extends at right angles an open space terminating on the water. It is called the Piazzetta, and is nearly three hundred feet long, by one hundred and fifty wide. It is bounded on one side by the palace of the Doge, and on the other by the ancient Library. The tower of St. Mark is situated not far from the church, near the angle of junction of the Piazza and Piazzetta. It is an ugly square brick building, surmounted by a short four-sided spire, in all about three hundred feet in height. All these objects, however, are worthy of a particular description.

The Basilica of St Mark, commenced in the year 976 and finished in 1071, is a strange mixture of Roman and Saracenic architecture, presenting, however, an imposing show of barbaric magnificence. It is about two hundred and thirty feet long, and in the cross one hundred and eighty wide. The height of the façade is seventy-five feet. The roof is crowned by no less than five low domes. The front presents five porches, over which are placed the celebrated bronze horses of Venice. These are generally supposed to be the work of Lysippus, and to have been brought from Greece to Rome, where they adorned various public buildings. From Rome they were transported to Constantinople, and placed on the church of St. Sophia, in the same position which they now occupy on St. Mark's. From Constantinople they were taken by the Venetians: they were removed by the French to Paris, from whence they found their way back on the general restoration of plundered monuments. They are beautiful works, still half covered with their ancient gilding. The façade is enriched beside with a multitude of columns of porphyry, verd-antique, serpentine, and other equally precious marbles, of which no less than five hundred are employed to decorate this stupendous edifice.

With similar materials the whole façade is encrusted. The thick vaults of the Gothic porches are covered with brilliant mosaics. Through the porches you pass into the vestibule, and thence enter, through a door once belonging to St. Sophia's, the church. The interior is covered with rich marble, gold, and mosaics, from the obscurest angle of the pavement to the summit of every dome; disposed in *bad taste*, it is true, yet presenting an appearance of magnificence, which, combined with the sombre light, the antique air, the associations of the place, is truly sublime. Most of the mosaics, statues, and bas-reliefs in bronze and marble are of antique workmanship, and curious chiefly for their antiquity. There are many, however, of more modern date, whose intrinsic excellence is worthy of admiration. I would mention, especially, the bronze door of the sacristy, executed by Sansovino, and representing on its two principal compartments the death and the resurrection of our Lord. There are many recollections connected with this ancient temple. Here near the door of entrance you are pointed to the spot, marked by a slab of porphyry, where the proud and powerful Frederick Barbarossa, subdued by the arms and the fear of Venice, who had espoused the pontiff's cause, knelt to implore the pardon and the blessing of Alexander III. There is the tomb of Dandolo, the conqueror of Constantinople, the most aged of heroes. Yonder is the tribune, into which the newly elected Doge was wont to ascend, to receive the allegiance of the nobles and the people.

The palace of the Doge is an edifice nearly square, built around a court, its front on the Piazzetta being about two hundred and twenty, and on the quai two hundred and ten feet long. The two façades are similar, being composed of two stories of Gothic arcades, supported by columns, and of two stories above, perfectly plain, with the exception of a large and richly ornamented Gothic window in the centre. Two of the columns on the Piazzetta in the second story are

red. From between these, their sentence is still read to criminals, elevated on a platform on the place below. The court in its general appearance corresponds with the exterior, though, in places, Roman arches have been substituted for the Gothic. Near one of the angles of the court is the broad and magnificent staircase called of the giants, from two colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, by which it is adorned. It leads into the second story of arcades. At its top, the Doge was crowned immediately after his election, by the oldest senator. Here, too, Marino Faliero was belheaded. Beneath this gallery are to be found the celebrated lions' mouths, in which were once received those secret denunciations, that, under the jealous aristocracy of Venice, placed the liberty and life of the purest citizen almost at the disposal of private malice. The lions' heads were erased by the French; the openings alone remain.

Mounting by the golden staircase, so called from the richness of its gilded ornaments, you find at its top a square vestibule, which admits you into the hall of four doors, the wall and ceiling of which are entirely covered with paintings by the first Venetian masters. The ceiling is painted in fresco by Tintoretto, but is utterly defaced, in consequence of damp and neglect. The finest picture on the wall, and one of the finest in the world, is the Faith of Titian. It is a very large piece, though the figures are but few. In the midst, surrounded by cherubim and by a glory, which seems actually luminous, stands a female figure, holding embraced with her left arm a cross supported by angels, and extending aloft in her right, the mystic cup of salvation. Her eyes are downcast, her face is beautiful in holiness. Her robe and unbound hair float gracefully behind her, while her foot rests lightly on a cloud, which seems indeed sufficient to support her celestial figure. Before her on one side kneels a Doge, his train supported by a kneeling page. Behind stand three soldiers, with various expressions of devout

admiration. On the other side, two majestic prophets regard the representative of christianity as bringing with her the fulfilment of their distant visions. The accessories are worthy of the chief figure of the piece, which again is worthy of its exalted theme. By the door opposite the one at which you entered, you pass into the antechamber of the Collegio, ornamented in a similar manner. On the walls on each side of the two doors, are pictures by Tintoretto, among the best of this celebrated master, representing the Forge of Vulcan, Mars repulsed by Minerva, Mercury with the Graces, and Ariadne crowned by a descending Venus, while Bacchus presents the nuptial ring. The two last, particularly, are most exquisite. They glow in every part with life, and grace, and beauty. The soft and natural flesh seems actually to swell from the canvass. On the wall opposite the windows is the Return of Jacob, with his family and flocks, to the land of Canaan, a picture by Bassano, admirable for its truth of detail, its harmony of composition, and the effect of light; and a Rape of Europa by Paul Veronese, a most beautiful and sublime production. In the midst of a landscape of enchanting beauty, through which the sea appears in long perspective, the princess is assisted by her maidens to mount the crouching bull. The troubled beauty of her countenance, as she seems already to repent her sportive temerity, the richness of her vestments, the grace and variety of the group by which she is surrounded, attract at once, and fascinate the spectator. From hence you pass into the hall of the Collegio, where the Doge was accustomed to receive foreign ambassadors. The seats of the Doge and senators, raised on a platform, in one end of the apartment, still remain. The walls are adorned with four magnificent pictures by Tintoretto, in a style less dark than usual, and Paul Veronese. The whole end of the apartment above the throne of the Doge, is occupied by a large allegorical painting by the latter, representing our Saviour

in the clouds, and below Faith kneeling robed in white, and "beautiful Venice" attended by a crowd of her heroes. The ceiling is painted in compartments by the same artist. One of them, representing Venice seated on the globe, attended by Justice and Peace, is marked by a style of peculiar sublimity.

From hence you pass into the hall of the Senate, a large apartment still preserving its ancient seats, and ornamented in like manner with the apartments already described. Above the throne of the Doge, is a picture by Tintoretto, occupying the greater portion of the wall, and representing the dead body of our Saviour, supported in the midst by angels, and a Doge kneeling on each side. The central group is admirably composed, and the whole piece is peculiarly excellent in relief and perspective. Above the door, on the opposite wall, is one of the best pieces of Palma the younger. Our Saviour is seated in the clouds, and adored by two Doges, who kneel below. One cannot but be struck and awed by the supernatural majesty of the principal figure. On the side wall, opposite the windows, are four large paintings by the same Palma and Tintoretto. One of them is peculiarly interesting from its subject. It is an allegorical representation of the League of Cambray. Venice, attended by her nymphs, and accompanied by her Doge, opposes herself undaunted to Europa, who, mounted on her bull, advances to the contest, displaying on her shield the arms of the allied potentates. Thus has the painter chosen to represent one of the most glorious periods in the history of Venice; a period when the republic, confiding in the wisdom of her senators, and the patriotism of her people, resisted with persevering fortitude, a world in arms. The hosts of Germany, of France, of Spain, of Italy herself, always blind to her dearest interests, besieged her upon every side. The thunders of the Vatican, then more terrible than those of heaven itself, were lanced at her devoted head; but still

she stood unmoved, firm to her purpose, true always to herself. The ceiling is painted like the rest, by Tintoretto and other Venetian artists. Passing through the chapel, you descend a small staircase, to see on the wall at one of its stages, the sole remnant of the frescoes which Titian executed in the palace. It is St. Christopher walking through the water, with the infant Christ upon his shoulders, not well enough preserved to enable one to judge of its merit.

Returning hence to the hall of the four doors, you pass by a third door into the hall of the council of ten. On your right you perceive a picture by Bassano, of the meeting of Alexander III. with the Doge Sebastian Ziani, when the latter returned victorious from the war with Frederic Barbarossa, undertaken in defence of the pope. The figures are very numerous, well arranged, and exquisitely finished; each head seems a portrait. The other paintings on the wall are by Aliense, and Mark Vecellio, the nephew and scholar of Titian. The ceiling was painted by Paul Veronese and others. The central piece was carried to Paris, and has never been restored. In the next chamber, called of the Bassola, is a picture of the Virgin attended by St. Mark, and a doge kneeling before her, by Mark Vecellio. In its style, it very much resembles that of his uncle. Contiguous is the hall of the chiefs of the council of ten, the three inquisitors of state, that secret and irresponsible tribunal, with whose cruel and iniquitous proceedings the history of Venice and humanity is blotted. The ceiling of their hall is ornamented by a picture by Paul Veronese, of an angel dispersing the vices. I could not but imagine that the painter was conscious of the inappropriateness of the emblem, and executed it with less than usual power. From this hall, on one side, there is a private passage terminating against the door which gives admission to the prisons far below; while on the other is the chamber of torture.

From hence you pass into the hall of the grand council.

now the library of St. Mark, a very large and lofty apartment, about seventy-six feet by one hundred and fifty, the walls and ceilings of which are covered throughout with paintings by the most eminent masters. At your right, in entering, you find a picture of the glory of Paradise by Tintoretto, occupying the whole breadth and nearly the whole height of one end of the apartment. Its dimensions are seventy-six feet by thirty; and such is the number of figures, that although many attempts have been made to ascertain it, no two individuals have ever agreed in their estimate. Unfortunately this great work has been very much injured by time, and by the hands of incompetent restorers. All the other paintings around the wall, twenty-one in number, allude to facts in the history of Venice, and present battles by land and sea, by day and night, sieges, assaults, surrenders, gorgeous ceremonials, and splendid processions. They are by the hands of Bassano, Tintoretto, Vincentino, Palma, Zuccari, Paul Veronese, and other masters of the Venetian school. The ceiling is ornamented with similar subjects, by the same masters. It is divided into fifteen principal compartments, two large ovals, and a still larger oblong, which extend lengthwise through the centre, and are accompanied along the sides by twelve smaller octagons. Besides these there are lunettes and cameos, which serve as rich accessory ornaments. Among all the prodigies of this ceiling, I was most struck with the oval of Paul Veronese. It represents Venice under a noble and beautiful female figure, crowned in the clouds by a descending Victory. She is attended by her nymphs, and by a hero, the executor of her will. Below are ranged spectators, with a skill, ease, and variety, in which this artist is almost without a rival. When we consider the dimensions of this room, the multitude of pictures by which it is adorned, their subjects so appropriate to the place, their authors the first of the Venetian school; when we consider the execution of these pictures, their matchless coloring, their

natural composition, their rich drapery, their true perspective, we shall be inclined to acknowledge that this is indeed one of the most magnificently ornamented apartments in the world.

From this apartment you pass through a corridor adorned with ancient marbles and bronzes, into the hall of scrutiny, where the Doge was anciently elected, now forming part of the library. Its principal door is under a triumphal arch, erected in honor of Morosini, the Peloponnesian. Opposite this door, and covering the whole wall, is a representation of the last Judgment, by Palma the younger, alive with forms which seem to project from the canvass and glow with grace and beauty. The genius of the author, however, it is plain, was not adequate to the terrible sublimity of such a scene. The walls and ceilings are painted by the same hands, and with subjects similar to those of the larger apartment of the grand council. Around the walls of both, near the ceiling, is a range of portraits, one hundred and fifteen in number, of nearly all the doges of Venice. The series commences in the hall of the grand council with Obelerio, the ninth Doge, who lived A. D. 804, and terminates in the hall of scrutiny in Maunini, the last of the long extended line, deposed in 1797. There are still left thirteen vacant places, never to be filled. There is another vacant in the first apartment, bearing a black scroll upon a dark ground, with the inscription, "*Hic est locus Marini Falletteri decapitati pro criminibus,*" a most expressive and certain mode of condemning the name of Faliero to perpetual infamy. The portraits are chiefly by Tintoretto, Bassano, and the younger Palma. I must not forget to mention, that the pictures of the ducal palace and of Venice in general, though attached to the walls and ceilings without frames, are almost universally oil paintings. The library, contained in the last two above described apartments, dates from the time of Petrarch and Cardinal Bessarion, who presented their collections to

the republic. It contains upwards of sixty thousand volumes.

After having thus visited the more splendid parts of the palace, I descended to the dungeons of the inquisition. I visited the dreary cells where, on the entrance of the French, were found two miserable victims, who had survived a captivity of twenty years. From these I passed into another, whose pavement showed proof of the effort to escape of a nameless individual, who burrowed two years in the earth, only to be taken the moment that he issued into open air. Hence I entered one inscribed with the name of its wretched inmate, and, strange elasticity of spirit, with the expression of a hope ! Further on I was conducted into a dungeon whose walls bore a more terrible inscription, the sprinkled blood of torture and of death. Not far off was the place of execution, and the private door through which alone the body of the victim, when the last breath had been drawn, could escape the malice of its persecutors, to be plunged into the bosom of the deep. Adjoining was the cell of the capuchin appropriated to the last sad office of confession. Below these prisons, and below even the surface of the canal, there was another range of dungeons, the entrance of which was closed by the French. From hence ascending to the second story of the palace, I issued through a low portal upon the Bridge of Sighs, which connects the palace with the public prison, from which it is separated by a canal about thirty feet wide. The bridge is about ten feet wide, and is closely covered, the small windows being almost closed by a stone grating. It is divided into two passages leading to prisons adapted to greater or less severity of punishment.

The ancient library opposite the ducal palace is a splendid building, consisting of one lofty story above the arcaded basement, very richly adorned with columns and sculpture. Its principal hall, which contained the library until 1812, is another prodigy of Venetian art. The picture on your right

as you enter, appeared to me one of the finest works of Tintoretto. It represents St. Mark descending from heaven, to save from approaching death a Saracen, exposed in a small boat to a tremendous storm. The relief, the lights, are magical. The terrors of the ocean, and the affright of those who are exposed to its fury, are depicted with great energy and skill. The remainder of the wall is painted by Tintoretto and Molinari. The ceiling is divided into twenty-one oval compartments, three in each row, the fruits of the emulation of nine of the best painters of the sixteenth century. Among them, I most admired the *Corregiesque* relief of Pordenone, the rich and mellow tints of Schiavone, and the expressive splendor of Paul Veronese. The Music of this last, represented by three female figures, is perfectly delightful. With all his own richness, ease, and nature in the drapery and postures, the heads, particularly one of them, have the celestial beauty and refined expression of Guido. Around the apartment leaning against the wall, are ranged a number of fine pictures, the most remarkable of which appeared to me a Judgment of Solomon, by Bonifazio, very much in the style of Titian; our Lord overcome and fainting, strengthened and upheld by an angel in the garden of Gethsemane, by Paul Veronese; and a descent of our Lord to Limbo, by Giorgione. The figures of the last are not more than a foot long, but are finely relieved and wonderfully expressive. This apartment is now a part of the imperial palace, and is by far the most magnificent which it contains. The rest are adorned with some good pictures, but are in other respects no wise remarkable.

LETTER XXXVIII.

VENICE CONTINUED—ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS—CONFRERIE OF ST. ROCH—CHURCH OF SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE—OF STA. MARIA DELLA SALUTE—OF STA. MARIA DEI FRATI—OF ST. JOHN AND ST. PAUL—OF THE JESUITS—OF STA. MARIA DELL' ORTO—GALLERY OF THE PALACE BARBARIGO—GALLERY MANFRINI—NAVAL ARSENAL—CANALS—GONDOLAS—RETURN TO THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK.

THE Academy of Fine Arts at Venice, deposited in the ancient Confrérie de la Charité, preserves a splendid collection of Venetian paintings. The first that meets your eye on entering the first great apartment, is the Assumption of the Virgin by Titian. The dimensions of the picture are large, the figures are above the natural size, the effect is sublime. The Virgin stands upon a cloud, borne upward and attended by a host of angels, while below are assembled the adoring train of the apostles. The posture of the principal figure, with extended arms, and glowing upraised countenance, is at once graceful and glorious; and yet, strange to tell! her legs are actually crossed. Among the angels, there is one head in particular on the right of the spectator, whose exquisite beauty is beyond imagination. The apostles are venerable in sanctity, earnest in zeal, patient in fortitude. Each of the heads has its peculiar and distinct expression. A number of paintings by the older masters, possess great interest, particularly a presentation of the infant Jesus to Simeon by Carpaccio, and a Madonna and various saints by John Bellino, both of them very finely finished, and wonderfully expressive for their age. The

Resurrection of Lazarus by Bassano, seems a complete gallery of portraits, so characteristic and individualized is every head. The feast of Dives by the younger Palma, presents him seated at table in the midst of splendid architecture, between two beautiful and interesting women; while Lazarus is seen, forlorn and ragged, and diseased in the distance. The graceful, the beautiful, the natural, are truly represented. The miracle of St. Mark to deliver a martyr, is a piece of varied and animated action. The saint appears descending in the air—the martyr still lies extended on his back—but the cords that bound him are rent asunder, the instruments of torture are broken in pieces—one is showing their fragments to the rising and troubled magistrate—the multitude are looking on, some with prying curiosity, and others with astonishment and fear. Viewed from a short distance, this picture seems to live. Indeed Tintoretto appears to me the great master of relief and perspective. The Marriage of Cana is the *chef d'œuvre* of Padovanino. It is a large and charming piece. The striking dignity of our Lord, the sweet amenity of the Virgin, the modest beauty of the bride, and earnest tenderness of the bridegroom, the hurry of the servants, the presence of music, combine in producing an animated and enlivening, and at the same time, chastened scene of innocent festivity. In the principal of the new apartments recently opened, the most remarkable objects are, a large and splendid picture by Titian, representing the presentation of the Virgin in the temple, the four horses and their riders of the Apocalypse, kings and princes falling headlong before them, by the younger Palma, a magnificent Supper of our Lord in the house of Levi, by Paul Veronese, a beautiful descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Virgin by Padovanino, and a St. John Baptist by Titian, a solitary figure standing in the desert, with hand extended in warning, a form and face dignified, earnest, austere, sublime. In the chamber where the academy meets, is preserved, in a marble

urn, the right hand of Canova, a horrid mutilation of the dead, and a violation of the taste and feelings of the living. In another room is deposited a most interesting collection of designs, merely etched on paper from the hands of the greatest masters, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and others. It is curious to trace in this and other similar collections, the first ideas, the burning impulses of genius. In fact there is frequently in these slight sketches, a spirit, a grace, a fire, superior to their more studied copies.

The Confrérie of St. Roch may with truth be called the temple of the genius of Tintoretto. Three grand apartments are entirely covered with the works of that distinguished artist. Many of them, however, are greatly injured by time, damp, and neglect. In the large room upon the ground floor the finest picture is, perhaps, the Massacre of the Innocents, presenting a scene of confused action, of violent motion, of fearful expression, well adapted to the subject. The wretched mothers, flying from their savage enemies, regard no difficulty or danger, so that they may escape with their offspring. From a high wall they leap down into a court, only to meet new murderers, and to fall beneath their swords, mingling their own blood with that of their children. From hence you ascend, by a broad and noble staircase, to the first story of the building. On one of the walls of the first landing place is a beautiful Annunciation by Titian. The remainder of the staircase is covered with fine paintings alluding to the plague. The finest paintings, perhaps, of the upper hall are, on the walls, the resurrection of our Lord, and the miracle of the loaves and fishes; and on the ceiling, the water gushing from the rock beneath the rod of Moses, and the sacrifice of Isaac. The great effort, however, of Tintoretto, is in the adjoining apartment. It represents the crucifixion of our Lord, and occupies a wall about forty-five feet in length, and twenty in height. In the centre is the cross with our Lord fixed on it. At its foot is the principal group:

the mother fainting and falling against a half-fainting companion ; Peter and one of the women preparing to assist her; John and the Magdalen regarding their suffering master with devoted love and passionate grief. The group is admirably composed and sublimely expressive. On one side the executioners are just raising the cross of one of the thieves, while on the other they are affixing his companion to the instrument of torture extended on the ground. Thus has the painter contrived, not only to introduce variety into his work, but at the same time to exhibit the whole horrid order of the excruciating punishment. Around are placed soldiers on foot and horseback, priests, men, and women, and children, numerous without confusion, and regular without formality, agitated by all the various emotions which the occasion called forth, and marked by all the variety of character natural in such a multitude. The perspective of the whole is magical. The adjoining church of St. Roch, a rich and beautiful edifice, is also adorned with six or seven grand pictures from the pencil of Tintoretto. The Hospital of the Pest particularly is full of expression, and in execution a prodigy of skill.

A number of the works of Tintoretto are also to be found in the church of S. Giorgio Maggiore. The Last Supper is peculiarly worthy of attention. Our Lord is rising up in the energy of his discourse, and the apostles are moved with astonishment and deprecating love. The Martyrdom of St. Lucia, who remains miraculously fixed to the earth, notwithstanding the efforts of two goaded oxen to draw her forward by cords attached to her body, is a fine work of Leander Bassano. The church is of the architecture of Palladio, and is exceedingly neat and simple.

The church of Santa Maria della Salute, erected in 1631, on the cessation of the plague, is one of the richest and most magnificent in Venice, though not in the best taste. It is adorned both within and without with a profusion of columns,

and with no less than one hundred and twenty-five marble statues. The form of the main body is round, being composed of the prolongation of the dome, pierced by arcades, which give admission into a circular gallery furnished with smaller chapels. The Grand Chapel is opposite the door of entrance, and is produced by the shorter beam of the cross. The church is adorned, among others, by three brilliant pictures of Luca Giordano, and one by Titian. This last represents the Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the day of Pentecost. In the midst is placed the Virgin with inspired and ecstatic countenance, attended behind by two of the holy women—on each side are ranged the apostles, sitting and standing, stretching forth their arms with transport towards heaven, or more tranquilly receiving the extraordinary gift. Above is seen the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, from whom descends in diverging rays a flood of silver radiance, producing the most splendid and appropriate effect upon the group below. Though painted at sixty-four years of age, this picture exhibits perhaps more than the usual animation of the author, with all his usual skill. The ceiling of the Sacristy, a large apartment, contains three paintings by Titian in his best day. The first is the death of Abel. He lies prostrate on the earth—his envious brother has set his foot upon his shoulder, and lifts his club with both brawny arms above his head to give the final stroke. The second is the sacrifice of Isaac. He is kneeling on the altar, prepared to receive the knife in his bosom. The father has already laid one hand upon the head of his child, and uplifted with the other the instrument of death. He is in the act of turning to the angel, who, descending, arrests the meditated blow. The third exhibits Goliath extended on the earth, and the youthful victor, as he approaches to decapitate his gigantic foe, lifting both hands to heaven in pious gratitude. Never was there exhibited more powerful action,

or a coloring more to the life, than is seen in these three works of the great Venetian master.

The church of *S. Maria dei Frati* is remarkable for the number and magnificence of its funereal monuments. The most modern, as it is the most beautiful, is the monument of Canova. It is the section of a pyramid, composed of huge blocks of Carrara marble, placed against the wall and resting on three steps and a basement. The basement is about forty feet long. In the midst of the pyramid is the door of the sepulchre. Above it, two angels, in bas-relief support the bust of Canova, also in bas-relief, surrounded by the serpent of eternity. On one side of the porch couches the winged lion of *St. Mark's*, and near him reclines upon the steps the Genius of Death, buried in sad and profound slumber. On the other side, the Goddess of Sculpture, veiled and pensive, approaches the door to deposit the sacred urn, attended by a youthful genius bearing a torch; behind follow, side by side, the sister arts of painting and architecture; two youthful genii close the sad procession. The statues are by various artists, and are exquisitely executed. The design of the monument is, with some changes, by Canova himself. It was intended by him for the monument of Titian. But the attempt to collect sufficient funds for the purpose failing, it was never executed by him. After his death, it was appropriately adopted for his own monument, and erected at great expense by private contributions. Meanwhile the neglected painter lies on the other side of the church, covered only by a marble slab, bearing the wretched rhyme,

" Quà giace il gran Tiziano di Vecelli
Emulator de' Zeusi e degli Apelli."

He has a nobler monument, however, in one of his pictures, which is preserved here. It represents the Madonna seated, attended by *St. Peter* and other saints. Below are placed the family of *Pesaro*, returning thanks for the victory of one

of their number, who is seen advancing in armor, dragging in triumph a captive Turk. The picture is in the best and richest style of the master, and constitutes a memorial for which he is indebted only to his own genius. Many of the other monuments of this church, erected to heroes and doges, though in bad taste, are yet remarkable for magnificence. Some of them resemble, in fact, in size, and ornament, rather the façade of a church adorned with columns and statues, than a tomb. Erections of this sort are common in the churches of Venice. I have counted upon one of them, erected to whom and in what church I have forgotten, no less than twenty-two marble statues by the best artists of the day.

The church of St. John and St. Paul, likewise remarkable for its monuments and a number of fine paintings by Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, the younger Palma, and Bonifazio, boasts as its greatest ornament, the Martyrdom, as it is called, of Peter the Dominican, a *chef d'œuvre* of Titian. The inquisitor lies prostrate beneath the blows of his assassin, his companion flies to avoid the fate of his principal—two angels are seen in the air awaiting the soul of the martyr. The design of this piece is more than usually excellent; the expression and composition are sublime; the coloring is unspeakably natural and rich. The church of the Jesuits, magnificently and tastefully encrusted with white marble inlaid with green in foliage and other figures, contains a multitude of paintings by the younger Palma, and two or three by Tintoretto. Still, above the grace of the one and the spirit of the other, Titian rises superior in his martyrdom of San Lorenzo. The time is night—the saint is extended on his gridiron, beneath which a blazing fire is kindled—he is surrounded by executioners and persecutors. The lights and shades, the expression, the arrangement of this celebrated piece, are beyond all praise. The church of Sta. Maria del Orto is again distinguished by a multitude of the

works of the prolific Tintoretto. The two finest perhaps are the adoration of the golden calf, and the martyrdom of St. Agnes. The first is a very large painting, representing below the misshapen image worshipped by the besotted Israelites, some of whom load it with gifts, while all seem possessed with an insane festivity. Above, Moses is seen upon the mount, receiving in ineffable glory the tables of the law. It is a sublime conception, nobly executed. The last represents the youthful heroine kneeling, clad in white, the pure glory of innocence and faith illuminating her features, refusing every invitation to recant. She is surrounded with an admirable group of soldiers and pitying spectators.

There are a multitude of other churches in Venice, of splendid architecture, and adorned more or less with works by the same masters. I have only mentioned some of the most remarkable.

The gallery of the palace Barbarigo contains a numerous collection of the smaller works of Titian. The most beautiful of these are two half-lengths, placed opposite to each other, the one of Venus, and the other of Mary Magdalen. The former is at her toilet, looking in a glass held by Cupids. So lively is the representation of her beauty, that you await the moment when the goddess shall turn those irresistible eyes from the contemplation of her charms, to demand your homage. The Magdalen is in a higher style of art—the representation, not so much of the body as of the soul. She is standing in her grot, with one hand laid upon her breast, and her eyes raised to heaven in an agony of penitence. I can never forget the anguish of those tearful eyes, nor the slight smile upon that lip, which seems to mark the approach of comfort and of hope. In the same apartment is the original bust of the great painter, and his last work, a St. Sebastian, little more than commenced. He died at the age of ninety-six.

The Gallery Manfrini is one of the richest and most ex-

tensive in Venice. It contains ten rooms, ornamented with choice pictures from various schools. In the first room is a beautiful woman, leaning on one hand, while she holds a guitar in the other, looking sideways with a thoughtful and pensive expression, by Giorgione, whose works, owing to his early death, are exceedingly rare, even in Venice. The one of which I speak is uncommonly fine; but it is surpassed by another piece from the same hand, in the next room, representing Titian, standing between his mistress and the author. The head of the mistress is that of the celebrated Flora of the Florentine gallery, but, if possible, still more lovely and speaking in expression. The portrait of Ariosto, by Titian, is deeply interesting. It is seldom, indeed, that a picture presents so vividly before the mind the memory of two great men; the living resemblance of the one depicted by the magical hand of the other. The contest of Apollo and of Pan, by Guido, is a most exquisite composition. The god of poetry is inspired as he plays: the listening air of the rustic deity, internally confessing himself surpassed, is imitatively true to nature. On the ceiling there is a splendid painting by Paul Veronese, of the deification of Hebe, conducted by Mercury into the presence of the gods. In the third chamber there is a Sibyl by Gennari, closely resembling those of his master and model, Guercino. In the fourth is the celebrated Christ borne to the tomb, by Titian, a duplicate of which exists at Paris. The dead body is borne by three men, and followed only by the Virgin, supported by Mary Magdalen. The grief of all, especially of the two latter, is strongly portrayed; but the utter helplessness of death, as displayed on the body of our Saviour, is the most striking feature of the piece. The coloring is sombre, and the light obscure. The sacrifice of Iphigenia is a beautiful and affecting composition, by Padovanino, in which he has borrowed the idea of the Grecian painter, and veiled the countenance of Agamemnon. The gallery of Grimani is

principally remarkable for portraits of the family, by Titian, and other celebrated Venetian painters, and for a noble statue of a Greek orator, with hands folded in his robe, worthy to be placed beside the Aristides of Naples, which it resembles in general character.

The naval Arsenal, separated from the city by a canal, is more than two miles in circumference ; and embraces within itself basins, shipyards, ropewalks, founderies, every thing in short which could be useful or necessary in such an establishment. To the traveller it is a most interesting object, not only on account of its extent and magnificence, but for the monuments which it preserves of the ancient glory of Venice. Before its porch are placed four marble lions, brought from Greece by Morosini, the Peloponnesian, two of them taken from the Piræus of Athens. In the repository of arms are many remnants of the crusades, the spoils of the battle of Lepanto, which constituted an era in the history of Europe, by arresting forever the progress of the Turks—the armor of Henry IV. of France, a plain steel suit presented by him to the republic, when he solicited and obtained the honor of being admitted a patrician of Venice—and the monument by Canova of the gallant Admiral Emo, who died in 1792, fortunately before the final disgrace of his country, the last of an interrupted but long line of heroes. The arsenal reminds us equally of the fall of Venice ; for though kept in good repair, and occupied here and there by scanty stores and a few workmen, it presents in general the appearance of an empty void.

From the tower of St. Mark's, consecrated by the observations of Galileo, you gain an excellent idea of the position of Venice. It lies in the midst of the Lagoon, a body of water, generally shallow, and twenty-five miles long by about ten broad. Through the barrier which defends the Lagoon from the sea, there are five or six openings, the principal of which are those of Lido and Malamocco. Around

lie a multitude of islands, constituting small cities in themselves, and further off is seen the low *terra firma*, bounded in the north and west by distant mountains. There are one hundred and forty-nine canals in Venice, with three hundred and six bridges, almost all of marble. There are upwards of two thousand streets, most of them not wide enough for four to walk abreast; by means of which it is possible to pass into every part of the city proper, but by routes very intricate and circuitous. The canal of Giudecca, separating the old Jews' quarter and island from the rest of the city, is probably the one intended by Eustace when he describes the grand canal as three hundred yards wide. I doubt if even that be so broad. The gondola is a flat-bottomed boat about fifteen feet long, and very narrow, furnished with a moveable cover, conveniently fitted with windows and sliding blinds and glasses. The blade of the oar is about ten inches broad. I was fortunate enough to find two gondoliers who could sing. They chanted for me a part of the flight of Erminia, in a low monotonous measure, alternating irregularly, sometimes at the conclusion, sometimes in the middle of a stanza. Their music was tolerable only from association.

But to return once more to the Piazza of St. Mark's. This is the grand resort of gaiety and fashion on festivals, immediately after mass, and every evening in summer. On these occasions you may see, seated within and before the cafés, or promenading through the arcades, crowds of well dressed men, and beautiful women, animated in an extraordinary degree. Meantime your palate is delighted with exquisite ices, and your ears regaled either by a fine regimental band, or by the songs of vagrant minstrels, preserved in their perfection and former multitude only at Venice. They generally go in pairs, a man with a violin and a woman with a guitar, and sing both alone and in dialogue. When they have half finished, the woman goes round to all who happen to be in the vicinity with a little box, and

solicits a trifling gratuity with the most graceful air imaginable. The promenade of the lower class of the populace is the Riva dei Schiavoni, or quai, extending about half a mile from St. Mark's to the public garden. Here you may find the conjurer drawing miles of ribbon from his mouth, Punch in his box, exhibitions of dancing dogs, or an extemporaneous orator, relating to a rapt audience some invented or borrowed story, whose scene is generally, (as I heard one of them describe it) "the Superb City, which *sovereignizes* over a thousand islands," and whose burden is still the glory of Venice. The public garden, though well laid out in walks and adorned with noble trees, and though it commands a fine view on one side of the Lagune and its islands, and on the other of the city and the broad canal of the Giudecca, is very little frequented except by strangers.

LETTER XXXIX.

DEPARTURE FROM VENICE—PADUA; ITS HISTORY; ITS UNIVERSITY—PUBLIC PALACE—CHURCHES—VICENZA—ARCHITECTURE OF PALLADIO—OLYMPIC THEATRE—CAMPO MARZO—CONVENT OF MADONNA DEL MONTE—VIEW FROM ITS TOP—ROAD TO VERONA.

ON the first of June I left Venice in a gondola, and landed after a passage of five miles over the Lagune, at Fusina, an inconsiderable village, merely maintained as a landing place. Here I took a little *calèche* with one horse, and a driver of the old school, who lifted his hat (and this was no sinecure,) at every church and painting of the Virgin

on the houses and enclosures, and answered every question which required an answer in the affirmative, with a "per ubbedirlo," ("at your service, sir.") Striking almost immediately on the banks of the Brenta, we pursued them until within three or four miles of Padua. I must confess that these celebrated banks fell far below my expectations. The river itself is a contemptible muddy current, for one half of the distance overgrown with flags; the shores are uniformly a dead level; the villages are neither numerous nor generally beautiful. The most considerable is Dolo, a very pretty and well peopled town. On the other hand, however, it must be admitted that the country smiles with fertility, and that the villas and palaces which almost line the borders of the stream, communicate at first sight something like animation to the landscape. The villas are generally white, with green or brown window shutters or blinds, and have a neat flower garden in front. The palaces are some of them extensive and magnificent. The most so is that of Pisani at Stra, now appertaining to the emperor. Both palaces and villas, however, were almost uniformly closed; changing your first impressions into a melancholy recollection of those festive throngs of beautiful women and patricians, worthy of their rank and country, which once rendered the banks of Brenta during the gay season of the Villegiatura, a paradise on earth.

The avenue by which I approached Padua, was lined on both sides for four or five miles by fine trees, and terminated in a noble gateway ornamented with fluted Corinthian columns. Padua is situated on the Bacchiglione, and is said to contain about fifty thousand inhabitants. Its streets are sufficiently broad, and are lined with side-walks under porticos, which, however, are neither so continuous and universal, nor so beautiful and spacious as those of Bologna. The Prato della Valle is one of the finest promenades in Europe. It is an extensive meadow ornamented and shaded

by trees, in the midst of which there is a large oval space, surrounded by a canal of running water, both sides throughout their whole extended circumference, lined with statues of illustrious men of all nations. On festival days it is said to present a very splendid scene. The ordinary lounge, however, of the Paduans of a summer's evening, is the Piazza dei Signori, a little St. Mark's square.

The history of Padua ascends to a very remote antiquity. According to Virgil, it was founded by Antenor and a Trojan colony, one of those scattered bands of refugees whom the most celebrated of sieges had left alive. It afterwards became a powerful state, and submitted on the rise of the Roman Republic, rather to its friendship than its arms. Taken, pillaged, and destroyed, by barbarians, during the decline of the empire, it fell with it under their iron yoke. During the middle ages it again asserted its independence, and again yielded with dignity to the superiority of Venice. It played a conspicuous part during the celebrated League of Cambray, and always maintained its fidelity, though severely tried. It finally shared the fate of the Republic on its fall, and with it was handed over to a foreign master. Among her sons, Padua boasts the historian Livy, whose "Pativinitas," it is well known, adhered to him even amid the refinements of the Capitol, and throughout his long literary career; and in our own age Belzoni, the enterprising explorer of the Nile. Among her adopted children, she ranks Petrarch, who was a canon of her cathedral; Galileo, who was a lecturer; and Columbus, who was a student in her University: thus claiming in part, the honors which belong to one of the chief revivers of letters, to the author of the true science of the planets, and the discoverer of one half of our own. I could not also but remember that Padua, in common with many of the cities of the north of Italy, had been illustrated by the genius of our own immortal Shakspeare. It was here that he tamed his Shrew, and

taught a fine though rude lesson to the fairer sex. How powerful is the force of that man's genius ! I knew that he had never been in Padua, that the characters which he introduces had never perhaps existed ; and yet such is the reality with which he depicts the events, the feelings, the personages of his drama, that I found them recorded in my mind among the recollections of history.

The University, though it has sunk from its former supremacy, is still well worthy of a visit. The edifice is plain and solid, built around a court, and contains a numerous library, an excellent apparatus, and very extensive collections in anatomy, natural history, &c. The number of its students has dwindled from twenty thousand to one thousand four hundred. The public palace boasts the largest room in the world, whose roof is supported merely on its walls. It is three hundred feet long by one hundred wide, with a lofty roof bent into the form of a Gothic arch. Its walls are covered with frescoes by Giotto. This noble apartment is now used only for painting with greater convenience the scenes of the Opera, and for the drawing of lotteries, two singular uses for the ancient sanctuary of public justice. The church of St. Giustina, built on the design of Palladio, is vaunted by the Paduans as second only to St. Peter's. It is far, however, from meriting this praise. Like many of the churches of Italy, it is still unfinished. The hideous brick walls of the exterior still want their marble incrustation. Besides it has too many small cupolas. The interior, however, is exceedingly grand and simple. Five hundred feet long by three hundred and fifty broad in the transept, it is divided into three naves by lofty pilasters supporting arches and faced with columns. Its chapels are ornamented with fine paintings by Paul Veronese, Liberi, and Luca Giordano, and decorated profusely with rich groups of statues. The church of St. Antonio, the tutelar saint of the city, with fewer architectural pretensions, is, for its marbles, bas-reliefs, and

statues, one of the richest churches even in Italy. The whole of the lofty choir, for example, and the spacious sanctuary, are incrustcd with the richest marbles, while the large chapel in which the body of the saint reposes, has its walls covered with bas-reliefs by the first masters. In an adjoining part of the convent are three or four frescoes by Titian, alluding to the life of the saint, so far as I could judge from their degraded state, not worthy of the hand of the master, nor of the visit of the traveller.

From Padua to Vicenza, a distance of eighteen miles, the country is remarkable for nothing but its exuberant fertility. The latter city, an ancient Roman colony, contains at present about thirty thousand inhabitants. It is seated on the Bacchiglione, near a range of verdant hills adorned with villas, which add much to the beauty of its site. The streets are narrow, and the buildings generally mean. There are about a dozen palaces, however, erected by Palladio, which constitute the great ornament of the city, and challenge for it a high degree of architectural splendor. I must confess myself disappointed in all these celebrated works, save one. The public palace, for example, exhibits a double story of arches, supported by square piles and four low columns, one at each angle. These piles again are faced with half columns. The effect, to my eye, was unbecoming and mean. The house of Palladio, though not more than thirty feet broad, has no less than three portals on the basement, one of which alone is arched. The two stories above are furnished, the one with half columns, and the other with pilasters, serving no purpose save that of paltry ornament. The palaces are in a style somewhat similar, though they are, of course, much more extensive and magnificent. Their material too, would detract from the effect of finer buildings. They are for the most part of brick, covered with stucco, in some instances partially peeled off by time. The exception to which I have above alluded is the Olympic theatre, which,

though it has no architectural pretensions whatever without, (it stands in the court of an ordinary house and is of brick,) is within a most harmonious combination of all that is tasteful and magnificent. It was erected in the sixteenth century, by a society of gentlemen, for the purpose of performing in person the Greek tragedies, the study of which was at that time much in vogue. Its execution was made intimately to correspond with its design. It is arranged, in fact, upon the plan of the ancient theatres. The space allotted to the audience is semi-circular, and is surrounded by marble steps, rising one above another to the number of twelve. Above these, rises a high wall adorned with frequent niches, filled with statues and separated by marble columns. This wall supports a gallery, whose balustrade is also surmounted by statues. The roof is fluted in large rays, very tastefully adorned with gilding. The stage is oblong. The proscenium is profusely adorned with pillars and statues, and pierced by three arches opening into the streets of a magnificent city. These streets are represented, not by painting, but by real edifices adorned with porticos and sculpture, and so managed by the gradual diminution of size as to produce an apparently long perspective. This beautiful edifice is worthy both of the fame of its architect, and the noble enterprise of its founders; worthy indeed to become the temple of the Athenian muse.

The Campo Marzo, a verdant meadow situated just without the city, at the foot of Monte Berico, and half surrounded by a branch of the Bacchiglione, is one of the most extensive and delightful promenades in Europe. From hence you ascend to the church of the Madonna del Monte, by a covered portico built of brick, stuccoed, and about half a mile in length. Though not to be compared in extent to that of Bologna, it is more light and elegant, and is kept in better repair. It is said to have been designed by Palladio. The church is in the form of a Greek cross, crowned by a

cupola. It would be beautiful were it not overloaded with ornament. In the adjoining convent is a splendid painting, by Paul Veronese, occupying the whole wall of one end of the spacious refectory. It represents the supper of St. Gregory, at which our Lord is said to have appeared in the form of a pilgrim, seeking alms among the rest of the mendicant band. The scene is laid in an open hall, adorned with splendid architecture. The table is crowded with pilgrims at one end, and the officers of the papal court at the other. In the centre sits the pope, attended by two cardinals. Our Lord is recognized at once by the meek, yet super-human, dignity which dwells upon his countenance. The relief, the perspective, the arrangement of the guests, their drapery, attitudes, expression, are so perfectly copied after nature, that the scene seems almost real. From the top of this convent you command an extensive and magnificent view of the surrounding region. Towards the east the eye ranges over a garden twenty miles in breadth, and resting for a moment on the domes and spires of Padua, pierces still farther even to the tower of St. Mark's, dimly seen in the far distant horizon. Towards the north, the Alps of Tyrol raise their snow-crowned summits, brighter than the fleecy clouds which float around their sides. Nestling in their savage bosom are seen the villages of the Seven Communes, whose inhabitants, the descendants of the Cimbri, routed by Marius in the neighborhood of Verona, still retain their Teutonic language and ancient usages. In the south stretches, like an ocean, the vast plain bordered on the west by the Euganean mountains, and terminating only on the Appenines of Bologna. In the west are seen the fertile hills through which winds the road to Verona.

This road, for the distance of thirty miles, presents to the eye of the traveller a constant succession of varied beauties. It runs through a plain about ten miles wide, between two ranges of low cultivated hills, the one of which joins the

Alps, and the other, decreasing constantly in height, terminates in the vicinity of Rovigo. Behind the former, and rising far above them, are seen the wild unequal summits of the snow-clad Alps, at once a barrier and an ornament to those happy plains. At Montebello, a small village about ten miles from Vicenza, where the road is crossed by four or five dry beds of torrents, there is an opening both in the hills and mountains, presenting a spectacle at once beautiful and grand. Range rises above range, terminating only in the clouds. Ridge meets and crosses ridge at every imaginable angle. Below is a scene of fertility and abundance and smiling verdure. Above, the rocky summits frown in Alpine blackness, contrasted here and there with stripes and caps of snow. This road, in addition to its natural charms, possesses an historic interest of no ordinary kind. At Montebello, which gave name to one of Napoleon's most celebrated marshals, I entered fully on the great battle-field of Italy, the theatre of the late tremendous struggles for dominion in that country. A little further on is Villa Nuova, and about four miles to the left lies Arcola. The plains in the neighborhood of Verona, the grave of the slaughtered Cimbri, were also the scene of many a desperate contest between the French and Austrians. The city of Verona itself, with the leveled fortifications of its hills, and the walls of its churches and houses marked still with the indentations of bullets, bears melancholy witness to the fierce and often repeated conflicts between Massena and the archduke Charles. And what, alas! is the fruit of all this bloodshed? The vanquished have recovered more than their lost possessions. The mighty victor has fallen like a star from heaven. The only useful consequence is, that a few acres of soil have been fattened, perhaps, into a rank fertility with human blood. A noble enterprise, executed by worthy means!

LETTER XL.

VERONA—ANCIENT AMPHITHEATRE—LAPIDARY MUSEUM—ANTIQUITIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES—TOMB OF JULIET AND MANSION OF THE CAPULETS—CHURCHES—GALLERIES—MANTUA; ITS CATHEDRAL—CHURCH OF ST. ANDREA—PALAZZO DEL TE—MAGNIFICENT FRESCOS OF GIULIO ROMANO—ANCIENT DUCAL RESIDENCE—PAINTINGS OF PALMA THE YOUNGER—POPULATION—AUSTRIAN GARRISON—REASON OF VISITING PARMA—CORREGGIO—ROAD FROM MANTUA TO PARMA.

VERONA is situated on the Adige, which divides it into two parts; the larger, in the plain, called Verona, and the smaller, on the side of the opposite heights, called Veronetta. The river is here a very rapid stream, about three hundred feet in breadth, and is liable to sudden freshets. It rose, about the middle of last century, above the basement of the houses on its banks. It is traversed by three bridges, one of which still preserves two or three of the arches constructed by the Romans. The city is large, and of a cheerful aspect, adorned with palaces and churches of the architecture of Sansovino and San Micheli. It contains about sixty thousand inhabitants, supported principally by manufactures of silk gloves and stockings. It was an ancient Roman colony, distinguished as the birthplace of Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, the elder Pliny, and Vitruvius, no inconsiderable names in poetry and history, in natural and mechanical science.

Though repeatedly subject, in consequence of being situated at the termination of one of the great inlets from the north, to invasion and the outrages of barbarians, it still

retains some interesting antiquities. Its amphitheatre is the principal. It is built entirely of unpolished marble, of which it is said one hundred varieties are found in the vicinity of Verona. It is an oval, of four hundred and seventy-five feet in length, by three hundred and seventy-five in breadth, and eighty in height. The exterior wall has fallen, with the exception of only four arches. This remnant exhibits three stories of arches, divided by as many ranges of Tuscan pilasters, a simple and solid style, well adapted to the nature of the edifice. Within, the arena is two hundred and thirty feet long by one hundred and forty broad. From it you ascend, by forty-five massive marble steps, eighteen inches high, by twenty-six wide, to the top of the second wall. It is supposed that there was another series of steps between this and the outer wall, which rises a number of feet higher. The steps which still remain are sufficient to accommodate twenty-two thousand persons. These steps are uninterrupted, except by the portals of numerous vomitories, which descend into the interior galleries, of which there were originally three, and by staircases formed by having the larger steps so as to form two out of one. The interior staircases and the prisons of the wild beasts are still in a perfect state of preservation. The arena is at present encumbered by a miserable barrack, said to have been raised originally by the French to exhibit plays for the edification of the army; but at any rate, still retained by the Veronese as a diurnal theatre, an establishment common in all the cities of Northern Italy. The places for the audience are in the open air, within a space marked out on the steps and the arena. The stage is within the open sides of the above named barrack. Thus does this venerable monument present a striking, though humiliating contrast between the establishments of modern times and even the provincial magnificence of the Romans. The amphitheatre is supposed to have been erected under Domitian or Trajan, and consequently about the end

of the first century of the christian era. The lapse of seventeen hundred years has left it almost perfect. The other remains are, a double gateway formerly in the wall of the city, erected under Gallienus, and a remnant of the front of the Forum Judiciale, now built into a house, both of marble, and adorned with Corinthian pillars, but bearing evident marks of the degeneracy of the age in which they were constructed. Among the antiquities of Verona may also be ranked the Lapidary Museum, consisting of Etruscan, Greek, and Roman bas-reliefs and inscriptions, ranged around a small court, under a portico supported by Doric columns. Were it not illustrated, however, by the pen of Scipio Maffei, this museum would sink into comparative insignificance.

Verona also contains some antiquities of the middle ages, well worthy of attention. The monuments of the Scaligeri, princes of Verona, one of those turbulent and tyrannical families, whose public and private guilt has stained the history of Modern Italy, still remain in the churchyard of the chapel opposite and appertaining to their ancient residence. They are some of them sarcophagi, and some lofty pavilions decked with curious columns, and all the monstrous shapes of Gothic sculpture. The basilica of St. Zenone, once the cathedral, also claims the admiration of the traveller, for the strange bas-reliefs which ornament its façade; the curious roof of its nave, somewhat in the shape of an inverted boat, decorated with stars on a blue ground, to resemble the heavens; the church under its choir, supported by forty columns, all the capitals of which have been made studiously different; the vault in its churchyard, containing the stone coffin, according to the antique inscription, of Pepin, not the father but the son of Charlemagne, and king of Italy; and the disinterred sarcophagus, which lies not far off, honored with the dust of Gavius, a Roman consul under the republic.

More interesting, however, than even these remains, are the tomb of Juliet, and the mansion of the Capulets. The

former is a rude marble sarcophagus without a lid, with two holes perforated in it, one at the foot, and the other near the head, made, according to the story of the ancient crow who repeats the melancholy tale, to give air to the sleeping Juliet. It was formerly in a neighboring garden, once a cemetery, but is now placed, for greater security, in the passage through the house, between two pieces of wall covered with antique frescoes, all that remains of the monastery, which sheltered, I suppose, the friendly monk. Though I could not vouch for the authenticity of this monument, I was willing to give way to my credulity, and viewed it, I confess, with no ordinary emotions. With the same melancholy feelings I entered the garden, the scene of Romeo's desperation, and of the final terrible catastrophe. Pondering on these mournful events, I walked through the streets of Verona, haunted now to me by the spirit of the gay, the gallant, the fanciful, the murdered Mercutio, until I found myself before the palace of the Capulets. It is an ancient and lofty brick edifice, built around a court. Its garden, the scene of whispered love, has vanished with the increase of the city. Its banquetting hall, where the first tender impression was communicated—the chamber window, at which the youthful heroine stood to listen to her lover's vows,—I had not the courage to seek among the vile apartments of an inferior inn, for such has now become the residence of the extinct family. In justification of my enthusiasm on this subject, I can only plead the influence of the great dramatic enchanter, the fact that every peasant in Verona is familiar with the tragic tale, and the maxim that tradition is sometimes to be trusted. Among the modern recollections which attend Verona, the session of the celebrated congress, which established the peace of Europe, is not to be forgotten. I was shown the several houses where the Emperor Alexander, the duke of Wellington, etc. were lodged, but was too much of a republican in feeling to dwell long or with great pleasure on the information.

The galleries of Verona are few in number, and scarcely worthy of a visit. Among its churches, many of which within are of beautiful architecture, the cathedral and St. Giorgio are particularly distinguished as containing, the one a masterpiece of Titian, and the other a *chef d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese. The first is an Assumption of the Virgin, represented in a kneeling attitude, with folded hands and meek expression, while she is borne gently upward to heaven. The Apostles are stationed below, engaged, some with extended arms and upraised eyes, admiring her flight, and others bending over to regard with wonder and sacred awe the empty sarcophagus; a noble, expressive, and animated group. The picture of Paul Veronese seems to have been executed by the painter with the recollection continually in his mind that he was laboring for his native city. It represents the martyrdom of St. George. The hero is before the image of Apollo, kneeling, not to the idol, but in preparation for the stroke of the executioner, who stands behind. Beside the martyr is a friar, who has renounced christianity, and who is exhorting him to swear by the heathen god. The victim does not seem to listen; his thoughts already are in heaven. In the rear are ranged officials and spectators, and above is seen the Madonna, surrounded by saints and angels. Every part of the picture is excellent, but the naked body of the saint is perfect, and his upraised countenance truly sublime.

The road from Verona leads through a fertile, but level and uninteresting region about eight miles to Villa Franca. From thence as you approach Mantua, which lies ten miles distant, the country improves in beauty. It is in general completely pastoral, exhibiting fine spacious lawns of verdant grass, bordered by the plane tree and the beech, and reminding one of the days and the employments of Tityrus and Meliboeus, and the verse of Virgil. Near Mantua was the birth-place of the poet: its meadows are the scene of two at

least of his *Eclogues*: its Mincio murmurs still as in his beautiful classic measure. The city, it is well known, is situated on an island formed in an expansion of the Mincio, and is connected with the mainland by five causeways and bridges. It is very strongly fortified, both by nature and by art. It resisted every means employed by Bonaparte himself to take it, except the last resort of blockade and starvation. It was here that the gallant veteran Wurmser, after struggling against what seemed indeed an inevitable fate, surrendered his well-tried sword to the youthful, yet transcendent genius of his opponent. Here, too, closed the celebrated campaigns of Italy, the most splendid exhibition of military genius that the world has witnessed, and crowned with unprecedented triumphs. The streets of Mantua are broad and airy. It was formerly exceedingly unhealthy; but by the draining of the neighboring marshes, the raising of the streets and squares, and the construction of additional fortifications, diminishing the surface of the almost stagnant lake, the French succeeded in rendering it much less so. In fact, notwithstanding the constant tirades of *Enstace*, rendered disgusting by their frequent repetition and indefinite sameness, the influence of the French seems to have been generally beneficent throughout the north of Italy. Almost universally too among Italians, the fame of Napoleon is dearly cherished, and the memory of Eugene Beauharnois fondly beloved. Mantua is indebted for its principal ornaments, both in painting and in architecture, to the genius of Giulio Romano. This eminent artist, after the death of his master, betook himself to the court of Duke Frederick Gonzaga, in which he passed the remainder of his life. The cathedral is within a most magnificent building, somewhat in the style of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, divided into a nave and four aisles, besides the side chapels, and supported by four rows of fluted Corinthian white marble columns. It is in the form of a cross, surmounted at the sec-

tion by a well-proportioned dome. The walls of the nave are divided by alternate windows and niches, and adorned with statues. Upon the whole, it is certainly one of the most beautiful churches in Italy, and consequently in the world. The church of St. Andrea, also in the form of a Latin cross, surmounted by a dome, but consisting of only one majestic nave, richly yet simply decorated with gilding and painted architectural ornaments, is adorned with two great frescoes by Giulio, one representing I know not what popish legend, and the other the crucifixion of our Lord. The former is much injured; the latter is in a fine state of preservation.

In order, however, to behold the *chef d'œuvre* of Giulio Romano, I hastened to the Palazzo del Te, which lies just without the wall of the city beyond the lake, surrounded by a spacious promenade, adorned with luxuriant plane trees. It is a fine building, of a single lofty story in height, in the form of the letter whose name it bears. It contains a long suite of apartments, all adorned by the hand of Giulio with paintings and bas-reliefs, imitated from the columns of Trajan, and Antoninns, and other antiques. The chamber on the ceiling and walls of which, are depicted the "penitence," and the loves of Psyche, contains many exquisite figures, and delightful groups. The spectator is astonished to observe, that the artist is no longer the timid imitator of Raphael; but deals in tints more vigorous, in heads more characteristic, and in forms more graceful; and exhibits in fact a genius at once original and grand. Still more strongly is he struck by this fact, when he arrives at the chamber in which is represented the celebrated Battle of the Giants. The genius of Michael Angelo himself seems to have come to the assistance of the transformed artist. In the centre of the arched ceiling is placed the throne of heaven surmounted by a circular canopy. Its celestial occupant, however, is no longer there seated in tranquil majesty. He has descended

in the energy of vengeance, and stands, borne upwards on the clouds, in a sublime and animated attitude near the border of the vault. A righteous indignation blazes on his countenance. In each uplifted hand he wields a sheaf of thunderbolts flaming with lightning. Around the same border are placed the throng of gods, goddesses, and heroes, astonished and dismayed, divided between the terrors of their chief, and their scarcely relieved apprehension of the formidable host below. That discomfited host are ranged around the four sides of the apartment, monstrous in size, and sublime in attitude and expression. The very mountains which they have piled together to scale the celestial abode, are now tumbling about them. One lies crushed beneath an enormous mass, another has his head jammed in between two descending rocks, a third is about to sink beneath the weight which has fallen on his shoulders, a fourth expects with horror his descending and inevitable fate; one roars with agony, another still blasphemes the hand that smote him, a third crouches with abject fear and earnest supplication. All, though so monstrous and out of nature, live, act, move, do every thing but speak. In returning, I passed the house of Giulio Romano, a beautiful two-story edifice erected by himself, with a broad and rich, though simple, Tuscan front. I looked upon it, I confess, with far greater reverence than I should have been disposed to do when I left Rome.

The ancient ducal residence of Mantua, now the imperial palace, is built around no less than thirteen courts, and is said to be equal in circumference to the city of Guastalla. The more ancient part is now entirely deserted. It was abandoned indeed by the Gonzagas themselves, after the sack of Mantua in 1630, when the palace shared the general fate of the pillaged city. Its chambers present a spectacle of ruin, in melancholy unison with the fate of the family by whom they were once inhabited, the last of whom died in exile in the commencement of the eighteenth century.

Among these chambers is one painted by Giulio Romano, with the events of the Trojan war. Though much defaced, it is still well worthy of a visit, and exhibits strongly the change of style alluded to above. The more modern and inhabited parts of the palace, present many spacious and noble apartments, adorned in part with tapestry from the looms of Arras, woven after the designs of Raphael, and in part with frescoes by the scholars of Giulio. One room contains a number of oil paintings, which have been left there only because too much injured to be removed. The best of them are three large pieces by Palma the younger, representing respectively the several ages of gold, silver, and iron. In the first, men and women are beautifully grouped together in the nakedness of primitive simplicity and innocence, reposing beneath shady groves, and engaged in pleasing converse. In the second, the labors of the plough and chace have succeeded the season when the earth produced its fruits spontaneously. Still the human race is contented, cheerful, happy. In the third War appears armed in the clouds, the Virtues take flight, driven from the earth by a hideous band of Vices. The Furies are let loose upon the world—man stabs his neighbor in the back, in the very act of receiving him with an embrace—a mother presents the cup to her half intoxicated infant—a battle rages in the distance—a conflagration blazes on the heights. These graceful and expressive compositions, executed with all the magic of Venetian coloring, are unhappily irreparably defaced.

Mantua with a population of twenty-five thousand souls has a garrison of six thousand Germans, Verona one of three thousand, and Venice of four thousand, principally Germans of one tribe or another. Austria is said to have on foot in Italy about forty thousand in all.

When about to leave Mantua, I was at a loss whether to proceed directly to Milan, or again to direct my course towards the south for the purpose of visiting Parma, the scene of the

labors and triumphs of Correggio's pencil. This distinguished artist is acknowledged to have been one of the six best painters in Italy—ranking with Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Guido, and Titian. Of the works of the other five, I had already seen much ; of the works of Correggio, but little. He had lived and died in his native duchy of Parma, without ever having even visited imperial Rome. He had not the benefit of intercourse with the master spirits of his age, or of a familiar acquaintance with the works of those who had gone before him. He was an untaught artist, and drank his inspiration at the pure fountain of nature. There was something in the history of his life which added to the attraction of his fame in drawing me to the place where he had lived and died. He had lived and died almost in indigence. Confined by his narrow circumstances to the place of his birth, where a prophet is ever without honor, his transcendent genius was scarcely able to raise him above the pressure of want. But the immortal artist had not long to struggle with man's ingratitude. At the early age of forty his mother earth received into her bosom all of him that could die. It is related by his biographer, Giorgio Vasari, that his death was occasioned by a cold caught in the act of carrying home, on his back, a bag of copper coins, the reward vouchsafed him for the last and most glorious of his works. I need scarcely add that the result of my deliberation was to visit Parma.

The road from Mantua to Guastalla, a distance of eighteen miles, is similar to that upon the other side, and like all that I have seen of the northeast of Italy, presenting fewer large villages and more scattered houses than the south and west. About eight miles from Mantua I recrossed the Po, and felt, with pleasure, that I was placing another barrier between me and my exit from enchanting Italy. The river is here about a quarter of a mile wide—its banks are so low as to require the protection of an artificial mound. About

two miles beyond I came upon the borders of Guastalla, which, though separated from her other states by an angle of the Duchy of Modena, appertains to Maria Louisa. The same aspect of country continued to Parma, twenty-four miles, diversified only by the chain of mountains which rose before us in the distant west, and which may be considered as a lower range of the great Appenine chain.

LETTER XII.

PARMA—GALEITY, AND DEVOTION OF THE PEOPLE HISTORY—MARIA LOUISA—CATHEDRAL, ITS CUPOLA—CHURCH OF S GIOVANNI EVANGELISTA—DUCAL PALACE—PAINTINGS OF CORREGGIO—FARNESE THEATRE—CONVENT OF ST. PAUL—PALAZZO DEL GIARDINO—CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA—PUBLIC WALK—JOURNEY FROM PARMA TO PLACENTIA—ASPECT OF PLACENTIA—LODI

PARMA is situated in the midst of a delightful plain, bordered in the distance by mountains, on a river called the *Parna*, a small branch of the *Po*. It is a lively animated city, with broad streets and neat houses. Its inhabitants appear to be thriving and full of spirits. I saw their principal piazza crowded towards evening with gay circles of the common people, listening in one place to one of those extemporaneous poets, once so common, but now so rare in Italy; and in another swarming around a conjurer, who, with fantastic dress and apparatus spread upon the pavement, was mystifying the open-mouthed and astonished mob. Here a transparent wheel, with a light within and circulating trans-

parencies, exhibited in the doubtful twilight its shadowy wonders, and there a dog with a monkey on his back capered round his little arena. All were cheerful and amused as they passed from one to another of these spectacles. As the bell tolled for the Ave Maria, every hat was taken off, and every hand put in motion to make the holy sign : the improvisatore, with a low reverence to his audience, broke off in the middle of a stanza ; the conjurer gathered up his goods ; the wheel ceased its evolutions ; even the dog, as he got rid of his troublesome rider, seemed to recognize with joy the sacred hour of prayer and of repose. It is in the smaller cities of Italy, not frequented so much nor so long by foreigners, that one discovers more strongly these peculiar habits of the people. The larger cities have been for many years so overrun by travellers of every nation, that their inhabitants have generally lost, in some measure, their distinguishing characteristics. For instance, a poor Italian sees a multitude of rich foreigners pass the doors of churches without touching their hats, and learns to do the same. In Parma, however, all, both poor and rich, still preserve this sign of reverence for the temple of God.

Parma is a very ancient city. It belonged, according to some, originally to the Etrusci, afterwards to the Gauls, and then to the Romans. Its sufferings were great in the first days of the second triumvirate, and its history on the decline of Rome, presents a perpetual succession of disasters. On the revival of the Roman empire, under Charlemagne, it was given to the pope. It continued under the pontifical sceptre, until it was iniquitously transferred by Paul III. to his son Ottavio Farnese. In this family it continued until the middle of the last century, when on its extinction the dukedom passed to a prince of Spain. It was taken possession of by Napoleon, and added to the kingdom of Italy. It is now governed, in prosperity, by the former empress of France. She allows great liberty to her subjects, and seems

to be universally beloved. It is notorious that she was married to a German officer, now deceased, of a very amiable and respectable character, by whom she had several children, a son and two daughters. They are educated, though privately, yet under her inspection. Upon her death the dukedom passes, not to the son of Napoleon, but to the Spanish prince of Lucca. The most eminent of the Farnese family, was the great Duke of Parma, the general of Philip II. He lies buried in the church of the Capuchins, by his own directions, without a monument. I hope that he did not dictate his epitaph. "D. O. M. Alexander Farnesius, Belgis devictis, Francisque obsidione levatis, ut humili hoc loco ejus cadaver deponeretur mandavit 4. Non : Decemb. MDXCII." Its ostentatious humility is unworthy of such a man.

The curiosities of Parma are all connected with the name and genius of Correggio. The cathedral, an ancient Saxon edifice, though spacious and splendid, yet owes its principal distinction to its cupola painted in fresco by this celebrated artist. This great work is at present so much defaced, that from below it appears a confused assemblage, with here and there a countenance, indeed angelic, looking more distinctly from the crowd, or a body swelling from the vault with all the reality of life. But by ascending to the windows of the cupola, the plan of the picture may be discovered, and its former merits partly at least realized. In the centre of the vault is what was once a glory, crossed by the limbs of the preceding herald; around is a deep circle of angels and of cherubim, who throng towards heaven, attending the mother of their Lord. She, seated in the arms of a dense group of the celestial host, with one hand laid upon her breast, and eyes bent downward, a meek yet most majestic figure, is borne slowly upward. Below, between the round windows of the dome, stand the twelve apostles, admiring and adoring, attended by groups of cherubim, who guard the sacred

torches which once blazed in honor of the Virgin. But, alas ! their light has almost faded : only here and there a cherubic countenance preserves the freshness, the beauty, the intellectual charm of a celestial infancy ; the sublime outline of the apostolic forms alone is perfect : in the ascending host you can perceive only the traces of that grace, that freedom, that fire, that sublime and not confused compression, which once rendered this celebrated work a wonder of the world. Of the principal figure of the piece, the unrivalled attitude is all that is discovered ; and the glory itself is but a dull brown circle. For my own part, I know not what is meant when people talk of the superior endurance of frescoes. They are, it is true, on the wall of the edifice ; but the wall is of plaster, and more exposed to damp than cloth, and more apt itself to crumble. This remark has been confirmed, so far as I have seen, by experience. The frescoes of the Vatican are faded—the Transfiguration glows with all its original freshness. The master-pieces of Titian are still worthy of the greatest of colorists—the cupola of Correggio is a melancholy ruin. Sad memorial, alas ! of his own early death.

The church of San Giovanni Evangelista, also, boasts a cupola by Correggio, representing the Ascension of our Lord. The circle of apostles below is tolerably preserved, and exhibits a collection of the noblest heads and forms the most dignified imaginable : the principal figure is very much defaced. In the side chapels are a number of paintings by Girolamo Massola, the most beautiful of which is a Joseph receiving the infant Jesus from the arms of his mother, a most graceful and interesting group. There are also a number of defaced frescoes by Francesco Massola, his cousin, commonly called Parmigianino.

The Ducal Palace, a huge assemblage of buildings without regularity, encloses however a number of objects of interest. The most conspicuous is the academy of arts, con-

taining a valuable, though not very numerous, collection of paintings. Among them are the master-pieces of Correggio, brought hither from Paris, whither they had been carried by the French. The pictures are deposited in two large and spacious halls, entirely lighted from above, and therefore well adapted to the purpose for which they are employed. The first that attracts your attention is the Madonna della Scala, a fresco by Correggio, brought from the church della Scala, demolished by the French. Though of gigantic dimensions, and ill-preserved, it exhibits the mother holding the divine Infant in her arms in an attitude and with a smile of ineffable sweetness. Next is an exquisitely colored piece by Titian, representing, however, little more than the bust of our Lord, dragged forward by an old but savage executioner. The heads are wonderful for their outline, air, and relief. Not far off is a picture by Raphael, the figures of which, though diminutive, are wonderfully graceful and expressive. Our Lord is seated in majesty upon an eminence, surrounded with glory, with arms extended, about to ascend to heaven. On one side is placed the Madonna, leaning towards her son, with the reverence of a creature to her Creator, and the love of a mother to her child. On the other side St. John awaits, with collected awe, the final departure of his Master. Below stands St. Paul, with the sword of the spirit depending from his hand; a noble, upright, and majestic figure. On one side kneels St. Catharine, with her broken wheel, in whose graceful form and beaming countenance, is recognised at once the portrait of the Fornarina, unworthy surely, however beloved and beautiful, of a place in this hallowed scene. Though this small piece cannot be ranked as a *chef d'œuvre*, I was delighted once more to behold a production of the first of painters. Near at hand is the martyrdom of St. Placido and Santa Flavia, by Correggio, originally painted for the church of St. John the Evangelist. They are both kneeling,

an executioner standing over each. The head of the former is already half hewn from its trunk, but still turns towards his sister, as if caring only for her, while she lifts her eyes with ecstasy to heaven, though the sword has entered into her bosom. The scene, executed with superhuman power, is too tragic to contemplate.

You hasten from this picture to behold the St. Jerome, the *chef d'œuvre* of Correggio, called by the Parmegians, not without grounds, "the prince of pictures." Its name is a misnomer, as St. Jerome is by no means the most conspicuous figure of the piece. It was painted originally for a convent, the head of which was represented under the form of the saint; and hence comes the name. The picture presents, in fact, the Madonna, seated with the infant Jesus in her arms, within a sort of curtained tent. On one side kneels the Magdalen, embracing one of the feet of her infant Lord, and leaning her pensive cheek against the corresponding limb. Behind her stands the youthful Baptist; on the other side approaches the half naked hermit, attended by his guardian lion. Behind him and the Virgin stands an angel, who seems indeed an inhabitant of Paradise. In the back part of the tent is a wide opening, exhibiting in fine perspective the clear sky and smiling landscape. The sweet complacency, the deep heartfelt affection of the mother, the repentant passionate love of her who loved much and was forgiven, the grave dignity of the saint, the simple pure delight of the celestial visitant, as he gazes on the assembled group, appeal most forcibly to the imagination and the heart; while the rich purple and yellow drapery of the Magdalen, disposed with admirable skill, the design and coloring of the naked body of St. Jerome, the perfect natural beauty and entrancing grace of the female figures, do more than satisfy—they fascinate the eye. A relief, which one, without seeing, would scarcely believe possible to art, makes the whole picture live and breathe before you.

Near this stands another production from the same hand, representing the deposition of the cross. The dead body of our Lord, released from the accursed tree, is laid upon the earth, its head leaning upon the lap of the Virgin. Opposite kneels the Magdalen, with dishevelled hair, bathing with her tears those feet, which she had lately anointed for burial. The fainting mother is supported by one of the weeping women, while another rushes to her aid. Joseph of Arimathea is seen in the distance, still upon the ladder, which is planted against the cross. The execution of this gloomy scene is such as to give it the appearance of reality, while the expression is happily carried to that just extent, beyond which energy becomes grimace, and the sublime sinks into the ridiculous. Indeed I know of no picture in which nature, poetical nature, the only nature admissible in the fine arts, is more truly preserved, more strikingly delineated. Your emotions, as you gaze upon it, are very nearly analogous to what they might have been, had you stood on Calvary and beheld the scene itself. A half-length Magdalen, by Guercino, on the opposite wall, illustrates admirably the difference between him and Correggio, both great masters in relief. The former produced his effect by strong lights and shades, the latter by a gradual degradation of the tints. The former is the more easy, the latter the more natural and perfect method.

On the same wall with the Magdalen of Guercino, and nearly opposite his St. Jerome, is another work by Correggio in his early style, representing our Lord falling beneath the weight of his cross as he advances towards Calvary. The youthful painter who might feel his heart sink within him while gazing on the perfection of the St. Jerome, may well turn to the defects, the striking and uniform feebleness, of this early work of the great master, to gather fresh strength and courage, to kindle in his breast a perseverance inspired by hope. Near at hand is another work of Correggio, which

also might serve as a model for the ultimate object of his ambition. It is the flight into Egypt, sometimes called the *Madonna della Scodella*, from a cup which the Virgin holds in her hand. It was originally painted for the church of S. Sepolcro. The Virgin is seated on the ground extending the cup to an angel, who is about to pour water into it from a vase. Against her knee leans the youthful Saviour, receiving in one hand the dates which Joseph has just been pulling from the tree, a branch of which he still holds drawn downward, and seizing with the other in playful earnestness the unoccupied arm of his mother, expressing in his countenance a desire to drink. Above is a group of angels rejoicing in the safety of the holy family. The smiling affection of the mother as she resists, until the cup is filled, the desire of her child, the arch infantile beauty of his countenance, the grave content and protecting care of Joseph, the grace and beauty of the two principal personages of the group, shed an ineffable charm over this domestic scene. There is a freedom, a lightness, an airiness about the whole composition, and an exuberant happiness about the mother and child, in delightful contrast with their condition, which make the heart dance, and the nerves vibrate with pleasure. Next this picture, but entirely eclipsed by its superior excellence, is a graceful *Madonna and child* by Parmigianino, attended by two saints, the head of one of whom is remarkably fine. In the library of the ducal palace, which contains eighty-five thousand volumes, is still another work of Correggio. It is a fresco brought hither from the church of St. John the Evangelist, representing, in half-length figures of colossal size, the *Madonna crowned by her son*. The grace of the Virgin's attitude as she clasps her hands and inclines her neck and beautiful head, is indeed inimitable.

The Museum contains a tolerable collection of antiquities, the most interesting of which is the bronze patent granted by Trajan to Valleia, found among the ruins of that city,

which stands not far from Parma, and was covered by the fall of a neighboring mountain. In a deserted apartment in the upper story of the palace, are still shown the toilet, mirror, wash-stand, &c. of Maria Louisa while empress of France, and the cradle of the king of Rome, all of solid silver, triple gilt, adorned with lapis lazuli. Above the mirror is a small statue of Napoleon on one side, and of Maria Louisa on the other, united by a little cupid, almost the sole memorial that now is left of that unpropitious union, in the very palace of Napoleon's widow. The Farnese theatre in the palace, somewhat like the Olympic theatre at Vicenza, is so dismantled as to afford little pleasure to the spectator.

The abandoned Convent of St. Paul, contains in the chamber of its Abadessa, the best preserved frescoes of Correggio. They consist in a representation over the fire-place, of Diana mounted in triumph on her car, and in a number of medallions around the vaulted ceiling, containing each two cupids displaying various emblems of the chase; one bends a bow, another blows a horn, a third holds aloft a stag's head and antlers, a fourth embraces a noble hound, &c. All are remarkably beautiful and animated. The style in general is grandiose and full of fire, while the relief is perfect.

The Palazzo del Giardino is just without the city in the midst, as its name imports, of an extensive garden. Near it was gained a victory by the French, over the Austrians, in 1734. It contains many beautiful apartments adorned with silk hangings, Gobelin tapestry, bas-reliefs, and paintings; but is principally distinguished by a chamber painted in fresco by Agostino Caracci, the last work of this celebrated master. He died before it was completed, as you are informed by the inscription on the only vacant compartment. The subjects, it is true, are free, and treated too freely. Still, regarded as a work of art, this chamber must be considered a rare and beautiful production. On one of the side walls

is the *Triumph of Venus*. The goddess is seated in her car, drawn by two cupids, and two youthful satyrs, who with hands bound behind their backs unwillingly advance, lashed with his bow by another cupid suspended in the air. Behind dance the graces, linked with a band of winged nymphs, two of whom are also seen sporting in the air. The procession is preceded by a beautiful youth, crowned with flowers and playing on a lyre. Opposite is *Ariadne* with *Cupid* perched near her, and *Venus* with her doves standing at her side, addressed by *Bacchus*, whose joyous train sport in the distance. On the wall opposite the window is *Europa* seated on a bull, whom she has decked with flowers, her train of nymphs around her. On one side of the window are *Apollo* and *Daphne*, at the moment when the god has caught the fugitive nymph, and the laurel has begun to shoot from her finger's ends. On the other side is *Pan* surprised by *Apollo*. Each side of the vault contains a small compartment, representing *Mars* and *Venus*, *Galatea* and *Acis* floating over ocean, and the encounter of *Ulysses* and a siren: the fourth is the compartment already alluded to, left vacant by the death of the artist, and now bearing an inscription. In the centre of the ceiling is a small oblong with a group of three cupids. It struck me very forcibly that in this last of his works, *Agostino Caracci* had borrowed a grace from *Guido*, his former pupil. At any rate, such is the joyous beauty, the varied grace, the rich coloring, the strong expression, the skilful composition of these frescoes; and such too is the freshness in which they are preserved, that they are worthy to be ranked next to those of the *Ruspignoni*, *Casino*, and the *Farnese Gallery* at *Rome*.

The church of the *Annunziata*, a singular edifice, consisting of eleven chapels, terminating in a large central oval, contains a once celebrated fresco by *Correggio*, on one side of its porch. It represents the *Annunciation*, but is now almost entirely obliterated. The public walk of *Parma* is

called the Stradone, and is a broad path bordered by trees and shrubbery, raised in part upon the ancient rampart. Commanding a fine view of the rich plain in which the city is situated, and of the distant Appenines, it affords a delightful promenade. The city contains about thirty-five thousand inhabitants.

On the eighth of June I left Parma for Placentia, a distance of thirty-seven miles. The road lies over the ancient *Æmilian Way*, through a plain, which, as it approaches the latter place, begins to swell into low undulations. In the distance on both sides are seen the mountains, the mighty chain of Alps and Appenines, which appear evidently tending towards their final union. The neighborhood of these mountains produces, not only here, but even as far east as Verona, a climate liable to sudden changes. This I experienced in a cold storm, which descending from the Alps, swept over me like a hurricane; and though it passed in the space of a quarter of an hour, left the atmosphere uncomfortably cold. About fifteen miles from Parma lies Borgo San Donino, a village of three thousand inhabitants, remarkable for nothing so much as the size and ornaments of its inn, beautifully painted with frescoes and arabesques. The next considerable place is Fiorenzuola, of the same size, near which Sylla defeated the Marian general Carbo. From Parma to Placentia, the road crosses a number of the branches of the Po, presenting at this season broad stony beds, most of them entirely without water. The principal are the Nura, the Larda, and the Taro. Over the bed of the latter, which is not far from Parma, is a noble bridge of twenty arches, built by Maria Louisa in the true spirit of her husband.

Placentia is seated at a short distance from the Po, and contains about twenty-seven thousand inhabitants. Its streets are narrow and sombre; its houses, built entirely of brick, are many of them left entirely uncovered, either by paint or

plaster ; scarcely a creature is to be seen moving, even at mid-day—it seems, indeed, a city of the dead. The principal piazza, however, is remarkably beautiful. On one side is the ducal palace, a simple edifice, neatly adorned with Ionic pilasters. Opposite is the Gothic podesteria, whose lofty basement constitutes a spacious and noble arcaded portico, used at present for a market. At each end of this building, a little advanced in front of it, is a bronze equestrian statue of colossal size, the one representing Alexander Farnese, and the other his brother Ranuccio. They are both spirited and majestic works, though the horses are a little clumsy. About three miles from Placentia, the Trebia empties its tributary stream into the Po. A little above the point of junction, in a place still styled Campo Morto, the Roman army under Sempronius and Scipio was defeated by Hannibal. The river is small and in many places shallow, and must, I should think, have changed its character since that memorable contest. The banks of the Trebia were also distinguished by a victory of Suwarrow over the French. Crossing the Po once more, upon a bridge of boats, I took the road to Lodi, twenty miles, through a country thickly planted with villages, and luxuriantly fertile, almost beyond any that I have ever seen. I was peculiarly struck with one circumstance. Attached to every village, but at a short distance from it, was a square cemetery, with a low neatly stuccoed wall and handsome arched gateway, containing within the graves of the dead, and their brief inscriptions inserted into the inner wall. As the day when I passed was a festival, I saw more than one returning from a visit to the sepulchre. One very old woman, weeping with anguish, as she tottered away leaning upon the arm of her daughter, peculiarly affected me. She has buried there, thought I, the only companion of her youthful and happier days—henceforth in the world she is a stranger.

Lodi is a very neat and prosperous and lively city. It is

said to count thirteen thousand inhabitants, and thirty thousand cows. In fact, the greater part of the cheese called Parmesan, is made in Lodi and its vicinity. The celebrated bridge of Lodi is of wood, about fifteen feet broad, and a quarter of a mile long. It is just without the town, over a wide-bedded canal, liable to inundations, which leads into the Adda.* From Lodi to Milan, a distance of twenty miles, the appearance of the country is the same. It is a plain, crossed by the grand canal of Milan and the river Malequano, and a multitude of smaller canals, used for purposes of irrigation. The lower lands, used for the cultivation of rice, are, during this season, partially inundated.

LETTER XLII.

MILAN; ITS APPEARANCE; MANNERS AND AMUSEMENTS—LAST SUPPER OF LEONARDO DA VINCI—THE DUOMO—TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF NAPOLEON—CAMPO MARZO—CHURCHES OF MILAN—PALACES—THE BRERA—AMBROSIAN LIBRARY—PICTURES—ROYAL PALACE—FESTIVAL OF CORPUS DOMINI—DIALECT OF MILAN.

No sooner had I entered Milan, than I became conscious at once, that I was in the streets of a large, flourishing, and active city. The houses were in better repair, the streets were more frequented, the inhabitants moved at a brisker pace, the carriages rolled along more swiftly, and in greater num-

* This bridge was the scene of that chivalrous contest, in which Napoleon achieved one of the earliest and most splendid of his victories.

ber : in a word, all the usual signs of activity and business were at once apparent. Milan is situated in the midst of a vast plain, at a considerable distance from any large stream. This defect, however, is supplied by two canals, the one of which connects with the Tesino at Pavia, and the other with the Adda ; and by the superb roads, which traverse the country in every direction. It contains about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, who are supported by a great variety of manufactures in silk and cotton. The city of Cellini is not without its artisans in gold and silver ; and the street of armourers and swordmakers is still filled with manufacturers of the baser metals. Milan was the ancient capital of Cisalpine Gaul, and afterwards the residence of the emperors of the west. In the sixth century it was taken and devastated by Vitiges, and in the twelfth it was razed to the ground by Frederic Barbarossa. For sometime independent, under its dukes, the Visconti and the Sforza, it was afterwards the frequent bone of contention between France, Spain, and the Empire, and the scene of many a siege and many a bloody battle. So often destroyed and plundered, it contains no remnant of antiquity, except sixteen beautiful columns in one row, and still supporting their architrave, supposed to have belonged to the baths of Hercules, constructed by Maximian. Milan is distinguished as the country of Valerius Maximus and Virginius Rufus, and in our own age of the Marquis Beccaria, and the great tragic poet Vincenzo Monti, who died only two or three years since. He still lives in his noble Aristodemus.

The streets of Milan are broad and well built. They are paved with small round stones, but have flags for the sidewalks, and in the middle two broad parallel lines of flags for the wheels of carriages—a great improvement. The palaces are numerous, large, and stately, though generally in a very simple style of architecture. The squares, however, are small and irregular. The city is surrounded by a

was never executed, owing to the more enlightened taste of the French themselves. The picture in its present state, as may easily be inferred from what has been said above, exhibits nothing but that skilful and harmonious composition, which distinguishes it beyond all the pictures in the world ; and that easy and natural, that varied and affecting grace and grandeur of attitude, which so well become the actors and the scene. The features of some of the personages are entirely obliterated, the outline of the heads alone remaining ; the exquisite countenance of the beloved Apostle looks dimly as through a mist—and the head of our Lord himself scarcely struggles into sublimity through the restoration (as it is called) of Mazza. The engraving of Morghen is in all respects more gratifying than the original itself. The latter, however, imperiously demands a visit, if for nothing else, as a tribute to the memory of Leonardo, one of the most extraordinary men of his own or any other age. The greatest mechanician and engineer of his day, a mathematician and a poet, a musician, and I need not say a painter, he excelled his contemporaries in every art and science, and, like Bacon himself, anticipated posterity. In addition to all these high qualifications, he was the most amiable man, and the most accomplished cavalier of his day.

The next object which demands the attention of the traveller at Milan, is its unrivalled Duomo, the pride and glory of the city. It is built entirely of white marble, and though commenced in 1386, under Galeas Visconti, was not entirely finished until under Bonaparte, to whom it owes one half of its *façade*. The architecture of this façade is liable to criticism, as presenting Roman doors and windows, in the midst of Gothic towers and ornaments, and in an edifice professedly Gothic. Still, in extent and magnificence it is a work well worthy of its mighty author. The sides and rear of the edifice, composed of the same material, and ornamented in a similar manner, are not liable to the same

objection. Upon these the mind rests with unmingled satisfaction, as it contemplates the lightness and richness of the edifice; and turning from the vain attempt to estimate its ornaments in detail, fixes on its first object of admiration, the united unparalleled richness of the whole. Entering, you are struck with a different emotion. Without, all is light, and brilliant, and splendid; within all is grave and solemn, as becomes the temple of the Deity. The carved and lofty vault, the tall aspiring columns, the long perspective, the dim light, conspire to produce the sentiment at least of deep religious awe. The interior is four hundred and fifty feet long by two hundred and seventy-five wide in the cross, and one hundred and seventy in the nave. The cupola, Gothic in its vault, is two hundred and thirty-eight feet high—the vault of the nave one hundred and forty-seven, those of the aisles one hundred and ten, and those of the chapels seventy-three. The roof is supported by four rows, counting in all fifty-two clustered columns, eighty-four feet in height, and twenty-four in circumference. The whole interior is of marble, excepting a part of the pavement, which is still in brick. The part which is finished, composed of various marbles, is said to be the most beautiful in the world. The choir is covered without with marble bas-reliefs, and the chapels, monuments, and walls, are crowded with statues.

Below is a subterranean chapel, whose sides are lined with solid silver, beautifully sculptured in bas-relief, with events in the life of St. Charles, whose bones repose in a silver sarcophagus placed above an altar also of silver. This eminent saint was, indeed, worthy to be canonized. The head of the noble family of Borromeo, and endowed with immense wealth, he devoted all this influence, added to that of his archiepiscopal office, to the public good. Even in the midst of the pestilence, he remained faithful amid his flock, their temporal and spiritual physician. He claims the first insti-

tution of Sunday schools, (still continued here,) an agent mighty indeed, though in appearance trivial, for the improvement of mankind.

In order to contemplate all the richness of the Duomo of Milan, it is necessary to ascend to the roof. Here, turn in what direction you will, you meet a bas-relief or a statue. Ingenuity seems to have exhausted itself in finding places for these rich and costly ornaments. It is the great whole, however, which most attracts and fixes the attention. From the elevation of the principal tower, raised above the cupola, the eye ranges with astonishment over the long row of light and graceful flying buttresses, over the one hundred and twenty towers crowded and crowned with statues—over the solid pavement of the roof, composed, like all the rest, entirely of marble. I myself estimated above three thousand statues on the roof; there are said to be five thousand. In all, above and below, without and within, there are said to be no less than fourteen thousand; the façade alone containing four hundred. This stupendous edifice is, indeed, as a Milanese expressed it to me in the pride of his heart, “a mountain of polished and labored marble.” Its effect by moonlight is magnificent and sublime. Its white material, its unequal and richly ornamented surface, its huge masses and vast extent, produce an effect of light and shade which seems almost magical. A silver palace erected by the hand of a genius or a fay, could not be more light and brilliant and imposing.

After the Duomo, and before it in point of taste, the great architectural boast of Milan is the celebrated arch of triumph commenced to celebrate the victories of Napoleon, and now diverted from its original and classic purpose, and called the Arch of Peace. It is modelled after the arch of Severus at Rome, and like it is composed entirely of marble. The columns have not yet been raised up on their pedestals, the principal vault has not received its “rosoni;” nor are all the

bas-reliefs cleared from the scaffolding which conceals them. Judging however from the beauty of the bas-reliefs, which are apparent, and from the exquisite design and workmanship of the capitals, *rosoni*, cornices, &c. contained in the neighboring workshops, one may pronounce without fear of contradiction, that this magnificent structure will, when completed, far excel its ancient prototype. It is situated at the termination of the great route of the Simplon, and constitutes in fact one of the barriers of the city. Within opens the noble square of the Campo Marzo, on the opposite side of which rises the castle, a building vast in extent, enclosing the site of the ducal palace of the Visconti and the Sforza, and preserving at two of its angles two ancient towers. The façade of the castle, which it was once designed to ornament, is left entirely plain. On one of the two remaining sides of the square is the Arena, a vast enclosure, planned precisely after the ancient circus, and intended for similar uses. Though for modern times a stupendous work, it yet falls below the ancient model. For example, the seats, with the exception of a small section intended for the privileged part of the audience, are of turf instead of stone. Still the vast circumference of the elegant balustraded walls, the extent of the central space, about one thousand by five hundred feet, and the solid construction of the arcaded *carceres*, excite admiration and astonishment. It seems to have been the design of Napoleon to adorn the ancient capital of the west, and the seat of his own Italian kingdom, in a manner becoming its imperial honors. There are a number of other arches and barriers in Milan of modern construction, such as the arch of the merchants, and the barrier of the Porta Ticinese, which, for solid construction, and classic simplicity of design, do great honor to the city by which they were erected.

The churches of Milan, after the Duomo, and in comparison with those of other cities of Italy, are scarcely worthy

of a visit. The church of St. Ambrose is venerable for its antiquity and its associations. It was here that of old the emperors were crowned—it was here that the saint closed the sacred doors on Constantine, when he approached in the pride of triumph, reminding him that humility better became the house of God. Here, too, is still preserved the pulpit of the first bishop of Milan, and an iron serpent, still venerated by the vulgar as that of the desert. The church of Santa Maria presso San Celso is remarkable for the statues of its façade, and the frescoes of its interior. The finest of the former are two sibyls, reclining above the main door, and Adam and Eve standing in niches at the sides. The last, especially, is remarkably beautiful and graceful.

The courts of many of the palaces of Milan are distinguished for their extent and magnificence. Those of the palace of the archbishop, and of the hospital, are peculiarly worthy of a visit. An ordinary ornament of the palaces of Milan is a painting in perspective, executed with admirable skill, converting a dead wall into a scene of architectural and rural beauty. The perspective of the casino of the citizens is peculiarly well executed. This casino contains a ball-room and its accessory apartments, a card-room, a billiard-room, etc. and is, on stated occasions, the resort of both sexes of the highest rank next to the nobility. The nobles have their casino apart.

The Brera at Milan is an establishment, taking its name from the noble palace, once a convent, in which it is situated; and combining, under the same roof, a library of one hundred thousand volumes, a fine observatory, a collection of pictures, and various schools in the arts and sciences. The pictures in the gallery are not worthy of the principal collection of the capital of Lombardy. In fact, with the exception of the Hagar of Guercino, whose head is a copy of that of one of his most admired sibyls, and the dancing boys of Albano, an exquisitely graceful, natural and finely colored

piece, this extensive gallery appeared to contain very little that was remarkable. The Ambrosian Library, with its collection of paintings, is much more interesting. It was founded by the nephew of St. Charles Borromeo, who succeeded him in the archbishopric of Milan, and is said to contain at present eighty thousand printed volumes and fifteen thousand manuscripts. The manuscript of the Latin translation of Josephus, by Ruffinus, according to the librarian, is of the fourth century. It is written on papyrus, and is unique in one respect, the leaf being written on both sides. A beautiful copy of Virgil, with the notes of Servius, and additional observations in the margin, written on parchment, in the ancient character, is from the hand of Petrarch. The fact, it is true, is disputed, but it seems to rest upon sufficient evidence. One of the earliest biographers of the poet affirms, that in order to possess copies of the classics, he was in his youth in the habit of copying them for himself. Another relates that his father, not wishing him to devote himself to such studies, burnt all his manuscripts with the exception of two, a Cicero and a Virgil. The Cicero is lost, but tradition points to this as the identical Virgil. The effusions of the Mantuan bard copied by the youthful hand of one who drew such inspiration from his verse, are by no means an uninteresting object. The autographs of Leonardo da Vinci, deposited in another apartment, are of undisputed authenticity. They consist in an immense number of loose papers, pasted on the leaves of a huge folio volume. It is singular to observe, that among them all, there are no designs appertaining to the art for which he was peculiarly distinguished. They are all designs in architecture, mechanics, civil and military engineering, accompanied with notes, almost universally written backwards, that is to say, from right to left, and therefore unintelligible, without the aid of a reflector. They are written or drawn upon scraps of all colors and sizes, perhaps, as a companion suggested, from economy ; but more

probably, as the guide explained, in order to take advantage of the leisure of the moment. These autographs of distinguished persons who are gone, are to me always objects of interest. To see the names or the thoughts of the illustrious dead written by their own hand, brings them, perhaps, more vividly and affectingly to the mind than a portrait, a statue, or a monument. These latter memorials are the productions of stranger-hands, but the autograph is the work of their own.

In a neighboring apartment, are a number of paintings well worthy of a nobler hall of exhibition. First among them all is the original cartoon of the school of Athens, in itself an invaluable treasure. It is of the same size with the fresco, and is drawn and shaded with black crayon, upon sheets of white paper, united and fixed upon canvass. I was delighted once more to witness the traces of the hand of Raphael, and so vivid a memorial of the chambers of the Vatican. It seemed almost like meeting a beloved friend, from whom I had parted, apparently for ever. Immediately below it is a fragment of the cartoon of the battle between Constantine and Maxentius. Above it is a copy of the Supper of Leonardo, made when that glorious work was still uninjured, and therefore of great value. It descends no lower than about one half of the top of the table. It is placed so high, and such is the state of the varnish, that it cannot be seen to advantage. Besides, after all, it is only a copy; a body without a soul. There are a number of heads and portraits and sketches, by Leonardo himself, which, though of course not without much intrinsic merit, are chiefly valuable as relics. Three pictures, now generally attributed to his pupil Luini, are of great interest; one is a small head of the Virgin, exquisitely designed and finished, and expressive of a grace and sweetness more than human; another is the Madonna, with the two holy children, a most graceful and interesting group; the third is an assembly of the whole

Holy Family. The Virgin is seated on the lap of St. Elizabeth, who looks over her shoulder delighted with the playful caress which the infant Saviour, seated on his mother's lap, bestows upon St. John. Joseph stands by in his usual attitude of grave yet pleased contemplation. Though an objection may certainly be made to the composition, which has placed the Virgin upon the lap of Elizabeth, in an attitude neither natural nor graceful, yet so exquisite are the execution and expression of the whole, that this fault is hardly observed. It is remarkable, that there is a very strong resemblance between the heads of the two women and those of the *Vanity and Modesty* of Leonardo in the Sciarra palace at Rome. This fact has induced some connoisseurs to attribute the latter to Luini, while it led the French to attribute this Holy Family, while at the Louvre, to Leonardo: so different are the judgments of the learned. A third hypothesis is equally reasonable, that Luini copied in his Holy Family the *Vanity and Modesty* of his master.

The royal palace of Milan, erected and ornamented under the French, presents very extensive suites of apartments, adorned with great taste and splendor. The most remarkable things about it are, its wooden floors most beautifully inlaid, and the frescoes of Appiani on the ceilings. These last exhibit a brilliancy and harmony of coloring, united to a natural grace and simplicity of composition, by no means always to be found in the modern schools of Italy. In the *Salle du Trône* still remains the apotheosis of Napoleon, executed by this master. The emperor is seated on his throne, his brow bound with laurel. The throne is upheld by four winged victories, while the powers of Europe are represented, under female forms, offering crowns. The head is rather frowning, but bears a strong resemblance to the original. It is said that it was once proposed to change this head, as has been done at the palace of the Luxembourg;

but that no artist could be found at Milan who would undertake the enterprise.

The festival of Corpus Domini occurred while I was at Milan. On this occasion crucifixes are carried in procession by all the clergy and confraternities, bearing tapers, attended by the authorities of the city, the military governor, and the viceroy and his court. The streets through which the procession passes, are magnificently decorated. The windows of even the poorest houses are hung with silk, and across the street, from house to house, is suspended a white, or white and red festooned drapery, adorned with gold. The women appear at the windows and in the streets in their best apparel. The men crowd to observe the passing show; the clergy chant from time to time as they advance, or pass silently along, their eyes downcast, their hands clasped, their lips moving as in prayer; last come the most distinguished personages, the podesta, the governor, the archbishop under his baldaquin, and the viceroy surrounded by his guards. Regnier, the brother of the emperor, is a man about fifty, tall, well-formed, with a long and thin, but benevolent countenance. He was clad very simply in the white Austrian uniform, and carried in one hand his hat and in the other a taper. Though not a man of talent, and entirely dependent on the court of Austria, he is said to be personally beneficent and just.

The dialect of Milan is a vile jargon, which cuts off all the vowel terminations, and introduces a number of words, such as *aminga* for *niente*, *mica* for *pane*, entirely foreign to the language. When spoken fast, a Florentine assured me the Tuscans themselves cannot understand it.

LETTER XLIII.

MILAN CONTINUED—ITS VICINITY—MONZA ; ITS RELICS—ANCIENT ROYAL PALACE—GARDEN—TREES—THE BRIANZA—EXCURSION TO THE CITY AND LAKE OF COMO—FINAL DEPARTURE FROM MILAN—AVONA—ST. CHARLES BORROMEO—ISOLA BELLA—NAPOLEON'S LAUREL.

THE vicinity of Milan affords many delightful and interesting excursions. I wished to make a pilgrimage to Pavia, where Francis I. lost all save honor, but time would not permit. Monza, however, had more numerous, if not higher claims. This little city lies about ten miles from Milan, and is distinguished principally for the relics preserved in its cathedral. Here of old the kings of Lombardy were crowned, and here is still preserved that iron crown so sacred in legendary story, so signalized in modern annals. It is in fact a plain gold circlet, adorned with jewels. It derives its name from a thin hoop of iron, about half an inch wide, which covers a part of its interior, and is said to have been made of the very nails which attached our Saviour to the cross. These nails are said to have been collected by the pious care of Helena, the mother of Constantine. This relic, however, possessed more interest for me from its historical than its legendary associations. It had bound the brows of many a Lombard prince ; it had been placed upon his own head by the most extraordinary of sovereigns, with the characteristic declaration, "God has given it me ; let him beware who shall touch it," (*gare qui le touchera.*) The real crown is

only shown at an awful distance, encased in the cross above the altar—but there is an exact model which you are permitted to examine at your leisure.

You are also shown the crown, the fan, and other ornaments of Queen Teodelinda, an ancient princess of the Lombards and founder of the cathedral, interesting for their antiquity, and doubly interesting from their personal connexion with a name known in history. When antiquities are unappropriated, the impression which they make upon the mind is vague and general. But a particular interest is excited when the name of the possessor is authentically known. The imagination loves to expatiate upon that individual's character, appearance, and sphere of action. I could not, therefore, look upon these relics without emotion. Here was the golden and jewelled goblet which had circulated to her health, among cavaliers and courtiers; here was the cross which hung pendent from her neck, at once an ornament and an object of devotion; here was the crown, the emblem of her sovereignty, and here the gold mounted fan, the appropriate female sceptre. Who can tell how many hearts it has controlled with a single flirt—how many blushes, how many smiles it has concealed—how often it has expressed anger, disdain, aversion, or the contrary emotions of pleasure and complacency! But the blooming cheek has withered long ago, the fair hand has been motionless for ages, the eye has lost its lustre, the form its motion; while this insignificant implement alone survives, untarnished save by the fingers of the curious traveller, and the coarse brown thread with which the good fathers have repaired its fractures,—the sole relic of the female power of the admired and beloved Teodelinda!

In the neighborhood of Monza, there is an extensive royal palace, situated in the midst of a garden, and a walled park ten miles in circumference. The garden and park are traversed by a romantic little stream, and are furnished with

the usual aviaries, grottos, lakes, cascades, ruins, cottages, towers, and bridges. But more than all this, they are planted with noble trees and beautiful flowers, left to grow and to expand in all the luxuriance of nature. With the former I was particularly charmed. I have always loved a tree as a friend. It is our sweetest shelter from the heat, our natural protection from the storm. It is the favorite resort of nature's sweet musicians, the rustling harbinger of the cooling breeze. It is at once the most cheerful and the most melancholy of objects ; producing, under either aspect, emotions equally delightful : the companion of spring and the victim of winter, there is poetry alike in its budding and in its falling leaf. It is the most pleasing spectacle in the world. What harmony in its colors ! that brown bark, that grayish moss, that verdant foliage, how agreeably do they combine to soothe and charm the eye ! What beauty in its forms !—that moulded base, that irregular yet rounded trunk, those curving branches, those infinitely diversified leaves, are perfect beyond the skill of any mortal artist. What grace, what variety, what expression, in all its movements ! Who has not seen it on a summer's day, just shaking familiarly its pensive foliage, or slightly bowing its lofty head, as if in salutation to the gentle air ! Who has not marked it when a stronger wind prevailed, bending majestically forward with the current, and waving its long wings as if prepared to fly ! Who has not watched it amid the convulsions of a tempest, stooping almost to earth and again rising to renew the contest, lashing the hostile air with furious strokes, or turning its own arms one against another, in fearful frenzy, groaning and clashing amid the howling storm ! Who that has beheld all this, is not in love with trees ; and who that loves trees, would not be delighted to wander among those of Monza ? As I walked along the shaded avenues, or lost myself amid the silent groves, or reclined upon the verdant and sequestered lawn, I could recall vividly the memory of my own green land

woods, where, in spite of the encroachments of human industry under the name of improvement, favored spots are yet reserved, in which the venerable fathers of the forest may maintain their undisturbed dominion from generation to generation and from age to age, still increasing in strength and beauty. I shall not soon forget the cloudless sky, the fragrant atmosphere, the green retreats of Monza.

Not far from Monza, but still nearer to the mountains, commences the district called the Brianza, spotted with the villas of the Milanese. It is a romantic region, composed of verdant hills and fertile valleys, luxuriant with vegetation, traversed in many instances by the winding Lambro and its brother rivulets. From every eminence you behold, on one side, Milan in the distance, and the rich plain of Lombardy with its countless villages, and on the other, the frowning rampart of the everlasting mountains. Immediately around you, opens at your feet some secluded scene of rural beauty, in sweet contrast with the vast magnificence of the distant landscape. On one of these eminences is seated the villa of the Conte Melerio, a delightful house furnished with a fine library, a botanical apparatus and conservatory, and surrounded with gardens fragrant with the productions of every climate. One of the chief ornaments of these gardens is the water brought from a distance of seven miles, and employed in fountains and cascades. Such is the luxury and such the expense of an Italian villa—and yet (will it be believed ?) it is not inhabited during more than a month or two in autumn. This fact arises, a Milanese gentleman informed me, from the custom of the Italian *villeggiatura*. It is always a season of great festivity, and consequently of great expense. The house is crowded with guests—parties of pleasure are the constant order of the day, servants who in town provide for themselves, are nourished in the country at the expense of the master. Hence as few fortunes can support such an expenditure, and as such a round of gaiety

would soon lose its charm, the Milanese are content, during spring and summer, with the occasional visit of a day or two to their delightful villas.

The excursion to Como and its lake, cannot be omitted by the visitor at Milan. The city itself, which lies about twenty-five miles distant, and contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, boasts nothing remarkable except its situation. This is indeed delightful. As you approach it within three or four miles, the uniformity of the plain which you have traversed is broken by hills rising on each side of the road, abrupt and wild in outline, as become the children of the Alps. Thus embosomed in the mountains, Como is seated on the very brink of a small romantic lake, which, owing to a turn in the course of the main body, seems to have no further outlet. When I arrived, the sun had already sunk behind the mountains; still their summits were tinged with gold, mingling harmoniously with the purple hues below—while other hills, more near at hand, preserved the native richness of their soft velvet verdure. The air was serene and balmy. The placid lake lay *tran-qui* as an infant, secure within its mountain barrier, listening to the music of the flageolet and the guitar, mixed with a sweet female voice, which seemed to dwell upon its waters. By and by the moon lent her enchantment to the scene, and poured a flood of silver radiance upon the lake and mountains. The pure and bright reflection of the waters, the alternate masses of light and shade, various in shape and size, which diversified the hills, the dim transparency of the evening atmosphere, which like a veil, added new attractions to the beauties it half concealed; the listening silence, the deepening repose of night, the blue vault of heaven with its countless stars, “the happy islands of the blest,” combined to form a scene which no pen can describe, which the imagination alone can realize. I had prolonged my vigils beyond the witching time of night, when my thoughts were directed to the more

worldly consideration, that sleep was necessary in order to enjoy the voyage of the next day.

At eight o'clock the next morning I embarked on board a steamboat, constructed, I was told, under the superintendence of an American. Although I must confess that the navigation is by this means rendered more rapid and commodious, yet, on the other hand, I am ready to affirm that no little of its romantic interest is by the same means destroyed. There is a business air about a steamboat, it goes to work with so much earnestness, and proceeds with such steady perseverance, that it destroys the luxurious repose appropriate to such a scene. It seemed a pity that the smooth surface of the lake should be racked by those relentless wheels - that the sweet silence should be broken by the vulgar beating of a mill, and that the pure atmosphere should be obscured by clouds of smoke and cinders. Still one may abstract himself from these inappropriate accompaniments, and lose not only this idea, but almost the consciousness of his own existence, in the constant succession of beauties which meet him upon every side. The lake of Como, to use a vulgar comparison, is somewhat in the shape of a two-pronged fork, the prongs of which, however, diverge much more than usual, and are about equal in length to the handle. The southwestern branch is the lake of Como proper, the southeastern the lake of Lecco, and the northern is called in general the Lago di Sopra. The promontory, where the three unite, is called Tremezzina, and is in part covered with the village of Bellagio. Opposite, on the lake of Como, is the village of Cadennabbia, twenty miles distant from the city of Como in the south, and the village of Domaso near the northern extremity of the Lago di Sopra. The average breadth of the lake is about half a mile. It is entirely surrounded by mountains, which rise abruptly from its borders.

Having thus given a geographical outline of the lake, I would attempt a picturesque description, were it possible.

To convey, however, to an American an adequate idea, I need only direct him to the Highlands of his own Hudson, which in most respects precisely resemble the more celebrated scenery of the Italian lake. The same steep and verdant mountains, with an outline similarly varied, the same green waves, with the same picturesque windings, constitute alike the principal charm of both. In other points, however, there is a marked distinction. The banks of the lake of Como, for example, are studded with splendid villas. Wherever a little platform extends into the water, or breaks the steep ascent of the mountain, may be seen a white villa with its ornamented grounds, a pleasing and lively addition to the landscape. The two most beautifully situated appeared to me the villa Pliniana, not far from Como, and the villa Somma Riva, at Cadennabbia. The former is seated on the very brink of the lake, almost in the angle formed by two overhanging mountains, and seems admirably calculated for a cool retreat from the heats of summer. The latter is situated on a low eminence, which here precedes the mountain range, and is surrounded by beautifully ornamented grounds. The view which it commands of the junction of the three branches of the lake, however, is its chief advantage. Yielding, therefore, the palm to the lake of Como, for its ornamented villas, the Hudson still may produce a counterpoise in the innumerable broad sails which float upon its bosom, wafting to its destined mart the commerce of an empire. Whoever has witnessed their bird-like flight as they cross and mingle in mimic flocks in the long magnificent perspective, may, perhaps, be disposed to prefer the animated charm which they communicate, to the still life of the lake of Como; where may be seen, it is true, beautiful country seats, but nothing in motion on the waters worthy to be called a boat. On the other hand, however, there is, perhaps, no point upon the American river which presents a view equal to that at Trenezzina.

A TOUR THROUGH

where the three lakes unite. Having passed the village of *Belaggio*, you look backward on the path by which you came, and find it apparently blocked up by the picturesque promontory of *Lavedo*; in the centre rises the point and steep bluff of *Tremezzina*, and on the other side is seen the long vista of the lake of *Lecco*, bordered, like the rest, by its double range of mountains. Before you lies the broader bosom of the *Lago di Sopra*, fortified towards the north with snow-clad summits, backed by the parent Alps. It must be admitted, that no scene upon the *Hudson* can be compared with this, unless it be the sudden bend of the river at *Westpoint*; and in an impartial judgment, even its boasted and beloved beauty must assume the second place. It is usual to stop at *Cademabbia*, to visit the villa of the *Conte Somma Riva*, and then cross to *Tremezzina* to see the villa *Melzi*, and await the return of the steamboat at *Belaggio*; but for my own part, I preferred to continue my course to the northern termination of the lake. In my judgment, a rosebush is sweeter in its freshness and simplicity, than a hothouse stored with the most brilliant exotics; a spreading forest tree is nobler and more desirable than all the trim favorites of the parterre; and the wild charms of mountain scenery are preferable to all the delights of all the ornamented villas in the world. As I had not time, therefore, to visit both, my choice was decided by these savage transatlantic propensities. From *Como* I returned to *Milan*, my mind crowded with delightful reflections on what I had seen.

On the 20th of June I left *Milan* for *Geneva*, by the grand route of the *Simplon*. The conclusion of the first day brought me to *Arona*, a small town situated on the banks of the *Lago Maggiore*. The country through which I had passed was the same rich plain which I have already so often described, diversified with villages, and, in the approach to the lake, by rivers and hills. The principal of the former is the *Tessino*,

which I crossed at a short distance from the point where it issues from the lake. Arona is most delightfully placed upon the very margin of this broad and beautiful expanse of water. Upon an opposite promontory is picturesquely seated the mansion of the Count Borromeo, of whom it is said, that he can travel from hence to Rome, reposing each night upon a territory appertaining to himself. In the distance rise the mountains, becoming more and more lofty and precipitous as they approach the Alps. Around you, spreads a scene of softer beauty, extending towards the congenial south. Low hills, covered with verdure, swelling gently from the plain, distinguish this portion of the landscape. Arona is the native place of St. Charles Borromeo. On a hill two or three miles distant is seen a statue erected to his memory, on that monstrous scale which marked the corruption of taste and the degeneracy of the arts in ancient Rome. The statue is of copper, and seventy-two feet in height. The fingers are six feet long, the head twenty feet in circumference, and the breviary which he carries under his arm sixteen feet high. As if these dimensions were not in themselves sufficient, the statue is mounted upon a granite pedestal forty-six feet in height.

From Arona, following the border of the lake through a scene of frequent variety and perpetual beauty, we arrived in a few hours at a nameless village, opposite the Isola Madre and the Isola Bella. Here we took a boat to visit these celebrated islands. As the former, however, presented nothing inviting in its aspect, we contented ourselves with a survey of the latter. This is a narrow island, about one-eighth of a mile in length, exhibiting the most stupendous monument of human vanity and ostentation which it has ever been my misfortune to behold. A part of it is a natural eminence, the rest is composed of no less than ten terraces, supported upon vaults, and rising one above another to the height of one hundred and twenty feet. The highest is about fifty

feet square, and is surmounted by the statue of a winged Pegasus, placed there, I suppose, to terminate the pyramid. These terraces are planted with the fruits and flowers of every climate, cultivated at an expense which is enormous. The gardener assured me that the mere labor of covering them with plank to defend them from the rigor of winter, costs the proprietor annually five thousand francs and two pipes of wine. All this expense has been and is employed to spoil an island, the native beauty of whose site deserved a better fate. The palace is very extensive and magnificent, but is equally distinguished by bad taste, and wears an air of uninhabited desolateness. There are two circumstances, however, which render this island unspeakably interesting ; its situation, and its history. Set like a jewel on the silver surface of the lake, it commands a prospect in which are combined all the elements of beauty and grandeur. Below, a broad transparent lake ; on one side, lofty variegated mountains, with long retiring bays and lofty promontories ; on the other, low banks of verdure, lined with smiling villages, backed by gently sloping hills ; above, a sky, and around an atmosphere, glowing with a brilliant sun and gifted with the softening hues of Italy, combine to form a scene on which the eye might dwell and the imagination expatiate for a whole life with growing admiration.

When I spoke of the history of the Isola Bella, I did not mean to allude to the visits of ordinary sovereigns, whole crowds of whom have honored the Count Borromeo with their presence ; but to the short sojourn of that extraordinary man, who though not then a king, became a few years after the master of kings and the disposer of empires. Two days before the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte visited this island, and sculptured in a musing mood, upon the bark of its tallest laurel, the emphatic word *Battaglia*. The inscription is now almost obliterated, in part by the effect of time, and in part by the sabre cut of some nameless Austrian officer, who with

the usual brutal rage of his countrymen in all that relates to Napoleon, thought thus to obliterate the disgrace of his country. Still enough is left to bear testimony to the truth of the story, and to suggest to the imagination a thousand interesting considerations. What were the thoughts of the still youthful general in that moment, the word itself bears witness. But the accompanying reflections which occupied his mind, are less evident, and still more interesting subjects of conjecture. Trusting in an ability which had long been accustomed to vanquish every obstacle, and confident in a destiny the most brilliant that ever waited upon mortal, he surely did not fear for the issue of the approaching crisis. Rather, we may suppose, his thoughts were occupied with events still more distant, with shadows which floated still further off, dimly perceived in the obscurity of the future. Who can tell but that beneath this spreading laurel, the emblem at once of victory and of dominion, the future emperor first conceived the idea of that supremacy towards which his career had long been tending? However wild these conjectures may appear, they yet occurred to me as I stood beneath the storied tree, and filled the most interesting moments of my visit to the Isola Bella.

LETTER XLIV.

PASSAGE OF THE SIMPLON—SUBLIMITY OF THE SCENERY—VILLAGE OF SIMPELI—TORRENTS OF THE SIMPLON—BREIG—VALLEY OF THE RHONE—VILLAGE ON THE DENT DES MONCLES—LAKE LEMAN—GENEVA.

LEAVING the Lago Maggiore, near the mouth of the Toccia, we pursued the romantic valley of that river, which grows wilder and more narrow the further you advance into the mountains, to Domo d'Ossola, a remarkably neat and well-built town, where we rested for the night. Between Domo d'Ossola and Breig, upon the other side, at a distance of forty-two miles, is the celebrated passage of the Simplon; before the days of Bonaparte utterly impracticable for carriages, but now constructed with such skill over a mountain nearly seven thousand feet in height, that in no place has it a descent of more than two and a half inches in six feet. The road, it is true, does not pass over the summit of the mountain—it ascends, however, to the height of nearly five thousand feet. It is in all places twenty-five feet broad. It boasts six galleries, from two hundred paces to fifty in length, hewn through the solid rock, which is left in some instances in an arch above, and in some entirely removed. The sides of the causeway are supported for miles by a stone wall, springing from the bottom of a gorge one hundred feet in depth. Add to all these works, innumerable aqueducts beneath the road which afford a passage to the torrents, bridges thrown over water-courses and ravines, all in stone and of a

most beautiful construction, and you may have some idea of a work which was finished, notwithstanding its stupendous magnitude, in the four years between 1801 and 1805. The man who constructed such a highway, and opened the valleys of the Alps to the approach of civilization, and afforded to Italy a commercial communication with the north, cannot be said to have lived entirely in vain.

Wonderful, however, as are the works of man which this road exhibits, they are far surpassed by the prodigies of nature with which they are surrounded. About a league from Donio d' Ossola you encounter the river Veriola, whose bed you pursue for nearly five leagues, that is to say, within a league or two of the village of Simpelu. From hence you enter upon the Val di Vedro, a narrow and savage valley, surrounded on all sides with rocks, shooting upwards in forms the most grotesque, and seeming to threaten from on high the passing traveller. At its termination you find the village of Divedro, reclining on a gentle slope, a jewel in the desert. Passing onwards you enter the still narrower gorge of Yeselles. Having descended from the carriage, with the determination of making the greater part of the passage of the Simplon on foot, I suffered it to gain considerably the start of me, being certain that I could easily overtake it in these mountainous regions. As it disappeared from view behind a sudden turn in the road, I seemed indeed deserted. Steep and inaccessible precipices surrounded me on every side. The heavens appeared shut down upon my head, and I was left alone with God and Nature. No voice spake in the silence save that of the torrent as it rushed precipitously onward, as if glad to abandon these inhospitable wilds. No moving thing, no semblance of life, stirred in the dreary waste, disturbing its native stillness. A sublime horror brooded over the mountain solitude, seeming to forbid the profane approach of man. It is in such scenes as this, that the mind is most forcibly impressed with the omnipo-

tence of God. His beneficence is best illustrated by the rich luxuriant vale, the waving harvest, the fertilizing stream—but here rock piled on rock, and mountain poised on mountain, the resistless torrent, the inaccessible height, the lofty summit piercing even through the clouds, bespeak a power which moulds and arranges matter at its will, and indicates the Almighty hand that formed the universe.

The same gorge continues as far as San Marco, the last village in Italy. I passed the barrier with mingled feelings. If on the one hand, I was leaving the fairest land on which the sun shines in his daily round, a land whose gladdening skies, whose mountains, vallies, rivers, seas, and atmosphere, are the most beautiful on earth; if I was leaving the land most favored by the arts, and most endeared by ancient recollections; on the other hand, I was also escaping from one universal prison, where the back is bent beneath the burden of the German tyrant, where the hand is chained, the tongue is tied, and thought itself is hardly free; from a spectacle of general misery which wrings the heart, and of moral degradation which distracts the soul. Still it was with many a fond regret, that I hailed the free air and mountain scenery of Switzerland.

At Gondo the first village in Switzerland, the road begins to open, affording a more extensive prospect among the surrounding mountains. At the village of Simpelu near the summit of the passage, we halted for three hours. I employed nearly the whole of this time in wandering among the neighboring heights, and contemplating the ever varied scene, which each new point of view developed. Here I overlooked a deep-descending valley with its foaming torrent, its scattered huts, its cultivated patches; and there I gazed upon the inaccessible summits crowned with snow, and still towering two thousand feet above the height, which seven hours had been consumed in attaining. How varied, how vast, how magnificent, is Nature! How insignificant in the

comparison, is the material portion of that little being, for whom nevertheless the world, with all that it contains, was first created, and is still preserved ! How striking is the inference that the soul, the spiritual essence, is the nobler part, and its care the chief end of man ! While standing on these heights, I happened to remember the passage in which Akenside demands

Who that from Alpine heights, his laboring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus, or Ganges, rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand ; will turn his gaze,
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet ?

For my own part, I experienced the falsity of the implied principle of the poet. My eye was, no doubt, first, and principally, occupied with the grandeur and sublimity of the distant landscape ; but after a time my attention was attracted, not to the rill which murmured, but to the countless flowers which sprung spontaneous at my feet. The green sward almost lost its verdure beneath the violets and other low flowers, which spread their sweets even on the borders of the winter's snow. There was something charming in the contrast, between their little beauties, and the grandeur of surrounding objects. There was something enlivening in this exuberance of nature, who has decked even Alpine solitudes with her sweetest gems. There was something strange and delightful in this union of spring and winter, of frost-bound sterility, and luxuriant vegetation.

From the village of Simpelu, to the highest point of the passage, is a distance of about two hours, over a road in some places ascending, but generally level. The descent is much less savage and picturesque than the ascent. Still it is by no means deficient in features both of beauty and of

grandeur. The road from its commencement winds in long sinuosities, first on one side, and then on the other, of a broad and deep abyss, which opens on the distant valley of the Rhone, and the beautiful village of Breig. The view, it may well be imagined, is one of surpassing grandeur. On one side is a snow-crowned summit, on the other a precipice; in front the eye ranges through a ravine thousands of feet in depth, lined with dark green foliage, traversed by roaring torrents, crossed by mountain promontories, and black with impenetrable shade, until it rests upon a small portion of the distant valley, cheerful with verdure, rejoicing in uninterrupted sunbeams, and sheltering in its fertile bosom the habitations of men. The further you descend, the more the valley opens to your view, defended by its double range of mountains, and presenting a long line of cultivation, ascending in many places far up the mountain side.

In the few hints that I have given relating to the passage of the Simplon, I have not noticed particularly the numerous torrents, which constitute one of its most interesting features. I have not done so, because in fact description is impossible, and because, considered merely in themselves, they are not very striking and picturesque. They generally descend on the naked side of the mountain, without projecting rocks, or half-concealing shades, to enhance their sublimity. Besides, the quantity of water is generally small, and the cascade seldom perpendicular for any considerable height. Still their long lines of glittering spray, relieved against the dark surface of the rocks—their rapid motion as they leap from shelf to shelf in their long and hazardous descent—their incessant roar, and the loud reverberations of the surrounding heights, seeming to realize the ancient fictions of the Runic rhyme, and to be indeed the converse of the spirits of the flood and of the mountain, wrangling in hoarse accents in their savage solitudes, tend greatly to animate and to aggrandize even the scenery of the Alps. The most remarkable torrents are

perhaps, on the southern side, that of Alpirnbach, and on the northern, the four which descend from the glacier of Kaltevasser.

Breig is a small but neat village, situated near the Rhone, which taking its rise about eight leagues further east, and continually swollen by mountain torrents, traverses in a westward direction, the whole canton of Valais and a part of Savoy, and falls finally into the lake of Geneva. During the whole of its course from Breig, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles, it passes through a valley generally not more than two miles in breadth, and walled on each side by Alps. It may well be imagined that such a valley presents a long succession of scenery of a sublime and interesting character. Yet—shall I dare to confess it?—in this respect I was disappointed. The heights by which it is bordered are only the lower steppes of the Alps, and, owing to the narrowness of the valley, the loftier summits are entirely concealed. Besides, an unexpected uniformity pervades the form and outlines of the mountains, while their dull brown hue soon tires the eye. The valley itself, particularly in its western parts, is a frequent alternation of barren sands and fertile meadows. The towns, which occur at intervals, are neither well built nor cleanly kept, while one half of their inhabitants are deformed by that hideous swelling in the throat called the *goitre*, which frequently inflicts not only deformity, but idiocy. No less was I disappointed in the institutions of the country. An intelligent inhabitant of Sion informed me, for example, that a protestant is not permitted to enjoy the privileges of a citizen; a feature in the policy of the Valais which did not seem to me in the highest degree worthy of a free republic. He also, while he deprecated the renewed determination of the Jesuits, and lamented the departed influence of the French, seemed to me almost to regret the restored independence of his country, which has brought with it these melancholy consequences. The

language is an unintelligible mixture of a little French, a little Italian, and a great deal of German of the middle ages.

But on the other hand, if in some respects, I was disappointed, in others I was charmed. Once beyond the barrier of Piedmont, and our passports were no longer demanded. We were in a land of freedom, in which we were permitted to go whithersoever our caprice or business or pleasure might invite. The peasantry, though deformed by the goitre, were adorned by a graceful costume, the distinguishing feature of which is the hat worn by women of all ranks, somewhat in the shape of what is called, I think, a gipsy bonnet, but composed of silk, and decorated sometimes fantastically, and sometimes tastefully, with ribbons. The country too, though generally uniform, was not always so. Here and there, as at Breig, Sion, Martigny, and St. Maurice, are to be found wider openings between the mountains, and a cultivation, which ascending far up the declivity, produces, according to the site, the fruits of every climate. Sion is further diversified by a range of low, but abrupt and broken hills, which here cross the valleys, sustaining on their summits the ancient fortifications of the town. At St. Maurice the surrounding mountains are more lofty and diversified. From the peculiar shape of their rocky summits, they are called "Tuth." On one of them, it is, I think, the Dent de Moncles, there is a small village placed so near the clouds, that for eight months in the year its inhabitants cannot descend even to bury their dead. If any one dies in this long winter, the body is preserved uncorrupted in the snow, until the approach of summer opens the road into the valley. At St. Gingolph you arrive at the boundary of Chablais, a province of Savoy, and on the border of lake Lemman. This celebrated lake, with waters blue as the heavens above, and banks whose outline is all grace, and whose surface is all verdure, save where Vevay, Lausanne, and other villages beside, lift their white houses to the sun, is indeed worthy of

its fame : but, like the valley of the Rhone, it is not surrounded by high mountains in its immediate vicinity. On the contrary, the banks are in general a level, sloping gently upwards, backed far in the distance by the Alps and the chain of Jura. Passing by Evian and Thonon, through a scene of perpetual beauty, we came, not far from Dovaine, upon the boundary of the canton of Geneva. From hence to the city, a distance of eight or ten miles, the country is beautifully ornamented with villas and surrounding groves, and animated with every cheerful sign of freedom and prosperity. Geneva itself is situated at one end of the lake, upon a hill-side, and presents, with its tall houses and antique spires, an appearance not a little picturesque. I hailed, I confess, with no slight degree of joy, this birthplace of great men, this welcome place of repose for my weary limbs.

LETTER XLV.

JOERNEY TO CHAMOUNI—CASCADE OF ARPINACH—ST. MARTIN—MONT BLANC—BEAUTY OF THE SUNSET—RAIN—CASCADE OF CHEDE—SUNSET AMONG THE ALPS—PLAIN OF CHAMOUNI—MER DE GLACE—SOURCE OF THE AVEIRON—AN AVALANCHE—THUNDER-STORM.

THE journey to Chamouni is the most celebrated one usually made in the vicinity of Geneva. This village lies near the foot of Mont Blanc, and consequently in Savoy, at a distance of nineteen leagues from the city. Starting early in the morning, I passed through the hilly, verdant, and beautifully wooded country, by which lake Lemman is sur-

A TOUR THROUGH

rounded, the background of which is always, it is true, the savage mountains, but which in itself presents a scene remarkable for its soft rural beauty. From this you enter on a broad and noble valley, watered by the rushing Arve. Within three leagues of St. Martin, a small village, which lies about twelve leagues distant from Geneva; the mountains, approaching each other, become more steep and rocky, and communicate to the landscape a wilder charm, a more striking sublimity.

One of the chief ornaments of this passage is the cascade of Arpinach, a complete view of which is obtained from the road. It falls from near the summit of a precipitous rocky bluff, which thrusts itself forward like some giant champion in advance of the regularly marshalled host. The whole descent is nearly eight hundred feet. The first precipitous cascade may be about half that height. The force with which it shoots from its flinty bed, unsupported, into air, the exquisite and ever varied grace with which, breaking into spray, it gently lights upon the shelving rocks, the beautiful forms which it assumes, throwing itself into large globules, drawing a divergent train of mist behind, the numerous and winding streams which afterwards collect its scattered waters and plunge foaming to the brink of another precipitous descent, the concentrated current in which it takes its final leap into the valley, narrower yet more substantial than the fleecy shower above, entitle this cascade, in my mind, to the appellation of the most beautiful, though the small quantity of its waters denies it the title of the most sublime.

Arrived at St. Martin about five o'clock, I found it inexpedient, from the lateness of the hour, to proceed the same evening to Chamouni, which was still seven leagues distant. I sat, therefore, at the window of the inn of Mont Blanc, contemplating a scene of the most romantic beauty, and the most stupendous sublimity. Below me rushed the waters of the Arve, wave rolling after wave, as if struggling in a race,

crossed at a single stride by a fine arched bridge of stone, surmounted in the centre by the cross of Savoy. Upon the other side arose the village of Sallenches, the refuge of Florian's poor Claudine; around spread cultivated fields, extending over the summit of a neighboring hill, and ascending far up the bounding mountains, whose rugged, barren, and precipitous sides were dotted here and there with spots of shelving verdure. But what was the boundary that limited my vision immediately in front? My heart beats even now as I name the hoary father of the Alps. Mont Blanc himself, surrounded by his pointed satellites, lifted his broad and venerable head, crowned with the snows of ages amid the clouds of heaven. What is that lofty sympathy in our nature, which, assimilating itself with objects such as these, enjoys the stupendous spectacle? What means that expansion of the soul, that elevation of the spirit, which exalts and swells us, while we gaze, above, beyond, our ordinary selves? What says that secret voice, which must, methinks, whisper amid these miracles of nature, even to hardened and unwilling ears? That lofty sympathy, denied to brutes, is the testimony of our intellectual, our spiritual nature. That elevation, that expansion of the soul, is to the sensible, the rightly judging mind, the proof of its high susceptibilities; susceptibilities which this scene of grandeur kindles, it is true, but which something nobler still must be reserved to satisfy. That secret voice whispers, in tones more piercing than the thunder, Oh man, how exalted are thy hopes! Oh God, how wondrous are the operations of thy hand! I know not if the argument be good—the feeling at least is natural.

While I gazed with ever new delight upon the lofty summit, which thus bore upward my thoughts to that heaven towards whose visible emblem it approached so nearly, a cloud almost before I was aware settled lightly and calmly on its brow. I thought that the scene had lost its brightest

ornament, and attended less reluctantly to the summons of mine host. No sooner, however, had I satisfied the cravings of an appetite, stimulated by mountain air and exercise, than I resumed my post. The sullen leaden cloud was converted into a golden and refulgent crown—a glory rested on the Mount, like that with which the imagination surrounds the sacred heights of Sinai or of Tabor. It was the parting tribute of the sun to the first and last spot on which he shines for many a broad league of territory. It was interesting to watch still further, from amid the shades of night, which thickened round me, the progress of twilight that seemed to steal upward among the frozen and inaccessible heights, reluctant to give way before her ebony sister. At last, however, she disappeared in the bosom of the cloud.

Conceive my annoyance when, on turning round, I found a stupid German boy at my elbow, who acted in the capacity of waiter. Had the oaf remained silent, I could have tolerated his presence, and gone on with my reverie; but he must needs inform me with that vacant grin, which always accompanies a worn out witticism, that, as Monsieur doubtless had observed, Mont Blanc had put on his night-cap, and added, that the circumstance was an infallible sign of bad weather on the morrow. His ill omened prophecy must have disturbed my rest, for I was awaked before four o'clock the next morning, by the music of rushing rain, of howling winds, and the concordant roaring of the Arve. It was in vain that I thrust my head out of the window—it was not the sun's—nay, it seemed as if, had the sun himself ventured to appear, his beams must have been put out. Such downright, pelting, persevering rain, I think, I never saw. The glaciers of the Alps appeared to be coming down in drops. What a comfortable prospect! not a mountain was to be seen; not a break in the clouds held out a hope of their dispersing; not a cock lifted his cheerful voice amid the roaring elements; the carriages stood weather bound

beneath the shed in the inn-yard ; the horses looked out of the stable door with a malicious self-gratulation that was quite provoking ; the postillions, " their occupation gone," went tramping round in their huge jack-boots, whistling for lack of thought, and cracking their whips in occasional symphony ; the imprisoned travellers employed the little liberty that was left them, in wandering from the barometer below to the windows above stairs, their visages as gloomy as the weather. Thus the day wore on, until, towards noon, a little light began to break through crevices in the parting clouds ; then a stripe or spot of beautiful blue sky was occasionally seen through the dark veil of vapor, the emblem of hope amid misfortune : the rain paused, as if its treasures were exhausted. Without doors the issue still was doubtful—but within all was perfect sunshine—every thing was joyful bustle—one brought out his sack and cloak—another rushed to his chamber to prepare for setting out—the air resounded with cries in every accent to the loitering postillions, whose eyes sagaciously directed to the heavens, seemed to indicate that the storm was not yet over. At length when all was nearly ready, down came the rain, worse even than before. " Ah ! this is the clearing shower," was the general exclamation. Soon, however, even the most sanguine became dubious, and at length despairing. Not a contented countenance was to be seen, except those of mine host and his satellites, who in vain attempted to repress their inward glee. They were calculating no doubt the value of another night's reckoning. In this calculation, however, they were mistaken with regard to myself. The afternoon proved more favorable, though still rainy ; and notwithstanding the insinuations of the interested publican, with regard to dangerous roads, and torrents swollen by the rain, I set forth about half-past three o'clock in a little *char au banc* drawn by two stout horses. This is a small, low, narrow, covered waggon without springs, with its only seat placed along

the side of the vehicle. Being considered the safest species of carriage, it is the only one permitted on the road. Government will not suffer you even to break your neck according to your own free will and pleasure.

I continued for some time to traverse the rich and beautiful valley of St. Martin, admiring the fantastic forms of the clouds as they hung upon or parted from the mountains, until I came near the village of Chède. Here I alighted to visit the celebrated cascade, which derives its name from the neighboring hamlet. After a winding path and a steep ascent, we came at length upon the brow of a verdant hill, and beheld, at the distance of a stone's throw, a full stream descending from an opposite eminence into the gorge between. The whole fall is about two hundred and fifty feet in height. The first pitch is about fifty, and conducts the water in one body into a natural basin. From this it descends in two streams, which unite in spray before they reach the projecting rocks, from whence they are dashed downward into the bottom of the dell. The situation of the cascade is peculiarly romantic. It is not, as in most instances in Switzerland, on the face of a naked rock. It is withdrawn, on the contrary, as it were, within the bosom of the hill, and its banks project outward in forms the most picturesque, clothed here and there with rich forest foliage. We had no sun, which adds so highly to the effect of every scene, particularly of a cascade; yet we enjoyed the advantage of seeing the fall when the stream was in its fullest state, swollen as it had been by recent rains. Though generally preferred, it did not, I confess, please me as much as the graceful Arpinach.

From Chède the road rapidly ascends a mountain eminence, winding afterwards through the savage recesses of the Alps. These, when I passed, were crowned with clouds, and draperied with wheeling vapor. I congratulated myself a thousand times that I had not waited for clear weather.

The sun in all his glory never shone upon a scene like this. Those slow rolling chariots, upon which the very spirits of the mist seemed to ride in majesty—those long lines of ed-dying vapour, retiring, advancing, joining like embattled armies, amid the wild dash of torrents—the reverberated thunder of distant avalanches, and the sullen roar of winds among the caverns of the mountains—those savage peaks piercing the veil like needles, and projecting amid the wav-ing mass in stedfast and solitary grandeur towards heaven—those fields of ice, exhibiting here and there, far up among the clouds, their mottled surface of darkness and of light ; combined to constitute a scene stupendous to the eye, and awful to the imagination. The day, as it drew to a close, approached more and more towards serenity. At length, as we reached the descent leading downward into the valley of Chamouni, the rays of the sun appeared at intervals, striking on the opposite mountains. It is in vain that I endeavor to convey in language the splendor of that scene, which yet memory and imagination will preserve to me, I trust, for ever. Upon a level with my eye through an opening in the mountains, which exhibited, behind, the pure blue sky festooned by fleecy roseate clouds, the retiring sun poured his rays onward, mingling their flood with a diverging cone of mist, converting it into a semblance of celestial glory. Opposite, upon the mountains, long stripes of radiance traversed the snow, the ice, the dark brown rocks, various according to the surface upon which they fell, yet in all alike deep, rich, and glowing. Here and there a summit, raised above the clouds, caught the roseate tint, and shone like a rich jewel on the breast of heaven. Once, and once only, the patriarch of the Alps doffed his bonnet for a moment, as if in salutation to the departing god of day. His hoary head partook the bright suffusion which surrounded it, a crown indeed of glory and supremacy. Below, the eye ranged along the sides of the double barrier of mountains,

embracing the glac-

and into the val-

de Balme, which

Surrounded thus

world, the verdant

windings of the Ar-

"happy valley," embos-

recesses of the highest A-

mained unknown to travellers,

ing districts, until the year 1741.

two English travellers

ing stone under which they

nights, is still shown upon the

Glacé. The valley itself is more than three

the sea. Winter lasts from October to May, and

mer and at noon-day, the thermometer of Reaumur sel-

rises as high as twenty degrees. In the evening you have fire

in the saloons of the hotels, and here, notwithstanding their

remote situation, you find every comfort and even luxury.

The next morning early, notwithstanding the day was

still cloudy, we started with our guide for the summit of the

Montanvert, which lifts itself on one side of the Mer de

Glacé, two thousand five hundred feet above the valley of

Chamouni. Though the path is practicable for mules, I

preferred to make the journey on foot. Provided with a

long pole, shod with iron, and furnished with a spike at the

lower extremity, I almost immediately commenced the gra-

dual ascent. A walk of about an hour brought me to the

fountain, where it is said that Claudine first met with her

seducer. From hence I continued the ascent, keeping con-

stantly in view the defences on the north, the lofty Breven

(seven thousand eight hundred and thirty-six feet above the

sea) and the picturesque range of the Aiguilles Rouges, and

the barrier on the east, the Col de Balme, from whence the

Arve taking its source, traverses the valley in all its length.

hand was the Glacier de Bois, which is in fact the
 of the Mer de Glace, and descends even to the
 Every spring it advances a number of feet,
 the accumulated weight above; and were
 at suns of summer, it would in the end
 over the valley itself. After a walk of
 I arrived at the summit of the Mon-
 had before me, as far as the eye could
 defile of the Sea of Ice. Formed into
 tier in the sun, which had now ap-
 niles, branching; visibly into other
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 sand feet in height
 eminences, their barren
 their steep and pointed summits upon which the very
 of heaven cannot rest, the glaciers which fill their cavities
 and alone find shelter in their savage bosoms, present a scene
 which the eye, unaccustomed to Alpine heights, has never
 witnessed, to which the imagination cannot form a parallel.

embracing the glaciers of Bossons and of Bois as they descend into the valley, and resting in the distance on the Col de Balme, which bounds the horizon in the east.

Surrounded thus by mountains, and shut out from the world, the verdant plain of Chamouni, traversed by the windings of the Arve, opens on the astonished eye another "happy valley," embosomed, as if by magic, in the ice-bound recesses of the highest Alps. This extraordinary valley remained unknown to travellers, and almost to the neighboring districts, until the year 1741, when it was penetrated by two English travellers, Pocock and Windham. The shelving stone under which they passed one of their adventurous nights, is still shown upon the very borders of the Mer de Glace. The valley itself is more than three thousand feet above the sea. Winter lasts from October to May, and even in summer and at noon-day, the thermometer of Reaumur seldom rises as high as twenty degrees. In the evening you have fire in the saloons of the hotels, where, notwithstanding their remote situation, you find every comfort and even luxury.

The next morning early, notwithstanding the day was still cloudy, we started with our guide for the summit of the Montanvert, which lifts itself on one side of the Mer de Glace, two thousand five hundred feet above the valley of Chamouni. Though the path is practicable for mules, I preferred to make the journey on foot. Provided with a long pole, shod with iron, and furnished with a spike at the lower extremity, I almost immediately commenced the gradual ascent. A walk of about an hour brought me to the fountain, where it is said that Claudine first met with her seducer. From hence I continued the ascent, keeping constantly in view the defences on the north, the lofty Breven (seven thousand eight hundred and thirty-six feet above the sea) and the picturesque range of the Aiguilles Rouges, and the barrier on the east, the Col de Balme, from whence the Arve taking its source, traverses the valley in all its length.

near at hand was the Glacier de Bois, which is in fact the termination of the Mer de Glace, and descends even to the cultivated fields. Every spring it advances a number of feet, in consequence of the accumulated weight above; and were it not for the beneficent suns of summer, it would in the end establish its icy reign over the valley itself. After a walk of two hours and a half, I arrived at the summit of the Montanvert, and at length had before me, as far as the eye could reach, the ascending defile of the Sea of Ice. Formed into mimic waves, and glittering in the sun, which had now appeared, it extended for miles, branching visibly into other glaciers, until lost at length among the windings of the mountains. But strange and sublime as is its appearance, it derives its greatest charm from the heights by which it is surrounded. Upon the right arise the needles of Crepon, of Blaitière, and Charnoz, to a height of nearly ten thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and composed of naked pointed slender rocks, of which it is no longer a figure of speech to say, that they pierce the heavens. In front, far in the distance, the Giant rears his lofty form, apparently one single shaft of stone, shooting upwards three thousand feet above the sustaining mountain, and placing its aspiring head almost upon a level with Mont Blanc himself. Towards the left extend the level peaks of Mont Mallet, and the long level line of the Grand Jorasse sinking precipitously down upon its minor brethren. Opposite your station arise in the distance the Aiguille du Moine, and nearer the twin needles, De Dru and Verte, the last of which is nearly thirteen thousand feet in height. The wild fantastic forms of all these eminences, their barren materials, their stupendous height, their steep and pointed summits upon which the very snows of heaven cannot rest, the glaciers which fill their cavities and alone find shelter in their savage bosoms, present a scene which the eye, unaccustomed to Alpine heights, has never witnessed, to which the imagination cannot form a parallel.

Having gazed for an hour, and still with unabated ecstasy, upon what appeared, from its strangeness, a vision of the night, I descended four or five hundred feet upon the surface of the Mer de Glace itself, for the purpose of examining more nearly its construction and appearance. I found to my surprise that it deserved its name. It seemed as if an ocean had been taken in a tempest, and its violently agitated waves stiffened in a moment by the influence of frost ; or, to adopt a more appropriate conception, as if the mighty spirit of the Alps had commanded his subject torrents to rise, and swell, and freeze into the resemblance of the surrounding mountains. The waves are here about fifty feet in height ; some miles above they are no less than three or four hundred. Their surface is roughened by the rain, and defiled by dust ; but half an inch below is seen a hard green semi-transparent ice. The same appearance is presented in the sides of the crevices, which differ in width and depth. I looked from the dizzy edge of one which must have been, I think, one hundred and fifty feet deep, with water at the bottom. The ice is traversed by little streams of water, which break from wave to wave in many a cascade, and seek an outlet sometimes beneath, and sometimes in open day.

Ascending from the sea of ice, we again took our way down the Montanvert, by a far steeper path than that by which we had ascended, for the purpose of seeing full in front the Glacier de Bois, and the source of the Aveyron, which descends from it in a fine cascade. One part of the frozen torrent has paused upon the very brink of a lofty precipice, on whose summit it lifts its vast pyramidal masses to the sun. From this part gush in a flood the sources of the Aveyron. From the situation of this vast body of ice, pushed constantly downward by the higher masses, and perforated in every direction by water, it may naturally be inferred that portions of it must be frequently detached. Such is in fact the case ; and such are in general the causes

of avalanches, whether of snow or ice. The former are the more dangerous, as they descend in larger masses. They fall commonly in the earlier part of the season. The latter are of every hour's occurrence throughout the summer. I had heard frequently, during the day, this thunder of the glaciers, but had now the pleasure of witnessing the passage of the bolt. My attention was at first attracted by a report like that of a cannon, followed by a prolonged roar like that of reverberated thunder; a moment after a breach became visible in the icy barrier, and a flood burst downward, mass bounding after mass, sufficient to have overturned an army in its fierce career. The soil seemed to shake beneath the tremendous shock, and the mountains themselves to tremble as they repeated the wild uproar. The stream of water which immediately followed, explained the cause of the phenomenon. The other part of the glacier, not pausing on the precipice, descended, literally a frozen torrent, by a gradual path into the plain itself.

Following the banks of the Aveiron to its junction with the Arve, I pursued the united stream to the village of Chamouni. Still Mont Blanc was hidden, and I was afraid that I should be obliged to leave his footstool without being favored with a near and satisfactory view of the sovereign's countenance. As if to compensate for this loss, about ten o'clock there came up a tremendous thunder-storm. The heavens had been previously clear. The stars had shone out with a lustre in the pure blue vault which reminded me of the winter brightness of my native skies; but now they were overhung by a portentous blackness. The first glaring flash was followed by a roar which seemed to shake the foundations of the mountains, and was long reverberated from their distant caverns. I saw the forked lightning shoot along ragged heights of rocks, scarcely less abrupt and irregular than its own fiery course. I saw the lurid gleam dispel for a moment the darkness which enveloped them, and reveal by its fearful

light, the nearer summits of the Alps. I heard the thunder utter its most awful of all voices, amid the most stupendous of all scenes. Thus generally, thus vaguely only, can I delineate a phenomenon, unquestionably in itself one of the most sublime in nature, and rendered in the present instance doubly interesting by the place where it occurred. The next morning opened with torrents of driving rain. As I was assured that I might wait a week longer without seeing Mont Blanc, I was obliged to rest content with what I had already beheld, and to make the best of my uncomfortable way back to Geneva.

LETTER XLVI.

FERNEY—PARLOR AND BEDROOM OF VOLTAIRE—ANECDOTE OF GIBBON—
VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE NEAR GENEVA.

ANOTHER excursion from the city of Geneva is to Ferney, a small village about four miles off, in France, celebrated as having been for a long time the residence of Voltaire. The chateau in which he lived is still inhabited by the Count Badé. It is a plain large house, seated on a gentle eminence, commanding a view of the lake and the distant summits of Mont Blanc, and surrounded by beautifully ornamented grounds. The parlor and bedroom of Voltaire are still preserved in the state in which they were left by him. The saloon is a large room hung with pictures, the most remarkable of which is an excellent illustration of the character of

his former inhabitant. It is a disgusting representation of his own apotheosis, contrasted with the discomfiture of his rivals, who are driven downward, a dismayed and caricatured crowd, from the heights of the temple of Fame. The bedroom contains his bedstead of plain dark wood ; his bed, but not his coverlet ; his curtains clipped by curious travellers almost to the top of the canopy ; his tomb with the inscription above : "*Mes manes sont consolés, puis que mon cœur est au milieu de vous,*" and below another, "*Son esprit est partout, et son cœur est ici :*" his heart, however, if ever deposited here, had been removed ; his body I believe, rests in the vault of the Pantheon at Paris. The walls of the bedroom are hung with damask silk, and covered with portraits, as during life. Here among others is the portrait of Catharine of Russia, einbroidered by her own hand, on satin, that of the great Frederick, a sparkling smirking resemblance of Voltaire, at the age of forty ; another of the infamous Madame du Chatelet, and two engravings, the one of Washington, and the other of Franklin, apparently, from their wretched execution, efforts of the art in our own country before the establishment of its independence.

Leaving the house, we found the old gardener, who perfectly remembers the former master of Ferney, ready to show us the grounds. Their chief ornament is a noble elm now sixty years old, planted by the hand of Voltaire himself. The old man also professed to recollect the visit of Franklin, and related many entertaining anecdotes, among others, the interview between Gibbon and Voltaire. As the latter is not universally known, I have recorded it. It seems that the English historian, while residing at Lausanne, had written a satire against the French philosopher. Sometime afterwards, he came to Ferney to seek its master's acquaintance. Voltaire, aware of his previous conduct, gave orders that he should be received with the utmost courtesy, but refused to see him. It was in vain that Gibbon loitered for

three days—the object of his curiosity was still invisible: Obligated to depart as he came, he resolved to return privately, and take Voltaire by surprise. Accordingly the next morning early he secreted himself, full in front of his study, and bribed a servant to let loose a favorite mare and drive her past the window. This at once drew out the philosopher to see what was the matter; the same moment Gibbon issued from his concealment, and without uttering a word, walked round and round him, examining him with looks of the most prying curiosity. At length he walked off, leaving Voltaire who had recognized his person, confounded at his audacity. No sooner had the latter returned to his study, than he sent his secretary in pursuit, ordering him to demand of the Englishman twelve sous for the show which he had seen. Gibbon produced twenty-four, and giving them to the secretary, bid him tell his employer that the amount entitled him to one sight more. Voltaire could resist no longer, but invited the historian to dine with him the day after. The old gardener showed us several personal remnants of his ancient master; such as a plain wooden staff about five feet high, and a cap embroidered with silver, which he wore during the day. The most curious relic of all, was a book, on the leaves of which were pasted the seals of all who had ever addressed him by letter; a motley assemblage, but distinguished by many of the first names of the age. Beneath each seal is inscribed, in his own hand, the name of its proprietor, and in some instances his character and place of residence. As for instance Mr. ———, Fool! at Lyons. The use of this book was as singular as its appearance. Whenever he received a letter from a suspected quarter, he compared its seal with those of his collection, and if he found it to belong to one whom he had branded a fool, he sent it back unopened. Hard by the chateau is a protestant church, now unoccupied, which once bore the inscription, “Deo erexit Voltaire;” a striking specimen of the usual inconsis-

tency of infidels. Had he been asked the reason why he built the church, he would probably have alleged in his justification, that, as a political engine, christianity might be useful : and yet it was one of the main efforts of his life to write down christianity, and consequently to destroy even its political influence.

I visited this place, so consecrated to the feelings of the French, rather with disgust than with enjoyment. I cannot respect the man who was at once the professed friend and advocate of liberty, and the flatterer of every tyrant in Europe—the philosopher who was too purely intellectual to believe the vulgar truths of christianity, only because he was too grossly sensual to live according to its holy precepts—the poet who composed the *Henriade*, and really considered it an epic—the historian who wrote romances under the name of history—the critic who reviled our unrivalled Shakspeare, and vilified the glorious effusions of the Italian muse. Ingenuity and wit and fluency and even eloquence cannot be denied him ; but these are rendered more disgusting than even his defects themselves by the mode in which they were abused, and the manifold mischiefs they have wrought. I felt at Ferney, not as if standing in the temple of genius, but as if I had penetrated into the obscene retreat of an embodied demon.

On the last evening of my stay at Geneva I took a walk on the road to Ferney, and ascended an eminence on the left, not far from the latter place, for the purpose of enjoying the view which it presents at sunset. Beneath my feet slept in tranquillity and beauty the blue waters of Lake Lemán, fringed with luxuriant foliage, and bordered by delightful villas. The distant city, crowned with the towers of its cathedral, spread itself along the shore—near at hand, ramparting the town, the bare and craggy sides of the great and little Salève reflected back the rays of the still radiant sun—behind, range after range of loftier mountains, crossing each



other in every direction, presenting here an impassable barrier, and there retiring from each other and opening long vistas to the eye, rose towering, one above another ; the vast mass finally surmounted by the broad summit of Mont Blanc, crowned with eternal snows, and whiter than the fleecy clouds with which I had so often seen it covered. Here I sat, contemplating this scene of grandeur until the sun sunk in my rear, behind the mountains of Jura, in a broad stream of glory, which attracted my attention (notwithstanding its ordinary occurrence) even from the Alps. Turning once more, what was my delight at perceiving the effect of light upon the distant and loftier landscape. It seemed a vision of the night, and no real scene ; while all around me rested in shade, beyond a sea of glory mixed itself with heaven. Even as twilight gathered round me and sunk upon the valley, the reluctant day, loth to depart, still lingered upon the mountains, and tipped their summits with its roseate light. With the farewell of the sun, I also bade farewell to the summit of Mont Blanc, expecting on the morrow to leave his vicinity for ever.

LETTER XLVII.

LAUSANNE—AVENCHE—LAKE MORAT—SWISS MONUMENTS—CANTON OF
BERNE—BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRY—COSTUME—THE JUNGFRAU—CITY
OF BERNE—HINDELBANK—LUXURY OF THE INNS—CANTON OF LU-
CERNE—COSTUME—LAKE AND VILLAGE OF SEMPACH.

I LEFT Geneva on the ninth of July, by the steamboat for Lausanne. The sky again was overcast. Indeed, of the three weeks that I have already been in Switzerland, not more than five days have been pleasant, and not more than two entirely clear. Touching at Nyon, Coppet, and other villages delightfully situated on the borders of the lake, we arrived in about five hours at Ouchy, which may be called the port of Lausanne. I regretted that I could not pursue the voyage to Villeneuve, as the lake is infinitely more picturesque in this part of the passage. I was obliged, however, to content myself with a view of the romantic mountains which in this part descend much nearer the lake, and to contemplate, without visiting, the scarce visible towers of Chillon, consecrated as they are by one of the noblest efforts of the muse of Byron. Lausanne is seated about half a mile above the lake, on the side of a steep hill, and commands of course a most delightful prospect. It is surrounded by a multitude of pleasant country houses, inhabited chiefly, I was told, by foreigners. There was no temptation, in such weather, to pause even on the beauties of Lausanne. I therefore took the road to Berne, and slept at Milden, a small

village five leagues distant, containing nothing at all remarkable. The road the next day led through a delightful country, but scarcely such an one as I was prepared to expect in Switzerland. Not a mountain was to be seen, except the low level chain of Jura in the distance. Sloping hills and long extended meadows, beautifully wooded and richly cultivated, met the eye on every side.

A ride of four and a half leagues brought us to Avenche, the Aventicum of the Romans, where I hailed again, as in Italy, displaced friezes and ruined walls: the monuments, even in this remote region, of the wide extended splendor and universal domination of the ancient masters of the world. Before arriving at Avenche, we came upon the borders of lake Morat, whose banks we pursued a league and a half further to the village of the same name, situated immediately on its bank. This lake is about six miles long by two broad, and is surrounded on all sides by gentle eminences. The ridge of Vuilly, which separates it from the lake of Neuchâtel, and is beautifully cultivated, affords, upon the west, a delightful object, while above it, in the back ground, rise the mountains on the other side of the last-named lake. The scene is not only pleasing in itself, but is endeared by the recollection of the noble struggle which took place upon its banks against an invading tyrant. It was here that Charles the Bold, after having uselessly besieged the neighboring town, was encountered by a band of patriots, few in number, but strong in mountain hardihood, a righteous cause, and the just aid of heaven. It was here that the mailed host of Burgundy were routed by a comparatively unarmed peasantry, and driven backward in confusion into the very waters of the lake. Thus ever may oppression meet with its reward! A people determined to be free, a people fighting for their altars and their hearths, cannot be subdued. The place of the battle was formerly marked by an ossuary, forty-four feet long by fourteen wide,

in which were collected, in 1755, (nearly three hundred years after the battle,) the bones of the slain. This depository was destroyed by the French in 1798. On the same platform, on the very brink of the lake, on the edge of a steep bank, perhaps twenty feet in height, has since been erected a lofty stone obelisk, with an inscription to remind the modern and somewhat degenerate Swiss of the courage and patriotism of their ancestors. The ancient walls of Morat still remain, converted however at present to the peaceful use of forming the rear walls of houses. The antique castle is the residence of the prefect. In the promenade without it is a venerable tree sedulously guarded, said to have been planted on the very day of victory. Granson, where the Duke of Burgundy encountered a second and still more terrible overthrow, is situated on the neighboring lake of Neuchâtel, but at its southern extremity. Morat is an angle of the canton of Fribourg, several strange projections of which had before crossed our route from Lausanne through the canton de Vaud.

About a league from Morat we entered the canton of Berne, still the largest and richest of the confederacy. It formerly included the Canton de Vaud and that of Argovie. The division has been made only since the invasion of the French. I have never seen a country more beautifully cultivated, and to all appearance more susceptible of cultivation, than the whole of the canton of Berne through which I have passed. I judge this, not merely from the appearance of the fields, but from that of the farm houses, which are enormous in size, and in neat and flourishing condition. They contain, under the same roof, barn, stable, granary, and dwelling house. They are generally two stories high, with an additional story or two above the long projecting eaves, the windows of which are inserted in the roof, which is very steep, and is generally composed of two, and sometimes of three stages. The better sort are built of stone, plastered

white, and roofed with tiles, and are not unfrequently garnished with blinds and long balconies or piazzas. In Berne, also, the costume of the females, which had hitherto been somewhat doubtful, became decided. It is composed of a black velvet cap, fitted on the crown, and furnished at each side with long wings, shaped like a butterfly's, made of a stiff and very coarse kind of black lace. The hair is combed smooth in front, and braided into two long tails behind, with which mingle two or three streamers of black ribbon dependent from the cap. To the head-dress succeeds a black velvet spencer, without sleeves, curiously garnished, with steel or silver chains. The white sleeves of the under garment are very loose, like those of a modern belle, and descend about half way to the elbow. The rest of the arm is covered by a tight blue worsted glove. The petticoat is of a coarse blue woollen stuff, edged with red, and is generally covered by an apron. Such is the costume worn by all the peasants, and the lower ranks in the cities themselves. Shortly before arriving at Berne, we came in view of the Alps of the Oberland, rising far in the distance, the beautiful white summit of the Jungfrau, dominant above the surrounding horns, like Mont Blanc among his Aiguilles. The Jungfrau is nearly thirteen thousand feet high, and was considered inaccessible until last year, when a peasant mounted to its summit. It has since, I believe, been ascended by several travelling fools. At the distance from which I beheld them, mixed as they were with vapor, Jungfrau and its satellites seemed like bright clouds piled up far above the horizon. I regretted that I could not approach them more nearly, as the Oberland is said to be the most picturesque part of Switzerland. But I had not time, and was really discouraged by the extraordinary wetness of the season.

Berne is delightfully seated among verdant hills, and may be said to be embowered in noble forest trees, which flank its roads and adorn its numerous public walks, with a rich-

ness of foliage rarely witnessed. It is one of the capitals of Switzerland, that is to say, one of the places where the diet meets. It was assembled when I passed, but its discussions are not public—a very anti-republican regulation. The two others are Lucerne and Zurich. If Geneva be the seat of Swiss literature, Berne is the residence of Swiss luxury. It is certainly, for its size, one of the neatest and best built towns of Europe. Its streets are broad and well paved, and many of them lined on both sides with porticos, whose low arches and clumsy piles, however, cannot be compared with the airy arcades and graceful colonnades of Italy. Its cathedral is a large Saxon Gothic edifice, exceedingly imposing from its massiveness. The promenade beside it commands a beautifully contrasted view of a little river and a romantic dell below your feet, and lofty mountains in the distance. The town contains about eighteen thousand inhabitants. It is seated amidst a paradise, and is surrounded by delightful villas.

From Berne to Hindelbank is a distance of about four leagues. The latter is an inconsiderable village, the church of which, however, is interesting from a monument it contains to the memory of Madame Langhans, the wife of a former pastor of the place. She was the most beautiful woman of her day, and died in giving birth to a child who perished with her. Her husband was inconsolable for her loss. It happened at the time that de Nahl, a celebrated Prussian sculptor, came hither to execute a monument for the father of one of the principal inhabitants of the district. He took up his abode at the pastor's house. Affected by the grief of his host, he conceived the idea of presenting him with a memorial of her whom the bereaved husband had loved so fondly. The monument is as interesting as the circumstances under which it was erected. Its idea was suggested by the season at which the wife and mother died. She breathed her last on Easter eve. She is represented

beneath the floor of the church, (which is opened to afford you a view of the interior,) in the act of rising from the grave with her infant at her side. The flat stone which is supposed to have covered her, is rent asunder in an unequal fracture, as if by the shock of the last trumpet. Its parts are lifted so as to reveal her still recumbent form. Her head is raised, and with one arm she is pushing the stone from above her. Her countenance glows with ecstasy. The whole work is so strongly conceived, and executed with so much verisimilitude, that when the floor is lifted to give you a view of the monument, the effect upon your nerves is startling, the appeal to your imagination, thrilling and sublime. It is wrought in a very fine soft stone, the greyish hue of which accords admirably with the solemnity of the subject.

Proceeding hence through a richly cultivated country, with still no mountains in sight but the Jura, I passed the night at a lonely inn, between Arbourg and Soffingen, and found to my surprise, accommodations and luxuries equal to those of Berne and Geneva, or in other words, equal to any in the world. The inns of Switzerland, in general, are wonderful, considering the nature of the country, and the short time during which travelling prevails. The next morning early I entered the Catholic Canton of Lucerne. It is a very common and a very true remark, that the difference between the catholic and protestant cantons is striking even to the dullest observer. The houses in the former, less neat originally, are more out of repair; the inclosures are in worse order, the inhabitants worse clad. The female costume, however, is more gay than that of Berne, though similar to it. Instead of the cap, is substituted a large flat hat, black or white, of straw or beaver, with a little round eminence for a crown, and ornamented on the top with flowers and various colored ribbons. The jacket and petticoat are not of a uniform color. The former is fringed at the

bottom with a rainbow, and the latter is clipped as high as the middle of the calf. To do the modern young ladies, however, justice, they have improved in this respect upon their grandams, many of whom I saw straddling along with petticoats elevated very nearly to the knee. Dependent from the neck is seen universally a paltry picture, set in some shining metal, suspended by a chain. A ride of three hours brought me to Sursee, near the lake of Sempach, about half a league distant from Buttisholz, celebrated in Sir Walter Scott's late novel, *Anne of Geierstein*. Coasting the lake, I saw opposite, the little red village of Sempach, renowned as the site of a victory of more importance than that of Buttisholz. It was gained in 1386, over Duke Leopold of Austria. It was, I think, at the battle of Sempach that a feat of heroism was performed, which equals the devotion of the Decii. The Swiss, finding it impossible to break through the serried haucies of the men at arms, and thus to attack them with their shorter weapons, one of their leaders rushed upon the line, and gathering a number of spears in his arms, assisted to fix them in his own naked breast, thus opening the path of death to himself, but of victory to his countrymen. The name of this hero was Arnold Winkelried. In the neighborhood of Lucerne, the country loses its undulating surface, and swells into abrupt and broken, though still verdant hills, surmounted by the craggy sides and cloud-capped summit of Mount Pilate, which rises to the height of more than seven thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and more than five thousand seven hundred above the lake on which Lucerne is situated.

LETTER XLVIII.

LUCERNE AND ITS NEIGHBORING MOUNTAINS—LAKE OF WALDSTETTEN—GRANDEUR OF THE SCENERY—HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS—MOUNT PILATE—ASCENT OF THE RIGHI—PROSPECT FROM ITS SUMMIT—SUNRISE AMONG THE ALPS—CANTON OF ZUG—LAKE AND CITY OF ZÜRICH—THE RHINE-FALL.

If it be impossible, as is certainly the case, ever adequately to describe the charms of nature, in what terms shall I speak of Lucerne, its lake and mountains? Language would attempt in vain to express that beauty and sublimity of scenery, upon which the enaptured memory dwells, and will dwell for ever, with fond remembrance. To assist, however, in the preservation of the record, I have endeavoured to note down some few brief hints. The city of Lucerne is well built, and surrounded with delightful villas. Its situation, however, lends it its greatest charm. Seated at the head of the lake of Waldstetten, otherwise called the Lake of the Four Cantons, it commands on one side a near view of Mount Pilate, and on the other of Mount Righi. Nothing can be more picturesque than the effect of these two eminences. The former is composed, in its higher regions, entirely of rocks, thrown into forms the most savage and abrupt, and terminating in a multitude of pointed summits, which pierce the very clouds. Upon these gloomy points clouds and darkness almost continually rest. It appears indeed an appropriate residence for the disturbed spirit of the prefect of Judea, who, according to the tradition of the

country, after his banishment into Gaul, drowned himself in the lake upon the mountain top. The Righi, on the contrary, is covered to the very summit with a rich velvet verdure, and presents an outline gentle, varied, graceful, beyond imagination. Between these advanced posts of the Alps opens the long vista of the lake, surrounded on all sides by mountains, which descend abruptly to its very borders, and are here covered with herbage, and there capped with snow; in one place broad and majestic in form; in another, wild, pointed, savage, and sublime. In the distance, still above these nearer eminences, the view is closed by frozen summits mingling with the heavens.

On the first evening of my arrival at Lucerne, as the day was not absolutely stormy, and as I knew not what to expect upon the morrow, I resolved to make in part at least the tour of its celebrated lake. Setting out accordingly, about an hour and a half before sunset, I was rowed in full and constant view of the enchanting scene which I have described, towards the middle of the lake. Near the island of Altstadt the greater part of the noble expanse opened on my view. On the right the long gulf of Alpnach, with its precipitous and lofty mountains, its waters green as the herbage which adorns its Blum Alp to the very summit, spread its sublime variety of color and of outline; in front lay the great body of the lake, stretching far towards the south, but closed apparently at no great distance by two descending mountains, above and beyond which rose, summit peering above summit, higher and yet higher eminences, crowned with eternal snows; on the left was seen the pleasant bay of Kushnacht, commanded at one side, but at a retired distance, by its graceful Righi, bounded on the other by sloping banks covered with cultivated fields, and adorned at its extremity by the beautiful hamlet from which it derives its name; in the rear, the bay of Lucerne displayed a similar scene of soft and tranquil beauty. Every thing that

is delightful in variety of light and shade and outline, every thing that is sublime in height and depth and distance, every thing that is charming in color, sweet in gradation, or striking in contrast, seems to have been united to constitute the lake of Waldstetten the most enchanting in the world. As I advanced from the isle of Altstadt, the scene changed at every stroke of the oars, as if by magic, each new variety appearing more delightful than the last. At length in the middle of the lake the boatmen rested on their oars, and left me, without the disturbance of motion and sound, to calm and solitary musing. The transport of those moments, as I seemed to inhale with every breath the essence of sublimity, of beauty, as I forgot myself, the world, and all but nature and nature's God, is inexpressible, incommunicable.

At my first movement from the trance in which I had been buried, one of the boatmen began to point out the mountains, and name them in their order. From this, however, I derived but little advantage, as hard German words, pronounced in a barbarous German dialect, conveyed to my ear no sound distinctly articulate. At length I managed to understand, that he had left the mountains and was indicating the direction of the cantons which surround the lake. Along the gulf of Alpnach lay the canton of Underwalden, that of Schwytz bordered on the bay of Kuhnacht, and in the far south arose the mountains of Uri. The situation of the canton of Lucerne was sufficiently evident before. Here then was new subject for meditation. Before me lay the three forest cantons, the first to rise in the sacred cause of liberty, the first to unite against their common tyrant, the triple germ of the free Helvetic confederacy. On the borders of this lake, amid the solitudes of Grutli, in the secrecy of night, was sworn that *Schweitzerbund*, that daring oath, which bound to each other and their country, Werner of Schwytz, Walther of Uri, and Arnold of Underwalden, three of the noblest spirits of the earth. Here too was the scene

of the persecutions, the exploits, the revenge of the hero of Switzerland, her beloved and still cherished Tell. These Forest Cantons too, alone preserved, on the last invasion of the French, the spirit of their ancestors. For a long time they resisted, with desperate determination, their interfering and innovating foe. With these inspiring recollections, with this sublime scenery, with their simple habits, they must cease to exist before they can cease to be free. It is impossible that any man can inhabit the borders of the lake of Waldstetten, and yet be a slave. The lofty untrodden eminences, the rushing irresistible torrents, the free winds, the driving clouds, would cry shame upon him.

Before I was aware, as I sate thus musing, a change had taken place in the variable weather of the season. As I looked again around me, a dark cloud had gathered on the summit of Mount Pilate, and spread even to the fast descending sun. A terrible blackness hung over the projecting cliffs, and was condensed almost into solidity in the yawning cavities. Even the smiling Righi had caught the gloom, which soon extended itself over all the late illuminated mountains. The lake had lost its verdant hue, and though still calm, was only for that cause the darker and more terrible. It was literally of the color of ink. The boatmen were looking with some anxiety around them, storms in this lake being sometimes very dangerous. I myself thought it expedient to return, as the boat was flat-bottomed, and composed literally of a few planks slightly nailed together. The storm, however, passed over with a short, but very heavy shower, attended by a wind which left the surface of the lake disturbed and bereft of all its beauty. In the heavens too was substituted, instead of the placid sunset which I had expected, a scene which, though sublime, was gloomy beyond conception. Clouds and darkness rested on the sun's departure. But still the vapors that crowned the summit of Mount Pilate were tinged with a lurid red, which, connected

with the superstitions of the place, had something awful and almost preternatural in its deep and angry hues. The same color, but far more faintly, tinged the distant summits. I have never seen a spectacle more terribly sombre and appalling. Conceive then my astonishment when, at ten o'clock in the evening, I looked from my window, which opened immediately upon the lake, and beheld the moon riding in the heavens in clear unclouded majesty. I need not describe the effect produced by the substitution of that pure white light for the lurid hues which had preceded it. The lake was once more a mirror; once more the graceful Righi was in keeping with the scene around. Again the distant mountains reared their snow-crowned heads, shaded only by the soft veil of moonlight. Even the savage Pilate shared the soothing influence of the queen of night. It seemed as if the disturbed spirit, condemned to wander in its fastnesses, had found a moment of repose, and looked almost with pleasure from his prison upon a scene of so much tranquil beauty.

The next morning commenced without a cloud, and I set out about six o'clock for the Righi. It is usual to wait until noon, in order to arrive at the top an hour or two before sunset, but I was not willing to trust the treacherous weather of this extraordinary season. Accordingly I took boat for Weggis, which lies three or four miles further down the lake than I had been the evening before, at the very base of the Righi. Although the distance from Weggis to the summit is three leagues, by a path always ascending, I preferred to walk. In all excursions of this nature, this is indisputably the better mode. If you have a horse or mule, it necessarily occupies a great part of that attention which you would wish to devote to the scenery around. The road from Weggis upward is well worthy of undivided attention. It passes in constant view of the lake of Waldstetten, with its mountains, bays, and promontories, apparently changing their po-

sition at every step, the beautiful green waters of the lake meanwhile reflecting the varied banks, and here and there disturbed by the oars of a passing boat, or ornamented with a distant sail. As you advance, the shifting scene increases constantly in extent and sublimity, arresting your progress at every moment. But although I anticipated in the ascent, I will not do so in the narrative; since though such a scene never fatigues the eye, repetition in any description I can give must needs be tiresome.

Arrived at length at the very summit, five thousand five hundred feet above the level of the ocean, a scene burst upon my view, which, though contemplated in parts before, had all the charm of novelty when thus presented in one stupendous whole. Nor was novelty its only or greatest charm. An extent apparently unbounded, a world of mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes, and cities, presented itself at once to my astonished eye. I could not look upon such a scene without an emotion which awed my spirit, and arrested my very breath. I felt as if I had left the earth behind, and was gazing downward from some point far up in the heavens, upon one half of the distant planet. Never, if the disembodied spirit mounts in the direction which we call upward; never, if it still sees material things, never can it enjoy as it leaves this world, a spectacle more noble or more beautiful. In the north, faintly defined on the horizon, arose the mountains of the Black Forest, and the still more distant Vosges; in the west the even chain of Jura; and in the south and east an ocean of snow-covered Alps, distinctly visible, save for some floating clouds which still obscured the highest and most distant of the chain. Within this circular barrier were seen inclosed, cantons and provinces, five capitals, and twelve lakes.

At the very base of the mountain, converting it almost into an island, were spread the classic and picturesque Waldstetten, Sarnen placed like a basin in the mountains,

the now diminished Lowerz, and the broad irregular expanse of Zug. It will be readily believed, that my eye was never tired of contemplating their manifold beauties. The first was seen in four or five different portions as it wound among the Alps, now distinctly visible, and now concealed by mountain promontories, adorned at the extremities of its two open branches, by the towns of Lucerne and Kushnacht. The second rested in the shade of its surrounding eminences, a cool and placid mirror. The third seated in a broader opening, presented a melancholy spectacle; one half of its former surface is now covered with earth and rocks, among which only inconsiderable pools remain. Before the year 1806, this valley and the borders of this lake, are described as having been another Paradise. The villages of Goldan, of Lowerz, of Rothen, and of Businque, sheltered there beneath their modest roofs, a people of primitive simplicity, happy in the bosom of their country, content with the inheritance of their fathers. But on the second of September of that memorable year, a large portion of the mountain of Rossberg, which bounds the valley on the north, detached itself from the summit, and rolling downward, gathering strength as it descended, buried in one universal ruin these unfortunate hamlets. The wretched inhabitants, though the fall occurred at five in the afternoon, had not time to escape. Scarcely two hundred, robbed by one fell swoop of family and friends, and means of subsistence, preserved alone their miserable lives. Invading the domains of the lake, the fallen mountain took and still holds possession of one half of its basin. Its course is still visible, a broad torrent of bare earth, stones, and enormous rocks. On the opposite side of the lake, but elevated considerably above it, is seen the town of Schweitz, the capital of the Canton of the same name. The lake of Zug on the north, lay immediately below my feet, the Righi descending almost precipitously into it, and presented perhaps the most beautiful spectacle of all. It is

about twelve miles long by three wide, and is surrounded by banks always verdant ; in the south, lofty and steep, save where the town of Ardt is seated at the commencement of the valley to which it gives name ; in the north, gently sloping, and adorned with numerous villages, among which Zug, the capital, is easily distinguished by its superior size. But notwithstanding the beauty of its banks, it was the waters of the lake which chiefly attracted my attention. Calm and blue as the sky above, and in part covered with reflected clouds, they seemed another heaven extended beneath my feet. The same effect was produced towards evening, in a different but still more striking manner, by some fleecy clouds which actually floated between me and the lake, and seemed indeed to reveal the expanse of ether through their broken intervals. I have said that I saw twelve lakes, and have named only four. Besides these, were seen in the northwest, the storied Sempach and its neighbor Eggolswyl, the long lines of Baldegg, and of Hallwyl, and near Lucerne the little Zee of Roth ; in the northeast, the lake of *Ægeri*, two different portions of that of Zurich, and beyond a stripe of Pfflikon. The larger of these lakes were as plainly visible as on a chart, and the rest were easily identified.

But from this scene of wide extended beauty, of lakes and hills and towns and fertile fields, my eye turned often to the sublimer mountains. A little north of east the mountains of Appenzell reared their lofty heads, varying from six thousand to eight thousand feet in height. South of the same point, the broad Hole-Glarnisch and the pointed Hansstok, from eight to nine thousand feet above the sea, marked the canton Glaris. Further, in a similar direction, Kistenberg and Dodi, ten thousand four hundred and eleven thousand feet in height, indicated the boundaries of Uri ; and not far off the double crested Scheerhorn, the Bristenstock, the Blakenstock and Rothstock, the canton of Soleure. Imme-

diately in the south the mountains of Engleberg rose from eight to ten thousand feet, and a little westward Tittlis towered supreme almost eleven thousand feet among the Alps of Underwalden. A few points westward from the Tittlis, commenced the range of Oberland, higher than all the rest, but now unfortunately concealed in part by clouds. A little south of east, Mount Pilate closed the amphitheatre, a sentinel advanced in front of the corps of Alpine giants. I have named only the most distant, and of those the highest summits. These were connected by eminences scarcely lower, bounding the horizon, covered alike with everlasting snow. On this side too, arose still other mountains, in many a lofty range, and forms and hues as varied as their denominations and their size.

In full view of this splendid scene, I spent almost the whole day. It was varied in its progress by alternate clouds and sunshine, producing every various effect of light and shade upon the world below, and in the afternoon, by a slight shower of rain, which gave occasion to one of the most splendid phenomena that I have ever witnessed. It was nothing more than a rainbow ; but it was a rainbow reclining with all its glorious transparent hues against the bright whiteness of snow-covered Alps. The sun set as usual, in clouds, yet spread a color of ineffable delicacy and beauty over the lofty summits of the mountains. As twilight drew onward, a peasant of Schweitz placed himself in our vicinity, and after preluding on his Alpenhorn (a long instrument made of thin stripes of wood covered with bark, and resembling in form a bugle) sung the Ranz de Vaches, that celebrated song once forbidden at Paris, because it led the Swiss guards to desert, so forcibly did it recall to them the remembrance of their country. It is a wild and melancholy melody, sung in a preternaturally high key, and from its appropriateness to the scene and time, affected me strongly. Between every verse the musician blew the air with consi-

derable skill. The moon shone out at night with unclouded brilliance. A spectacle more majestic, more coldly, palely, purely beautiful, the eye has never gazed on. The usual softening effect of moonlight was not felt—the landscape was too distant and too bold. A sublime obscurity, a stern severity, were the characteristics of the scene.

Though I retired quite late to rest, I was roused at half-past three in the morning, to witness the effect of sunrise. The sky was cloudless; the air was cold and transparent as that of winter. In the east a long stripe of gold was visible even at this early hour. The mist lay calmly on the bosoms of some of the most distant lakes, and marked with fleecy whiteness the course of the long winding Reuss. Deep shade still hung upon the valley, while the snow-clad mountains already began to catch the hues of dawn. Superior among them rose in the southwest, at length without a cloud, the chain of Oberland, one of the highest in Switzerland, presenting the Finsteraarhorn, (twelve thousand two hundred and thirty-four feet above the level of the sea,) the Shrekhorn and the Wetterhorn, (twelve thousand five hundred and sixty, and eleven thousand four hundred and fifty feet,) the double Eiger (twelve thousand six hundred and sixty-six, and twelve thousand two hundred and ten,) and the Jungfrau (twelve thousand eight hundred and seventy-two,) all in a connected range, stupendous even in distance, and seeming to support the arching heavens. A richer and yet richer glow was gradually spread from top to top, exchanged at last for golden light, as the sun displayed his broad and glorious orb to shine upon a scene well worthy of his beams. The mountains seemed to fling darkness behind them, like a mantle, which floated in their rear, in many a careless fold and break of shadow; the mist, waving with the gentle breath of morning, appeared to bow its head in salutation to the lord of light; while many a pilgrim, with

iron-shod staff and long floating garments, stood silent, offering his homage on this lofty altar of nature and of God. Descending the mountain to Kushnacht, I passed upon the way a rustic chapel erected on the spot where Tell assassinated Gesler, and by that act injured, to my mind, his fame, both as a hero and a patriot.

At Kushnacht I again embarked for Lucerne. From thence, the same day, I proceeded to Zurich, through the canton of Zug, finding nothing remarkable upon the way, except the bad roads and the fine cultivation of this small canton. As I arrived, however, at the summit of the lofty sloping bank, which surrounds on every side the lake of Zurich, a scene of smiling beauty burst upon my view, in admirable contrast with the sublimity of the lake of Waldstetten. The lake itself, with a length of nearly thirty miles, is not generally more than a mile and a half in width, presenting rather the appearance of a noble and majestic river. Its banks, though almost mountainous in height, are sloping, and most richly cultivated, and luxuriantly productive. Along the shore, or half way up the eminences, are crowded cheerful villages, each with its neat appropriate spire. The road is lined with palace farm-houses, and large ornamented villas. As I struck the lake below Horgan, I rode for two or three hours along its borders, gradually descending from time to time before I arrived at Zurich, which is beautifully seated at the northern extremity. I scarcely remember a ride more communicative of pure and tranquil pleasure, of the satisfaction arising from a view of the choicest of heaven's gifts enjoyed by a prosperous and happy people, than this very one. Zurich is, in parts, well built, though not equal to Berne in this respect, and contains nothing to interest a stranger. It has eleven thousand inhabitants, and is manifestly very active and thriving.

From Zurich I went to Schaffhausen, through an unin-

teresting country, to visit the Rhine-fall, the most celebrated cascade in Europe. I must, for once, confess chagrin and disappointment. The Rhine, it is true, is here perhaps two hundred yards in width, and rolls along a mighty mass of waters. The descent, too, is said to be eighty feet ; but this must include the rapid above the fall, as well as the various precipices, from one to another of which it leaps in its descent. There is no unbroken majestic sheet, just fringed with white, and bursting into foam below. All is here, from the topmost edge, confusion and foam. This, it is true, produces its effect on the spectator, particularly when viewed from the Zurich side, where you are able to descend into the very spray of the cataract. There, as you stand with the water dashing and rainbows shining around you, the stream rushes along as if it would inevitably overwhelm you, with a rapidity that dazzles your eyes, and a roar that confounds your sense of hearing, piling itself here into a pyramid of boiling foam, and there plunging headlong in an unchecked torrent, throwing upward from below whole clouds of fleecy vapor, which serve as a rich veil for the diamond drops thrown out in the descent, and illuminated by the opposite sun. The fall is divided by three tall rocks, the remnants, it would appear, of a former higher precipice, which produce a picturesque effect. The banks, however, and all other surrounding objects are quite tame. The view of these falls by moonlight is unquestionably fine. Their peculiar continuity of foam is admirably adapted to receive the white rays of the planet of the night ; yet, with all the additional effect derived from her beams, disappointment was the prevalent feeling of my mind.

These falls, though much inferior in beauty to those of Trenton, reminded me, nevertheless, of the scenery of my native land. It requires indeed but a slight coincidence to bring vividly and affectingly to the mind of the sojourner

in foreign climes, the delicious thought of his own distant home—

“ With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept.”

Absence for months, or even years, but consecrates the beloved object, and the intervention of seas and mountains only brings it nearer to the heart.

EXTRACTS
FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR THROUGH
FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND SCOTLAND,
IN THE YEARS 1828, 1829, AND 1830.

It was the original intention of the editor to publish the entire journal of the writer's travels in Europe; but it was found that this plan would render the work too voluminous. The space occupied by the Tour through Italy and Switzerland has obliged the editor to pass over the countries upon the Rhine and the Netherlands altogether, and limited him in his selections from the remainder of the journal to a few extracts descriptive of scenes and distinguished personages in France, England, and Scotland. He is aware that the introduction of these extracts in this place breaks in upon the geographical and chronological order of the journal, inasmuch as the writer went immediately from the United States to France, visiting Italy and Switzerland afterwards, and thence passing down the Rhine and through the Netherlands to Great Britain. As, however, the account of the journey through Italy and Switzerland has been published entire, it was thought proper to place it by itself, and to throw together such portions as were taken from the remainder of the journal; which, being merely detached passages, without any necessary connection, can lose nothing, it was thought, by such an arrangement.

THE CATHEDRAL AT ROUEN.

ON arriving at Rouen, I went immediately from my hotel to view the cathedral by moonlight. After walking about a quarter of a mile we came suddenly upon the square on which the cathedral fronts. To communicate the impression made upon my transatlantic feelings, by the first view of

this vast Gothic edifice, is utterly impossible. Astonishment and awe absolutely fixed my footsteps to the earth. Its great extent, its lofty height, its variety of light and shade, its richness of ornament, the hundreds of sculptured saints, who looked down from the niches in which they had stood for ages, were of themselves sufficient to excite the deepest emotions in a stranger just arrived from the new world. But when to this were added the associations which belong to this venerable pile; the remembrance that its vaulted arches had echoed with the mailed tread of Richard and his knights; nay, that the lion-heart lay actually buried beneath its marble pavement—it surely was enough to plunge the soul into a trance of absorbing recollections. I walked in a dream around the exterior of the building, finding new matter for astonishment at every step; in the multitude of towers of various shape and size, of buttresses, and pinnacles, and windows, illuminated by the pale rays of the moon, and adorned with the richest profusion of sculpture. Having passed around three sides of the church, we came at length to the fourth, which presented for a considerable distance only a dead wall, until, arriving at an arched gateway, we were admitted into a narrow court which was terminated by the great door of the transept. The court was shaded from the moon by the body of the church, and there was nothing to interrupt the gloomy silence of the scene. I was actually afraid to enter. Suddenly a bell tolled out from a neighbouring tower, with a deep solemnity of tone, such as I had never heard before. I was so far transported that I almost expected to behold the gates expand, and some procession of the olden time issue into the open air. The illusion, however, was a brief one. The tolling of the bell proved to be only the striking of the clock, and with that every-day or rather every-hour idea, the romance of the scene vanished. I returned to my hotel, and retired to rest only to dream of

monks and knights in the aisles and portals of a Gothic pile.

On the next morning I returned, you may be sure, with eagerness to renew and to substantiate my first impressions. Shall I confess, that though still delighted, I was disappointed? You will be convinced of this when I inform you that I began almost immediately to measure distances by the eye, and to examine things in detail. The façade of the church I should judge to be about one hundred and seventy feet in breadth, the main building one hundred and forty, and one of the towers one hundred and sixty, and the other one hundred and eighty feet in height. The towers are dissimilar in shape as well as height. The higher was formerly terminated by a wooden *flèche* or arrow, which was consumed by lightning three or four years since, improving, it is said, the appearance of the building by its fall. Besides the towers, the front is garnished with a number of smaller pinnacles and spires, of beautiful shape and exquisite workmanship. There are three doors which hinge against the inside of the wall, thus leaving an exterior vault about four feet wide, of the whole thickness of the wall, the surface of which shelving outwards, is covered with the richest ornaments. The main door is, I suppose, about forty feet in height. This will serve to give you some general idea of this magnificent façade; but to describe its details is impossible. Range succeeds to range of sculptured saints, even to the top of the highest tower; the monsters of heraldry occupy every vacant space, and the rich mouldings of Gothic architecture are crowded into every crevice.

Upon entering you receive a new impression, more grand and touching than the former, though more calm, because not so unexpected. Place yourself, if you would follow me in my survey, just within the great door of the cathedral, and look down through nave and choir, between ranges of clustered columns ten feet in diameter, for a distance of four

hundred feet, the space between the ranges of columns being not more than forty feet in width, and the vault above your head at least one hundred and twenty feet in height. Advance next to the choir, and bend in saddened and romantic recollection over the stone which covers the heart of Richard, or the spot where the bones of his brother Henry lie entombed. Proceed a little further, and passing the grand altar, pause a moment to peruse the brief inscription which marks the burial-place of Shakspeare's John of Lancaster, the brother of Prince Hal, the warrior duke of Bedford. Leaving the choir behind, move onward to the chapel in its rear, and contemplate on one side a monument to two cardinals d'Amboise, within a niche of which they are represented at full-length, kneeling in their robes, and on the other the tomb of some ancient noble, who prances above upon his gallant war-horse, clad in complete armor, and lies below with helmet doffed, and extended on his back, in the helpless attitude of death. Alas! to him, fame is indeed nothing but a scutcheon: his feats in arms, his high-souled chivalry, his manly prowess, the very name and beauty of his lady-love, are all forgotten. Nothing now remains but a monument which has begun long since to crumble. Turning upon your steps, you may next walk along the gloomy aisle, and look occasionally into its secluded chapels. The pictures are not much worthy your attention; but the painted windows are indeed strange, brilliant, and imposing. They appear to me an essential of Gothic architecture. This alone can produce that dim religious light, broken here and there by a rainbow glory, which unites at once the utmost richness with the sternest solemnity.

FRENCH PHILOSOPHERS.

It was one of my first objects in Paris, to see and hear some of those great literary and scientific men, who are filling the world with their renown. As a primary step, I presented myself at the Sorbonne, where many of the principal lectures are delivered, to obtain a card of admission. Nothing more was necessary than my signature on the ticket and in the register of the institution. This admitted to the academy of sciences and to that of letters. There are also lectures at the college of France, the school of mines, and the Jardin du Roi, which are all thrown open in the same unreserved and liberal manner. The professors are pensioned by the king for the delight and instruction of the world.

The first lecture which I attended was one by M. Cousin, the second of a course on the philosophy of the eighteenth century. It was to be delivered in the hall of the Sorbonne. Understanding that he was one of the most popular lecturers in Paris, I went thither an hour before the time, and found the room, though large enough to contain from one thousand five hundred to two thousand persons, already so thronged that I thought myself happy to obtain a seat near the door. It was curious to observe the habits of a French audience. Some were reading as quietly as if at home, but the greater part engaged in the most active use of tongue and eye. The room was filled with incessant and loud cries, of which I could not at first ascertain the meaning. At length, however, I perceived that they proceeded from persons who had retained seats vociferating the names of their friends, and from individuals in search of accommodation calling to their acquaintance in order to obtain it. Our American reserve would scarcely relish this proclamation of a name; nor would our American notions of the "rights of things and persons" permit an individual to retain more room than he could

occupy himself. The lecturer was received on his appearance with a loud burst of applause, which was succeeded by a breathless silence. The French applaud on every occasion except, I believe, in church ; and on the other hand, maintain a profound stillness in the intervals of exclamation. This is carried so far, that all coughing, moving, &c. take place in the pauses of the orator, instead of being scattered over the whole time of the discourse. A Frenchman will not even sneeze unseasonably. But to return. The lecturer on the present occasion, M. Cousin, is a tall, thin man, about forty years of age. His face is long and dark, and of a melancholy and contemplative character. His eyes are large and exceedingly expressive. He was dressed in the ordinary habit of a gentleman ; and delivered his lecture, standing in an easy and dignified posture. Though his subject was of an abstract nature, he spoke extempore with uninterrupted fluency. His manner approached very near to one's idea of inspiration. The whole man, head, eyes, hands, and body, as well as voice, seemed to be engaged, and that too, without the least awkwardness or affectation, in the expression of his ideas. If at any time he paused for a moment, you could perceive by the glowing eye, the thought burning within him, and could almost anticipate its general nature from the unconscious motions of his hands. He commenced his lecture with some abstruse distinctions between religion and philosophy, assigning in general, inspiration as the source of the one, and reflection of the other. He next proceeded to assert, that religion is properly the cradle of philosophy ; a fact which he illustrated at some length from the history of the east, of Egypt, and of Greece. At length he came to christianity, which he asserted to be the last and best, the consummation of all religions, containing whatever was purest in morals and most correct in theology, and adding the mysterious and elevating doctrine of the incarnation of the Son of God. This religion he

asserted to be the foundation of modern philosophy, a brief outline of the history of which, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he then gave. Thus having taken, in connection with the principle above stated, a general survey of all philosophy down to the period which constitutes the peculiar subject of his course, I never shall forget the animated dignity with which he made profession of his own belief in christianity. Conscious that the majority of his brother *savans*, and perhaps of his audience, in heart, if not openly, would be inclined to sneer, and that his reputation as a philosopher and among philosophers, was at stake, he seemed to erect his person, and elevate his voice, and expand each glowing feature, as if in noble defiance of expected obloquy. He is accused by his enemies of a tendency to the exploded tenets of Plato; which means in reality, I suppose, a tendency to the spiritual and truly intellectual doctrines of revelation. His lecture lasted more than an hour and a half; and though it was in a foreign language, and required therefore the closer application on my part, my attention was not suffered to flag even for a moment.

On the next day I accepted the invitation of a young physician to accompany him to a lecture of Broussais, one of the most distinguished of the French physicians, and the great rival and opponent of Cousin. Owing to his principles (he is a materialist) he has never been appointed to any chair of philosophy or medicine; but he is permitted to lecture to his pupils at the Val de Grace, a royal military hospital, of which he is superintendent. We found him a man of forty-five, with a figure and face whose massiveness might well serve to remind you of his system, though from his quick bright eye looked out a something which might serve still better to refute it. The expression of his countenance was benevolent, and denoted remarkable activity of mind, though deficient, I thought, in the grave and deliberative character of wisdom. He commenced his lesson by a review

of the various patients in the hospital, their diseases, states, and treatment, which occupied about half an hour. He then took off his cap, which he had hitherto worn, and proceeded to discuss a subject more abstruse and difficult, the affections and passions of the human mind. As far as I could understand his system from a single lecture, it seemed to be, that our ideas, affections, and passions are produced altogether by impulses from without, which operate upon the brain and nervous system; an old theory presented under a more modern form, and with novel illustrations. The tendency of the system is plainly to show that facts do not justify the supposition of an immaterial soul. What these philosophers prove, however, even though their theory of nervous action be admitted, is beyond my power to discover. The true *modus operandi* is, after all, a secret, towards which they approach very little nearer than the most ignorant of men. Indeed they are further from the truth. For the latter has probably been taught by his "nurse and priest," so much the object of philosophic derision, that his mind is spiritual and its operations naturally invisible. He has at least attained to that degree, beyond which Socrates himself did not aspire, "to know that he knows nothing." In the course of the lecture, the system of Gall was examined at some length. It was admitted that the intellectual character develops itself in the front, and the animal in the hinder part of the skull; but the system was pronounced visionary, inasmuch as it is impracticable to ascertain minute details and classify them by any methods of induction. Broussais delivers himself sitting, and looks frequently upon his notes, which seem to contain only a few brief hints. He speaks fast, and with uncommon vehemence, using a great deal of gesticulation, and distorting his features with every variety of grimace.

The next opportunity which I enjoyed of seeing and hearing the distinguished men of Paris, was at the annual

meeting of the Geographical Society, held in an apartment of the Hotel de Ville. A ticket was sent me by the politeness of a friend. The sitting was opened by an introductory address from the president of the society, Baron Cuvier. This distinguished man is of about the ordinary height, but his stature appears of unnatural breadth in consequence of the great quantity of clothing which he wears. His face is of an aquiline form, his complexion and hair light, his mouth and eyes large and expressive. He sustains at present, such is one of the burdens of distinction, an oppressive number of offices. He is a member of the council of state, chancellor of the university of France, inspector of all religious denominations not Roman catholic, (he is himself a protestant) superintendent of the Garden of Plants, and president or a member of a multitude of scientific and literary societies. His address on the present occasion was brief and appropriate, and delivered with great dignity. It was followed by the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting: next came the general report of the transactions of the society for the past year, and then a particular report read by the Baron Comard, on the part of a committee appointed to investigate the claims of a French traveller, M. Caille, who has just returned from Timbuctoo. The report stated that the committee had ascertained the time of Caille's departure from St. Louis, at the mouth of the river Senegal, on his way up that river, and also the time of his arrival in Morocco with a caravan which had crossed the desert. They had examined him in the knowledge of the Arabic language, which he professed to have used in his communications with the natives, and had found that he had spoke it with the impurities peculiar to the African barbarians. They had compared his drawings of the face of the country through which he was said to have passed, with the reports of others, and found them to be correct. On these grounds, the committee adjudged to him the reward promised by the society. Of his

residence at Timbuctoo, no details were given, except that he lived in a house near where Major Laing had resided, of whose untimely death he had brought a confirmatory account. After the conclusion of the report, the president rose, and called for M. Caille, to whom he presented the diploma of the society. The traveller was received with a burst of applause from the audience. He is a small, spare man, with a very dark complexion, of the utmost simplicity of appearance. His profile is of the oval form of Henry Kirke White, and marked with traits of enthusiasm. There was also present at the sitting, apparently as a member, a young Turk, whom I understood to be the son of Ali Pacha, sent hither to study the sciences of Europe. He is about thirty, of a tall, stout figure, and slouching and awkward in his movements. He was dressed in full costume. A rich shawl was rolled around his head in the form of a turban. He wore instead of a coat, a short, rich jacket, which fitted closely to his shape; and instead of pantaloons, the loose, oriental drawers, gathered about half way between his knee and ankle. There are a number of young Turks here, sent to enjoy the advantages afforded in the way of education. In this respect Paris is indeed the centre of the world. Men of every nation crowd hither in search of knowledge no less than in pursuit of pleasure. Even Madagascar is represented in the person of two of its young princes. Distinctions of color and of name are entirely disregarded. The avenues of learning are alike open to all. This is noble, and exhibits an attachment to the cause of science in general, and a regard for the welfare of the human race, at once liberal, manly, and glorious in its character, and conducive in more ways than one to the interests of the people by whom these exalted principles are cherished. "The great nation," as applied to themselves by the French, has been deemed a vainglorious title; but when we look at their public institutions, and the spirit which directs them, we cannot but think it just.

As a further illustration of the liberality of the French institutions, behold me, an obscure American, on the morning succeeding the meeting of the geographical society, seated in the amphitheatre of chymistry at the Sorbonne, listening to the greatest chemist in the world, and feeling myself by the unbought courtesy of the great nation, as well entitled to be there as any of the audience. The lecturer was M. Thenard, and the subject the theory of combustion. I need not enter into any detail of the matter of the lecture, inasmuch as it was the same that is adopted and taught in our own country. I shall confine myself therefore to externals. The amphitheatre is an oblong apartment, in the centre of one of the sides of which is the place of the lecturer. Around this place the benches are arranged in a semicircular or rather semi-elliptical form, rising one above another. Such is the arrangement of all the lecture-rooms in which I have been. Its advantages, as it respects hearing and seeing, are obvious. In this way also a room which, on the ordinary plan, would scarce contain five hundred persons, on the present occasion accommodated eight hundred. Before the lecturer was placed a table, on which was set all the apparatus necessary for the experiments connected with the lecture, prepared by three or four young men in aprons, who were constantly in attendance. Behind him about six feet from the floor, was fastened against the wall a case, containing three or four black boards, suspended apparently by pulleys, one of which at a time was let down when needed for the purpose of illustration. The convenience of this arrangement is plain. But to come to a more interesting subject, the lecturer himself. His countenance I think affords no indication of extraordinary genius, nor his dress of extraordinary neatness. He commenced his lecture sitting, and though in this position, stretched forth his hands before he began to speak : occasionally, however, he rose to exhibit an experiment, and remained standing until he had

finished the topic with which it was connected. His manner was always animated, and while engaged in refuting the old theory of combustion, exceedingly vehement. His gesticulation was rapid, constant, and significant; and as well as his tones descended to the ease and familiarity of ordinary conversation. For instance, the finger was sometimes applied to the side of the nose; a gesture, I have observed, very common among the French. What particularly struck me in Thenard, was that entire knowledge of his subject, which enabled him to put himself so completely at his ease before a numerous audience; and that enthusiasm in its pursuit and development, which irresistibly attracted the attention and interest of his hearers. This knowledge, and this enthusiasm, I attribute not merely to the character and talents of the man, though these are certainly admirable, but chiefly perhaps to the subdivision of labor which takes place in France, in intellectual as well as mechanical operations. Thenard's attention is confined not merely to chemistry, but to a part of chemistry. The course in which he is now engaged is to be completed by Gay Lussac. The powers of the human mind, like the rays of heat, glow the more intensely the more they are concentrated. We never therefore can expect from our professors in the United States, the same ability which distinguishes the great men of Europe, (unless when nature makes, as she sometimes unquestionably has done, a brilliant exception,) while their attention continues to be required at the same time to two or three things essentially distinct.

ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS, URNS AND BAS RELIEFS
AT THE LOUVRE.

ACCORDING to the principle with which I commenced, the inscriptions should have the next place. Of these there are a multitude, of which I shall select only the most interesting one. It is a marble tablet, brought from Athens, containing the account of public moneys disbursed for extraordinary purposes, during the year 409—10, before Christ, the twenty-second of the Peloponnesian war, and the twentieth after the death of Pericles. The characters are of course of a very antique shape. There are no long vowels, nor double letters. A perpendicular mark with a line at the bottom, making the character resemble our L, is used instead of A, which again is substituted here for gamma. The account of the expenses is rendered by months, and the disbursements are generally for religious festivals. In the account of the expenses of the month Munychion Thargelion, it is stated that so much (a small part of the whole) had been expended for ordinary religious festivals, and the rest for other purposes. The conjecture of the learned is, that this amount was for the fitting out of thirty galleys, and for the celebration of the naval victory gained at Cyzicus by Theramenes, Thrasybulus, and Alcibiades. In the course of the record occur the names of Pericles the younger, of Thrasybulus, Callias, Callimachus, Aristophanes, &c. Thus was I carried back to within a few short years of the golden days of Athens: to that deeply interesting era when, though torn by intestine dissensions, and sinking fast beneath the weight of foreign hostility, she could still at intervals, call, and not in vain, upon her children to unite and conquer. Thus was I presented, by contemporary testimony of his achievements, with that name so fearful, yet so attractive; so glorious, yet so disgraced; the name of

Alcibiades, the hero and the traitor, the statesman and the debauchee. With this suggestion came the associated thought, that Socrates perhaps had traced these characters, and the vivid recollection of Xenophon and Plato, with all who were illustrious in learning or philosophy. Standing by the side of this commemorative tablet, I could almost fancy myself in the streets of Athens; I could close my eyes and see that busy multitude always inquiring for something new, a strange and indistinct crowd of floating images, philosophers and demagogues, and slaves and heroes; the well known physiognomy of the wisest of heathen sages, and the god-like form of his ungracious pupil. I am afraid that you will smile at my enthusiasm. I trust that you will indulge it, however, in one who, fond of historic recollections, had never before seen a remnant of antiquity. The tablet is called the marble of Choiseul, having been discovered and brought from Athens by the Comte de Choiseul in 1788. "

The funeral urns are numerous. They are generally of nearly a cubical form, about two feet high and a foot and a half wide. They are hollow, of course, and contain, besides the inscription, the bust of the dead in bas-relief, or some emblematic device. With the inscription of one I was particularly charmed. After reciting the name and family of the deceased, it concludes briefly, but pathetically, (I think,) "O. Philomenes, son of Doritheus, farewell! how brief is human life! how transient is the very grief that mourns its close! how rapid is the change of generations!" These frail memorials have survived the very ashes of the dead. Besides the ordinary urns and cippi, there are in the museum a number of sarcophagi, composed of marble, and shaped like an ordinary chest. The most curious and beautiful, is one found in the last century in a monument belonging to the family of Atius, on the road from Rome to Ostiæ. Along the front side is an exquisite bas-relief, representing the nine muses in appropriate postures and with their proper emblems.

On one end, Calliope holds an interview with Homer; and on the other, Erato with Socrates. The lid is ornamented (strange accompaniments these, of death!) with groups of bacchanals, fauns, and sileni, in the merriment of a drunken festival.

The finest bas-relief in the collection, is one about two feet high by seven in length, representing the Panathenæan festival. The virgins are in the act of entering into the temple, and returning to the architheori and nomophylakes the utensils of sacrifice which they had carried in procession. The attitudes and draperies, the whole composition of the piece, are incomparably fine. How could it be otherwise, when they were executed after the designs and under the direction of Phidias? How could it be otherwise, when the bas-relief itself constituted a part of the frieze of the Parthenon? How could it otherwise, when, placed in a conspicuous station, a little to the left of the principal entrance of the building on the eastern side, this beautiful work of art had often attracted the attention and satisfied the taste of even the critical Athenians? That splendid city is now in ruins, that noble temple is crumbling fast to dust; and instead of complaining, as some have done, we should be grateful to the hands which have preserved from Turkish barbarity and Greek indifference these exquisite memorials of their past magnificence. This was brought to France by the Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier.

PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.—CHAMBER OF PEERS.

THE collection of the arts, which stands next to the Louvre in the general opinion, is the gallery of the Luxembourg, containing a few modern statues, and upwards of a hundred

pictures by living French artists. If you exclude one or two fine specimens of perspective by Granet, the same I believe who painted the far-famed Capuchin Chapel, and one or two of the statues, which are truly beautiful, there is scarcely any thing else (I speak my own opinion with hesitation) that would attract a second visit. It appears to me that, although the drawing of the French school is sometimes fine, yet that the effect of it is lost by the theatrical attitudes into which their figures are uniformly thrown. Their coloring, besides, is unnatural, and frequently intolerably so. There is one picture, for instance, of Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, over which is cast a red and lurid glare, such as we might expect in an imitation of the atmosphere of the infernal regions, and no where else. The light is supposed to be the effect of sunset. It may exist in nature, though I have never seen it. It may be *vrai*, but it is not *vrai semblable*. There are others equally objectionable; but as I am neither fond of finding fault, nor entitled to do it by any diploma in connoisseurship, let us leave this disagreeable subject.

In the same building is to be found the Chamber of Peers. You ascend to it by a noble marble staircase, decorated with couchant lions, trophies, and statues. These last were many of them erected by Napoleon, in honor of the great generals of the age: Caffarelli, Marceau, Joubert, Kleber, Dugommier, and last though not least, the gallant and devoted, though unfortunate Desaix. If the statue of Desaix be at all a *résemblance*, he possessed a form and face such as one would select among all the world for those of a hero. In making your way to the Chamber of Peers, you pass through a sufficient number of ante-chambers to remind you of the dignity of the august body towards whose *adyta* you are approaching. Though destined only for the use of lackeys, messengers, &c. they are all ornamented with statues. The chamber itself is semicircular, its diameter being about eighty feet. The vault, which is painted with the representations of the

civil virtues, is sustained by corinthian columns, between which are placed statues of Solon, Cincinnatus, Demosthenes, Cicero, Cato, &c. The seat of the president is in the middle of the straight side of the room. On each side of him sit the secretaries of the chamber. Before him, in the place where, in our own country, the secretary would be stationed, is the tribune. No member can speak from his seat, but is obliged to mount the tribune, which is elevated about two feet from the floor, and is enclosed only in front. This custom of the French legislature has been considered as tending to the destruction of eloquence. Its bad effects, however, would be greater in any other nation than in this. The French are by nature so vehement, impetuous, and enthusiastic, that with them some check upon the fiery spirit of debate would really appear to be necessary.

The peers of France are by no means so conveniently accommodated as our senators, being furnished only with chairs crowded closely together. It may be very well doubted, however, whether this arrangement does not tend to the despatch of business and to a greater degree of attention to the subject immediately before the house. If members are furnished with tables on which to lounge at ease, spread their newspapers, and write their letters, they will be strongly tempted to do all these things. The consequence is not only an undignified appearance, but an actual delay of public business, and a melancholy deterioration of the eloquence of the senate. The long-winded and rambling speeches of which some are disposed to complain, and which many are willing to assign as the cause of their inattention, appear to me to be in part, at least, the legitimate fruit of that very inattention. Members can occupy themselves pleasantly and profitably in other matters; consequently, the opinion of the house, which under other circumstances would be sufficient to control the character of the speeches addressed to it, is not expressed and felt. Besides, if there be any

thing which comes over the soul like the very chill of death, it is the obstinately pre-occupied attention of an audience. I myself have seen, in more than a single instance, the tongue of the youthful orator, who rose with high determination to vindicate the cause of truth and the interests of his country, falter, and the inspiration fade from every glowing feature, before its freezing influence. Embarrassment in one case seemed to bind the faculties of the speaker as in chains of iron, and wholly forbade their exertion. In another, discouragement reduced him at first to prosaic discussion, and soon to silence. The appearance of the Chamber of Peers is even now magnificent, but must be much more so during the session when the walls are covered with blue velvet, embroidered in gold, with the insignia of the monarchy.

THE JARDIN DU ROI, FORMERLY THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

THE Jardin du Roi, formerly the Jardin des Plantes, is situated on the bank of the Seine opposite the *Pont du Jardin du Roi*, formerly the *Pont d'Austerlitz*, in the south-western extremity of the city. During the visit of the Allies to Paris it was near being destroyed by Blucher, who seems really to have entered France in the spirit of an Attila. He wished to make a camp of this noble scientific establishment, and was only prevented by the interference of Humboldt. It was commenced by Louis XIII. in 1626, and is, I should think, about one half a mile in length, with an average breadth of more than a quarter of a mile. It is designed to embrace a collection of all the plants, beasts, and birds, from every quarter of the world. A part of the garden is devoted to esculent vegetables, another to herbs, another to

flowers, another to trees ; in another part you see inclosure after inclosure, inhabited by animals and fowls, wild and domestic, of every land and climate : elephants and buffaloes, deer, sheep, goats, rabbits, zebras, birds of paradise, swans, dodos, creatures of forms and colors utterly unknown to you. The savage animals are placed in ditches, or in a range of stone buildings with an iron grating. The stables of the *paisible* animals, as they are called, are separate, each in its inclosure, and are so built as to be appropriate to the habits of the animal, and form ornaments to the garden. Extensive hot houses are erected for the preservation of plants unsuited to the climate. The aviaries are surrounded with wire, to prevent the birds from escaping. One of the most curious animals in the collection, is the giraffe or camelopard. Its body is about four feet long, while the whole height of the animal, of which the neck constitutes the greater part, is no less than fourteen feet. Its skin is regularly and beautifully spotted with light brown upon a white ground. It is constantly confined during the winter in an apartment heated to a temperature equal to that of its native climate. In the same building were kept gazelles, (to the beauty of whose eyes the oriental poets were so fond of alluding) antelopes, zebras, elephants, dromedaries, a buffalo, and a bison.

The cabinet of natural history is probably the most extensive in the world. It is contained in a range of buildings I should think two hundred feet in length. On the lower story you first enter into the collection of fishes. These are admirably preserved, some being dried or stuffed, and some being placed in spirits of wine in glass vessels. They are so numerous as to give one new ideas of the populousness of the ocean. Then comes the serpent kind in all its disgusting varieties, and next the still more disgusting though less noxious toad. Presently you enter the receptacle of collections from the mineral kingdom. The specimens are all different, one from another, and are very neatly arranged,

each with its proper label. From gold to iron, from the diamond to the pebble, nothing seems to have been omitted. Next you are presented with every variety of fossil, with the remnants of the world before the flood. With these specimens Cuvier was assisted in his discoveries: discoveries which have given a new and most interesting science to the world. Further on, the shelves are crowded with petrifications of birds and fishes, and moluscons animals, and vegetable matter, exhibiting even the caprice of nature in changing the condition of her own creations. On ascending into the second story you are introduced into a parliament of monkeys. Hundreds, of as many various sorts, grin from the glass cases in which they are deposited. You look on one after another, until you feel humbled by the resemblance of these contemptible creatures to your own boasted humanity. Something more noble awaits you further on. The lion and his mate, the "armed rhinoceros and Hyrcan tiger," the pard, the leopard, the panther, the jaguar, the congar, the hyena, the elephant, the bear, white, black, and brown, the hippopotamus, the phoca; and more in number and variety than I have memory to recollect, or time and space to mention, encounter you on every side. By and by you arrive at the feathered race, and behold it in all its variety, from the bird of paradise to the ugly owl; from the ostrich eight feet high, to the tiny humming bird, the gorgeous plumage of the peacock and the parrot tribe, the ingenious construction of the penguin, hues as various as the rainbow, and shapes as diverse as the leaves of the forest. Through the midst of the apartments to a vast length, is extended a range of cases embracing (it would seem) every insect visible to the eye, and every shell that lies upon the sea-shore, or lurks in the caverns of the ocean. This wonderful exhibition closes with a collection, from which you are excluded by a railing, I know not for what reason, of the deer kind, in which there are no less than three giraffes. The animals of the collec-

tion are admirably stuffed ; every thing is in the highest state of preservation, and of course scientifically arranged. The cabinet of comparative anatomy occupies a building by itself. In the court, is the skeleton of an enormous fish called a cachalot, at least sixty feet in length.

I had seen mummies in the United States ; but as I was at the time aware that the manufacture of them had been made quite an occupation, I had never felt secure of their authenticity. Here, however, I gazed on these remnants of antiquity, these horrid mementos of mortality, without a latent suspicion to disturb the unconstrained indulgence of my antiquarian taste. How ridiculous become all the honors of the world, when one reflects that this wretched resemblance of a man was, perhaps, the hero of his day, the greatest author of his time, a noble, a general, a minister of state. How absurd seem all the high pretensions of beauty, when the thought strikes you that this livid, withered, parched, and hideous effigy was, it may be, the Venus of her age, a belle at the court of Sesostris or of Pharaoh. How irresistible is the conclusion that the only fair, as it is the only enduring, the only honorable, as it is the only immortal part of man, is the intellectual, the spiritual, the accountable soul. The other remains in this collection are too multifarious to attempt any description. In long halls on two stories of a building about one hundred feet in length, is exhibited the anatomy of birds, fishes, beasts, and men, affording a rich feast to the scientific, and to me matter of unbounded and astonished admiration. Indeed I know of nothing that can give a higher and juster idea of the splendor of the public establishments of France, than these magnificent collections and their adjoining gardens.

CEMETERY OF PÈRE LA CHAISE.

I went yesterday to visit the cemetery of Père la Chaise. It is just without the Barrière d'Annay, and occupies a space of fifty-one French acres. It is situated on the side of a hill, the most easterly of the range which environs Paris on the north and northeast, and affords a beautiful panoramic view of the city. Having fortunately chosen a clear day for my visit, I enjoyed this view in great perfection. In the distance lay the heights of Calvaire, Montmartre, and Bellevue, diversifying the horizon with their graceful outline. These marked, respectively, the northwest, north, and northeast quarters of the heavens. In the southeast rose the castle of Vincennes, the ancient place of confinement for prisoners of state, which has witnessed, I doubt not, in its day, many a scene of cruelty and injustice, but none more atrocious than the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, which was perpetrated in its ditch. Immediately beneath me lay the wide-spread city, the modern Babylon. Towers and spires and domes rose above the smoky atmosphere, which hung as a canopy over the lower regions of this bustling world. There was something striking in the contrast. Here was the calm repose and silence of the grave. There was life in all its activity, and in all its varied interests. One out of suits with fortune, and tired of the world, might have been tempted to remark, that these were just representations of the several states of man. Here, in the regions of death, all was peace and verdure and beauty. There, in the haunts of life, were nought beside smoke and filth and noise and jostling crowds. Here no man interfered with his neighbor; all were equal in their rights and their possessions. There the rich trampled on the poor, and the violent or designing invaded the rights of the weak or the simple. Even the man who has the enjoyment of life in his power, might be

led into such or similar reflections, by this beautiful retreat of the dead. Its shaded walks, its thickly interspersed ever-greens, its beautiful monuments, its touching inscriptions, the chaplets of flowers hung on every tomb, are calculated to divest the grave of half of those imaginary and associated horrors which influence alike the minds of all.

The monuments are of every shape and size. The pillar, the simple tablet, the funeral urn, the bust of the deceased, the obelisk, the Grecian temple, and the Gothic chapel, serve in turn to point to the receptacle of the dead. The most beautiful, perhaps, though it has many a rival, is an open Doric temple, about sixteen feet in length by ten in breadth, erected over the remains of the Countess Demidoff, the wife of a Russian ambassador. In the centre of the temple is a beautiful sarcophagus, which, as well as the temple itself, is of white-veined marble. The most curious is decidedly the monument of Abelard and Eloisa, in the form of a Gothic chapel, of the same size with that above mentioned. In niches, on one of the gable ends, are busts of these famous personages; and on a bier in the centre of the chapel, they are represented at full length, extended on their backs, with hands clasped upon their bosoms. The busts of Abelard correspond with his reputed character. His genius, no doubt, was great, and his attainments for the age in which he lived were truly wonderful; but his story, and his platonic, have more than counterbalanced all their benefit. This sepulchre was brought from the garden of the Paraclete, at the time of the breaking up of the convents during the French revolution, and was placed here when the cemetery was first opened, in the year 1804. The inscription was illegible at the distance at which we were kept by the railing that surrounded the chapel. We were shown the monuments of Massena, Kellermann, Davoust, Serrurier, and Suchet, those brave and skilful soldiers, whose names were once the "boast and dread of war." In a melancholy inclosure, surrounded

by evergreens, with no monument but a simple stone, without inscription, to mark the entrance of his vault, lies the once admired "bravest of the brave."* He died, it is true, a traitor, and justice must sanction the sentence by which he bled ; yet, surely there were palliations of his guilt. It was more, almost, than the heart of man could resist, that appeal from his ancient master, his instructor in the art of war, and the author of his fortunes. The habit of obedience, the common sentiment of gratitude, the returning influence of that extraordinary man, who called him once more to combat by his side, were enough to confuse the sense of right in almost any understanding, and to appeal to any heart with an energy almost irresistible. In another part of the grounds are to be found the tombs of Molière and La Fontaine, Delille, David and Talma, Lanjuinais, Foy and Manuel. One remarkable indication of the popularity of the liberal party in France, might be seen in the fact that the hallowed earth, beneath which lay the bodies of the two last, was literally covered with chaplets. I have said, just now, that in the grave there is an entire equality. The fact is true, but is far from being felt when standing beside the tomb of a distinguished man. It covers nothing, indeed, but dust ; and the assertion of the poet cannot be denied, that "hero dust is vile as vulgar clay." Yet there exists somewhere an attraction, which draws your feet in preference towards his grave ; a spell, which detains you to gaze upon the consecrated spot. This cemetery, I am told, is frequently the scene of touching demonstrations of affection. I was so unlucky as to witness none.

* Marshal Ney.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

WINDSOR—ETON—ARRIVAL AT OXFORD.

ON Wednesday, the nineteenth of August, I left London for Windsor. Although lodged in the west end of the town, and although my road lay westward, I did not escape the annoyance of pavements, and of passing between two rows of houses, until I arrived at Brentford, seven miles distant from the nominal limits of the overgrown capital. Brentford is the country town, where the elections of Middlesex are held. From hence, the road lay through a level region, which in almost any other country than England would be highly uninteresting. Here, however, the neat brick-built villages, the comfortable thatched cottages of the laborers, the rich cultivation of the fields and their walls of living hedge, but above all, the frequent lawns and parks, with their venerable trees and rich velvet verdure, constituted a scene of perpetual beauty and pleasing variety.

Between Brentford and Isleworth, we swept by the gate of Sion-house, now a part of the immense possessions of the Duke of Northumberland, but once, I believe, appertaining to the crown. At any rate, it was here, if I mistake not, that queen Catharine was imprisoned when removed from the throne; it was here too, that the corpse of her tyrant husband, Henry VIII. rested, on its way to Windsor Castle;

and here also, on the termination of his successor's life, the Lady Jane Grey unhappily consented to assume the crown : —melancholy associations these, of oppression, death, and involuntary hapless usurpation. It is unfortunate that the fear of his mistress would not suffer Shakspeare to found an historical drama on the fate of Lady Jane. What a heroine for his magic pencil ! Lovely, highly gifted by nature, and accomplished by education ; youthful, but newly married to the beloved of her heart ; fondly attached to the quiet of domestic pleasures and the tranquil pursuits of study, her life bade fair to be as happy as the doom of mortality permits. Only by the persuasions of her ambitious guardian, and more by her mistaken sense of duty, was she led to err. The contest of conflicting obligations ; her duty to the royal blood upon the one hand, and the protestant cause upon the other ; her desire to continue with her beloved Dudley in the shades of private life, and the sometimes, probably, intruding wish to see how well he would become a throne, afford a field for strong situations, and powerful developments of feeling and of character, not to be surpassed. And then her death !—If even the historian could make the bare narrative pathetic, what would it have become in the hands of him who could lend so deep an interest even to the woes of Catharine of Arragon ?

As we advanced upon our way, the towers of Windsor Castle began to show themselves from time to time, seated upon a low eminence on our left, yet rising above the surrounding plain, in proud supremacy. I hailed with a species of awe, even at a distance, the birth-place, the residence, and the mausoleum of England's long line of kings ; her Plantagenets, her Tudors, and her Stuarts ; names associated, from my earliest years, with tales of victory, with acts of wisdom, with histories alike of triumph and of suffering. Between us, however, and this majestic abode of royalty, lay those "distant spires" and "antique towers" of Eton, so

exquisitely celebrated by the muse of Gray ; so interesting from the recollection of the master-spirits, a Boyle, a Waller, a Chatham, a Gray, a Fox, a Canning, who have been nursed beneath their shadow ; and so endeared by the remembrance which they cannot but revive of one's own boyish days, spent in similar employments, though perhaps in a widely different and distant scene. We passed rapidly along the low brick edifices, which line the road ; paused for a moment before the plain but venerable Gothic chapel, with its low towers and massive buttresses ; and dashing speedily across the Thames, here not more than fifty yards in breadth, found ourselves in Windsor.

It was near evening when I arrived. I wandered forth immediately, without guide or compass, and bent my steps towards the castle, which closely overhangs the town. Passing under a Gothic archway, flanked by two towers of considerable size, I found myself within an irregular court, surrounded by venerable and imposing edifices, and still more numerous by crowding shadows of the past fitting in obscure sublimity before my mental vision. Upon the left lay the chapel of St. George, with its long line of buttresses and windows, rich with tracery and hoary with age. Upon the right arose, above a low range of battlemented buildings, connecting them together, two venerable towers, overgrown with ivy. In front, raised on a lofty circular embankment, was seen the keep, large in circumference but low in height, the splendid prison of king John of France, and David of Scotland ; and in later times, of the gallant Surrey, the poet, the courtier, and the cavalier, the Sidney of his day, still surmounted by the broad banner of England. On the right and left of the keep were seen in the distance here and there a projecting tower, belonging to the long south front, occupied by the king's private rooms, or the north front, which contains the state apartments.

I remember no scene which came home like this to my

remembrances of chivalric glory. In Italy, still more in Germany, the ruins and remnants of that romantic era had excited but indefinite, though deep and pleasing, emotions in my mind. Here, however, I felt as if treading on my native soil. Names familiar as household words, characters painted in memory in all their varied shades, deeds impressed in all their details, came flowing in upon me :—William the Norman, Henry the second and the lion heart, Edward the first and the third, with the young hero of Cressy, the far reaching Bolingbroke and his once truant Hal, the victor of Azincour, the pious Henry, Margaret of Anjou, and their conqueror of York, the maiden queen, the high-souled but mistaken Charles, with all that England boasts of interest in her long eventful story.

Another rush of recollections suggested, in this noble residence of its sovereign, the supremacy of this little island : for centuries the conqueror of France, and possessor of her fairest provinces ; afterwards, the colonizer of the four quarters of the globe ; lately the deliverer of nations, still the arbitrator of Europe. Yet a deeper reverence stole over my mind, as I thought of the days of Runnymede, when the tyrant John was besieged in this very castle ; and of all that has followed from that tyrant's compelled liberality ; a liberality which gave to his subjects the foundation of that constitution, from which has been derived, remotely or directly, all of liberty that now blesses my own country and continent, redeems France from her ancient bondage, extends its beneficent protection to enlightened Germany, and soon must reign triumphant even on the Danube and the Wolga, perhaps upon the Tiber and the Po. With such ideas thronging upon me, I had neither time nor disposition to observe things merely external. A closer view of these I postponed until the next morning.

Windsor Castle was founded by William the Conqueror, and has been ever since his day, more than any other, the

favorite residence of his successors. From time to time it has been enlarged, altered, and repaired, and is even now undergoing great improvements. Its principal part is called the upper ward, and consists of a very large quadrangle, three sides of which are surrounded by long ranges of imposing Gothic edifices. Their exterior fronts particularly, composed of towers of various form, height, and size, yet preserving a certain regularity, are most striking and majestic. The lower ward or declivity of the hill towards the west, is occupied by unconnected towers, the chapel of St. George, the deanery, and the mean and miserable cloisters, surrounded by the ruinous and wretched habitations of the minor canons and poor knights. The only parts now shown to strangers, are what are called the state apartments, and St. George's chapel. The interesting keep is not now exhibited, as the masons are at work in adding to its height, which will be raised, it is said, fifty feet.

The state apartments are much in the condition in which they were left by Charles II. and are utterly unworthy of the taste and wealth of a British monarch. I have seen many a suite of apartments in many a private palace in Italy, in every respect superior. The collection of pictures made by Charles II. and increased since his time, is liable to still greater loss upon the same comparison. With the exception of an exquisite head of a young girl reading, by Correggio, one or two pieces by Guido, a number of portraits by Vandyke, among which a full-length of the Duchess of Richmond is certainly one of the finest in the world, and the licentious portraits of the licentious beauties of Charles's licentious court by Lely; the gallery is wonderfully deficient in merit and interest. You encounter, it is true, the names of Da Vinci and of Raphael on the catalogue, but you do not recognize their genius upon the walls. Even my patriotism could not induce me to admire the stiff composition, bad drawing, and exaggerated coloring of West, as exhibited

in the king's audience chamber. As to the furniture, it is mean, old, and sparse ; and what can be said of the taste which placed an enormous and clumsy model of a frigate, made of teak wood by native ship carpenters in the East Indies, in the midst of the queen's ball-room ?

The same complaint, of deficiency of interest, cannot be made with regard to St. George's chapel. The building consists in a long nave and choir, separated by a close screen. The nave is supported by a double row of columns ; and covered by a lofty, light, and neatly ornamented roof. Its windows are not painted, except with a narrow border, and from that cause lose much of their effect. Its monuments, however, are extremely interesting. In one chapel lie entombed the remains of the fourth Edward and his queen, with a wrought steel monument. Not far off reposes the dust of his victim, brought hither from Chertsey.

" Let softest strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps ;
And fast beside him once-feared Edward sleeps ;
Whom not extended Albion could contain,
From old Bolerium to the German main.
The grave unites, where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie the oppressor and the oppressed. PORE.

Here, too, is the gorgeous monument of the princess Charlotte, the hope and grief of England ; those of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, and of the marquis of Worcester, the most able, persevering, and gallant partisan of Charles I. In a vault beneath the choir lie the severed head and trunk of his martyred master ; and in the same receptacle, the broad and burly frame of the second of the Tudors.

The choir is truly magnificent. The stalls of the knights of the garter are ranged along its sides, surmounted by the banners of their several occupants, and bearing brass plates,

recording their names and titles. When a knight dies, his banner is taken down, but the plate is left as a memorial. Among these may be seen the recorded names of Buckingham, of Hastings, and of Stanley, who figured in the times of Richard III. and are preserved to fame or infamy in Shakspeare's verse ; of the accomplished Surrey, of the gay courtier and polished villain Leicester, of the grave statesman and profound politician Burleigh, of Sigismund of Germany, of Charles V. and his rival Francis, and a host of others, known alike to history.

Standing at the entrance of the choir, and looking through its bannered pomp, the eye rests at the opposite extremity upon its richest ornament. This is a large painted window, occupying almost the whole rear of the choir, and representing a single subject, the resurrection of our Lord. In the centre rises our Saviour, preceded by an angel, and expected by cherubim, who float far above in glory, the affrighted soldiers cowering below. On one side approach the women to embalm the body ; and on the other, Peter and John, alarmed by the report, to seek its confirmation. The anachronism is obvious ; but the design, by West, is spirited, and the transparent coloring is rich beyond example. Without the brilliancy of the antique style, it has more depth and mellowness, and is superior in design and composition. It is certainly the most glorious window on earth, and an appropriate ornament of the chapel of a king, and the place of installation of the princely knights of the most distinguished order in the world.

In the rear of the chapel of St. George is a smaller one, built by Henry VII. as a mausoleum for the royal family. This design he abandoned on the erection of his chapel at Westminster. In the succeeding reign, the building was given to the aspiring Wolsey, to convert into a monument for his family. This purpose was of course defeated by his disgrace and downfall. James II. again resumed the design

of completing it; a design again interrupted by the revolution. Not many years ago, the present king caused it to be finished, and a vault to be made under its pavement. There rest the bones of George III., of the duke of York, and several other members of the royal family.

The prospect from the windows of the state apartments, and the raised walk immediately under the castle walls, called the terrace, is beautiful and peculiar. It had no pretensions to sublimity, nor a feature that was picturesque; it could boast no southern atmosphere to enhance its charms, no unclouded sky to reveal and heighten them. Yet have I never gazed on a scene so rich in rural beauty. Parks of venerable trees embowering palace mansions; plains of brilliant verdure mixed with the yellow tints of harvest; villages with modest spires, and in the distance, gently swelling hills, composed a landscape the most luxuriant in nature. Immediately at the castle's feet, as if under its protection, lay the town of Windsor; divided from the long street of Eton only by the Thames, now flowing in open sight between his verdant banks, and now seeking concealment beneath the foliage of overshadowing groves. Though the elevation of the hill is not more, I should think, than three hundred feet, yet so level is the country round, that the eye ranges in some directions a distance of nearly twenty miles; embracing a spectacle well worthy of a king, well calculated to remind him both of his resources and his responsibility.

Leaving the walls, I proceeded on a ramble through the Great Park, commencing at the long walk immediately opposite the principal front. This is a noble avenue, said to be three miles in length, bordered by two rows on each side of lofty and wide spreading elms, and stretching in a straight direction over hill and dale. In the rear, the venerable castle is always visible; becoming, from the nature of the ground, more lofty in appearance as you recede from it. On the

right and left extend as far as the eye can reach, verdant lawns, with clumps, and lines, and groves of ancient oaks ; and herds of deer feeding, reposing, and sporting, on their surface. It was delightful to see them trotting along, with step so springy and so light as hardly to bend the herbage ; or bounding more swiftly onward with a leap so graceful as scarce to seem an effort ; raising their dappled sides of every shade and mixture of brown and white, above the long grass or low shrubbery, rejoicing in their forest freedom, and guarded security from harm. The venerable oaks of Windsor, which have increased in strength and beauty during the lapse of ages, are not only trees, they are also monuments. One might almost fear to walk among them at night. One might almost expect to encounter on that open glade, the spirits of the mighty Edwards, careering with the lance ; to meet in yonder labyrinth the humpback plotting treason ; to be crossed in this melancholy grove by the murdered Richard, or the martyred Henry ; to be tormented beneath yon aged oak, like the fat knight of old, by the ghost of Herne the hunter and his merry imps.

From Snow Hill, an eminence about two miles distant, is enjoyed the best view of Windsor Castle. The whole south front, with tower and battlement, is there presented, flanked by the massive keep, continued by descending piles, and ending in the long line of pinnacles which terminate the buttresses of the chapel of St. George. The whole mass is raised above the lofty forest, and appears from afar indeed the fitting seat of dominion, the worthy citadel of the majesty of England. Into the small park of Windsor, I did not get admittance. I made the attempt, but was prevented by the guard. I am told that the greater part of it is reserved for the king's special use. His spirit is said to be in every respect more exclusive than his father's. Visitors are not admitted, even during his absence, to the modern apartments of the castle. He is right. There is no reason why

a king should not have his times and places of privacy, as well as any other gentleman. Whether he is wise, is another question. The common people, apt to regard a king's life as of course one of perpetual spectacle, are disposed to complain of their exclusion from that for which the nation pays.

The next day I visited Eton. Passing the bridge, I walked along the street bordered by fruiterers, confectioners, and pastry cooks, in which every third window exhibited balls, or fishing tackle, or percussion caps, about one third of a mile to the college itself. This consists in a double quadrangle, and is built entirely of brick. The boys, with the exception of seventy who are on the foundation, are not lodged in the building. They are accommodated at dames' houses, which stand thick around; but are even there under the personal superintendence of their masters. The whole number at present exceeds six hundred. The buildings, except a chapel, a large and plain, but very neat edifice, dating, I believe, from the times of Henry VI. the founder of the school, are low, and by no means elegant, though diversified by towers at the angles, and in the intervals. The library contains sixty thousand volumes, beautifully arranged. The school rooms, of which there are two principal ones, are the grand objects of interest. Not that they are remarkably beautiful, or even neat. They are long rooms, the walls of which are wainscoted for half their height with oak. Benches are ranged against the walls, but there are no desks. Here, thought I, the great men of England have for ages conned their lessons, trembled at the aspect of their master, recited, received approbation, and been flogged. The old woman who attended me, pointed out, with a ludicrous mixture of mystery and fun, the stage on which, and the instruments with which, criminals are punished. The former consists of two steps, on the lower of which the patient kneels, placing his hands upon the upper. The latter is a bunch of rods bound tightly together,

with a fine brush at the end, which must hurt exceedingly. If this last resort of discipline, (I mean personal chastisement,) sanctioned by the wisdom of our ancestors, be necessary in the process of public education, it ought always to be administered, as here, with tremendous severity, and yet without serious injury to the pupil; and thus be made to appeal to his sense of bodily pain, as well as to his sense of honor. If the latter is only to be appealed to, and he is not to suffer deeply in his person, some other mode of punishment is surely preferable.

It has been very much the fashion, for a number of years past, for the boys, on leaving Eton, to cut their names on the wainscoting of the school-room. It is literally covered with this species of carving, which, it seems, is encouraged by the master. "The doctor likes it," observed the old woman. Among those pointed out to me, the most remarkable names were C. J. Fox and G. Canning, carved high upon the wainscot by their own hands when school-boys. It was interesting to conjecture what may have been their thoughts at that period of life. The former, perhaps, distinguished as he was by birth, fortune, and talent, may have aspired even then at political distinction. Did the latter, born as he was in a far humbler sphere, without connections, wealth, or influence, ever, in his wildest vision, dream that he should become one day prime minister of England? Men, even the most ambitious, are so much the children of circumstances, their foresight is so limited, their designs for the future are so much suggested by present success or failure, that they are few who aim so high at the commencement of their career; and yet, perhaps, with some rare exceptions, those few are in the end most sure to attain their objects. Disappointments they may meet with; they may even fail at last. But what so likely to succeed, as the fixed purpose not to turn aside for other objects,—the resolute determination not to be defeated? Some one has well said, that "will is power."

My life on it, the post in which he died was the early object of the boy Canning's aspirations. But where is he now? Here is the work of his hand, yet fresh, and likely to endure for ages, while he is already mouldering in the grave. The contrast was a strong one. I felt as if the interval between his boyhood and his grave had never been: as if the gay school-boy, full of life and promise, had bade adieu to Eton and the world together. The play-ground extends in the rear of the college, bordered on one side by the Thames, and ornamented with trees ancient as the edifice itself. I could not but remember the allusions of Gray, some very affecting ones, in his ode on Eton college, to his boyish sports. I could not quote the lines, but I think I could have written something like them, so strongly did the scene remind me of my own.

From Windsor I went to Slough, two miles off, to take the coach for Oxford. From the simple church-yard of this village, Gray is said to have taken some of his descriptions in his celebrated elegy; to my mind by far the first of compositions in its tender and pathetic kind. Critics, indeed, may say that it is not original; they may find one idea here, and another there; but Gray, surely, never took the pains to gather these sybils' leaves. He had no need. He was inspired himself. Two great minds may easily think and imagine alike. A short distance beyond is the house of Herschel, where his huge telescope is still exhibited. From hence to Oxford, is a distance of thirty-six miles; the road leading over a succession of hills, and presenting many beautiful prospects.

The approach to Oxford is one of the finest I remember to have seen. A long line of Gothic towers and spires is presented to the view, rising above groves of broad-spreading venerable trees, with battlemented roofs peeping up at intervals, picturesque and interesting in form, and gray with the moss of ages. My feelings on approaching this city, hardly

admit of description. They were awakened by many recollections. I was about to enter one of the most ancient, and certainly the most splendid seats of learning in the world; the most religious university in Europe, the cradle of the English reformation. Here, once lived Wyckliffe; and here, Cranmer, and Latimer, and Ridley, attested the goodness of their cause by the sacrifice of life in its defence. I looked upon the bulwark of the church of England, the grand seminary of her clergy, the intellectual birth-place of great and distinguished men, of poets and philosophers, of soldiers and of statesmen, who have filled the world with their renown. What more was requisite to elevate and solemnize the soul; to bring it into deep accordance with the venerable magnificence of surrounding objects; to produce that harmony between the internal man and the world without, which is one of the most delicious, though one of the most rare sensations known to our minds? Having crossed on a fine bridge the classic Charwell, we entered the loyal and learned city, composed, one might almost say, of streets of colleges.

STRATFORD UPON AVON, WARWICK CASTLE, BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

STRATFORD upon Avon, though beautifully situated, is interesting for little, save as being the birthplace of Shakspeare. This, it is true, is enough to distinguish and endear it to every mind that can appreciate desert. For my own part, I have always considered him, in the union of great and shining qualities, in profoundness of intellect, and lofty and creative powers of fancy, as the most extraordinary person that England or the world has ever produced. With such admiration of the man, my emotions may well be con-

ceived, when I found myself in his natal chamber ; within the walls which protected, beneath the roof that sheltered him in his first moments of existence. Here his infant eye first opened to the light ; here his infant steps were guided ; and here his stupendous mind received its first impressions. What a mystery is the human intellect ! Can it be true, as Helvetius, I think, maintains, that all men are born equal in capacity, and that the difference soon and universally observable, is owing to early impressions made by the education of the nursery, or by external objects and circumstances seemingly trivial ? If so, what a process was conducted in this very chamber, in the formation of that infant mind ! At any rate, supposing the theory false in its extent, that nature, true to herself, ever produces endless varieties in the creation of mind as well as of matter—that she scatters every where in the intellectual as well as the material world, plains and valleys and aspiring eminences ;—still how vast was the influence exercised upon that mind within these very walls ! The song that beguiled his infant slumbers, the tale of fairy, witch, or goblin, that amused and interested his young credulity, must have been murmured in a voice of passing sweetness, and told with a charm of unequalled power.

The room, of which I have been speaking, is on the second story, large, square, and low. Its walls are covered with inscriptions, among which the only distinguished name which has escaped the ravages of time and mischief is that of Walter Scott, a kindred spirit of the mighty dramatist. The house is long and low, consisting of one story above the ground-floor. Its exterior walls are composed of beams at wide intervals, filled in with stone and plaster ; an ancient and barbarous mode of building, very prevalent in the old Swiss and German villages. Part of it is now occupied as an inn, and the other part as a butcher's shop. Around are the haunts of his boyhood—the village streets and lanes—the verdant banks of Avon—the forest parks of neighboring


propriators—all consecrated by the footsteps and musings of the youthful bard.

In the church of Stratford, a large and noble Gothic pile, well worthy to be his mausoleum, and even of its higher destiny, as the house of prayer and the temple of the living God—are the remains and monument of the poet. The latter was erected by his daughter, and contains his bust in a niche. Bearing, it may be supposed, at least some resemblance to the original, it seems to display his mind upon the lofty and expanded brow. Below, making part of the floor of the chancel, is his original tombstone, with an inscription said to have been written by himself. The humble and affectionate appeal, clothed as it is in simple language, is remarkably touching, particularly when we remember from whom it comes. It runs thus :

“Good freend for Jesus sake forbear
To dig the dust eneloased heare.
Blesse by ye man yt spares thes stones ;
And curst be he yt moves my bones.”

Beneath lie the bones of the poet—the mouldering remains of all that was mortal. Death and time, who spare nor kings nor empires, spared not even him. But genius has a privilege of immortality, which kings and empires do not always share, which time and death destroy not. That immortality is fame.

From Stratford I crossed to Warwick, principally with the view of visiting Warwick castle, one of the oldest, and certainly best preserved in England. Warwick castle is seated in one end of an extensive park, on a high mound immediately on the banks of the Avon. It overlooks a most delightful landscape, composed of wood and water, gay fields, and verdant meadows, blended harmoniously into one fresh delicious picture. The castle dates backward beyond the memory of man, and is supposed to have been founded even



before the conquest. Yet such is the state of its preservation, that not a single stone seems ever to have fallen from its place. It is built around a large quadrangle, the principal apartments lying on the side towards the river, and forming a most majestic, though irregular Gothic pile. The side through which you enter is composed of two picturesque and lofty towers at the angles, called Caesar's and Guy's towers, connected by a high and strong wall, with the gate-house in the centre. Over the moat, now dry, and passed by a permanent causeway instead of the ancient draw-bridge, you enter a narrow passage once closed by a portcullis, and more than one door besides, which leads you immediately into the quadrangle. Such was the effect of my approach to these ancient towers, that on passing through the gate-house, I was somewhat startled at running against an old blue-coated porter, whom at first I was near taking for an armed warder or a guardian dragon.

This worthy personage solicited my attention to certain relics of the olden time, which being deposited in his lodge, belong to his department. He showed me an immense brazen caldron, called Guy's porridge-pot, in which that fabulous personage was accustomed, according to the legend, to boil food for his retainers, now used on occasions of family rejoicing as a punch-bowl, of sufficient capacity to serve for the whole neighborhood; a rib, large enough to have belonged to an elephant, which he informed me erst flanked the bowels of the identical wild cow, who after ravaging and destroying all before her, was slain by the aforesaid Guy in single combat; a two-handed sword, among a quantity of rusty armor, weighing twenty pounds, and measuring five feet four inches, appertaining to the same doughty hero; a young tree, about ten feet high, in the shape of a walking-stick, which reminded me of that of Polyphemus, from which my worthy *cicerone* took occasion to remark that Guy, who was in the habit of using it, was eight feet eleven inches in stature.

From this region of ancient fable, I hastened diagonally across the quadrangle to the main pile of the castle, rising proudly, tower after tower of varied shape and height and size, and built entirely of hewn stone, which the hand of time has only polished, not defaced. Here, instead of a venerable seneschal, I was encountered by a dapper servant out of livery, who introduced me at once into the old baronial hall. It is a noble apartment, paneled with wood painted to resemble oak, and hung round with the trophies of the chase, and the ancient implements of war, the alternate sport and occupation of its chivalrous masters. I was somewhat astonished, I confess, at finding among swords and spears and maces, helmets, shields, and gauntlets, mail in full suit or in parts, wielded and worn no doubt by chevaliers among the noblest and most loyal of their day, the skullcap which once protected the round head of Oliver Cromwell. The most interesting object, perhaps, is a very richly carved oaken settee, the only remnant of the king-making Earl of Warwick. It bears, on two shields, the well known cognizance of that remarkable man, the double bear and swan. It is singular enough, that the only article remaining of one who was always in the field, the most unquiet spirit of an unquiet era, whose powers of body and mind and means were sufficient to set up and to pull down thrones, should be an emblem of peace and of repose. The other apartments of the state suite, though rather small, are very beautifully furnished with ancient cabinets and decorations. They contain some remarkably fine paintings, principally portraits by Raphael, Titian, Rubens, and Van Dyck. The most interesting are those of Queen Joanna of Naples, by the first, and those of prince Rupert, the marquis of Montrose, and Charles I. by the last. I was strongly impressed by the truth of the remark made frequently, I think by Scott, that the countenances both of this great marquis and his master were marked by an interesting, peculiar, and pro-

found melancholy, which to the eye of anxious attachment or fearful superstition, seemed to foretell their fate. Of the royal victim there are two portraits by the same great hand. The more remarkable is a large picture in which the king is represented mounted on a noble white horse, led or held by an attendant. It is placed at the end of a long dark gallery, but is very strongly lighted by a window in its immediate vicinity. The graceful animated group seems actually advancing from the canvass.

Quitting the principal apartment, and again crossing the court, the two remaining sides of which are surrounded by a high wall, whose monotony is broken by occasional watch-towers, I entered the garden. It is planted after the English fashion, with a great variety of trees and shrubbery, and laid out in broad walks and secluded alleys. Flowers are scattered only here and there, as if by the hand of nature, amid the foliage of overtopping shrubs, or beneath the protection of the oak, the cedar, or the elm. In the greenhouse is placed the celebrated vase found at Adrian's villa at Tivoli, and presented to the earl by Sir William Hamilton. It is of white marble, seven feet in diameter, and ornamented with finely sculptured heads and masks in *alto rilievo*. This ungenial climate has already covered it in part with a loathsome coat of green.

From Warwick Castle, I proceeded to the Beauchamp (pronounced by a horrid cacophony, Beechem) chapel, or Chapel of our Lady, attached to the church of St. Mary. The church itself is a fine Gothic pile, of the fourteenth century. It contains in its chancel the monument of a Beauchamp, the founder of the church, who lived as far back as the days of Stephen. It was preserved from a conflagration, which destroyed the original building. The noble knight and his lady recline in marble, on a raised platform, in true Gothic formality and stiffness. The Chapel of our Lady, though small, is, with its rich carving and

gilding, its painted windows, and brass and marble monuments, a perfect jewel. The monuments are all in the same style with the one already mentioned, displaying the effigy or effigies of the deceased, reclining on a raised platform. That of the founder of the chapel, a Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, is of brass, double gilt. Another, of marble, is of Dudley, earl of Warwick, brother of the celebrated Leicester. The most remarkable, however, is that of the favorite himself, and one of his wives, not the unhappy Amy, but, I believe, the widow countess of Essex. The effigy of this ambitious and daring, yet smooth and polished courtier, represents him in his age, with a countenance worn by remorse and grief. He is represented as if clad in armor, which the marble was once painted and gilded to resemble. These faded colors, that care-worn face, the thought of the corruption within the sepulchre, how did they seem to mock his boasted grace, and beauty, and accomplishments, his almost regal state, the escutcheoned splendors of his monument, and the high sounding titles of his epitaph !

From the tomb of Leicester, to the ruins of Kenilworth castle, is no unnatural transition. They lie about five miles north of Warwick, and about a quarter of a mile distant from the village of Kenilworth. The castle was originally erected in the reign of Henry I. by Geoffrey de Clinton, his chamberlain and treasurer. Under Henry III. it belonged to Simon de Montfort, the celebrated rebel, who perished in the battle of Evesham. Defended for a long time by his son, of the same name, it was finally surrendered to the king, in 1216, and immediately granted to his son Edmund, created earl of Lancaster. By the confiscation of this possessor's estate, it became the property of the crown under Edward II. Here this unfortunate prince was confined, until he had consented to resign the crown to his son, by whom the brother of the last owner was restored. Through his daughter Blanche, married to John of Gaunt, this prince

inherited the castle, which he greatly enlarged. In his son, Henry IV. it of course returned to the crown, where it continued until granted by Elizabeth to her favorite, Robert Dudley, one of the sons of the Duke of Northumberland, whom she raised soon after to the dignity of earl of Leicester. This magnificent noble is said to have expended sixty thousand pounds, an enormous sum in those days, in enlarging and beautifying the castle. In July, 1575, queen Elizabeth paid the earl that celebrated visit, which has given occasion to the most splendid historical novel in the world. Bequeathed by Leicester to his brother, the earl of Warwick, and from him descending to Sir Robert Dudley, Leicester's illegitimate son, it was seized under James I. by the crown, in consequence of some alleged disaffection in the banished Dudley, and given to Henry, prince of Wales. From him it descended to his brother Charles, afterwards Charles I. This prince granted its revenues to three persons, with whom it remained until the civil wars; when its chase was laid waste, its lake drained, its furniture plundered, its towers dismantled, and the magnificent castle reduced to a useless ruin. The connection, therefore, is not a slight one between this castle and some of the most remarkable persons and events in English history. The fortress of the fierce de Montfort; the prison of the unhappy Edward; the residence of John of Gaunt, and his aspiring son; the seat of the splendid festivities of Leicester and Elizabeth; the coveted retirement of the chivalrous Henry, that prince, the prolongation of whose life, had, perhaps, prolonged the race and reign of the family of Stuart; and though last, not least, the scene of that splendid fiction, which has realized to the present generation the manners and the characters of by-gone years, claims no small interest in the imaginative and recollective mind.

True it is now a ruin. The roof has long since fallen: the very floors have disappeared: scarce a chamber remains

entire : not a tower is perfect. But the funereal ivy creeps gracefully over its tottering walls, and amid the broken tracery of its windows ; the very winds appear to sigh amid these wrecks of splendor and of power ; every thing is in harmony with the mournful recollections which attach themselves to the memory of pleasures, beauty, greatness, guilt,—all buried in the grave. The outer wall, with its towers at intervals, still marks the vast extent of no less than seven acres occupied by the buildings and grounds of the castle. The splendid gate-house or barbican, built by Leicester, is still inhabited, consisting of four towers each four stories high, united by a battlemented wall of nearly equal height. It stands on the north part of the outer wall. The cause of its preservation was, that it was seized on for a dwelling by a Cromwellian officer. Though the ordinary access of the castle was through this gate-way, the entrance of queen Elizabeth was made through Mortimer's tower, now in a very ruinous condition, on the opposite or south side of the outer wall. Near this was the lake on which "honest Mike Lambourne," as he called himself, floundered on his dolphin. A scanty stream, and a marshy-looking plain, are all that remain of this once celebrated expanse of artificial water. From hence, passing with the splendid train, you find yourself in the base court of the castle. Standing in its centre, the noble pile rises before you in ruined grandeur, extending in the form of a horse-shoe, though with very considerable deviations from regularity, the two extremities being nearest the spectator. The right extremity is Cæsar's tower, the left a part of Leicester's buildings.

Commencing on the right, the gigantic tower first named attracts your attention from its vastness of size and massiveness of construction. Its walls are in some places sixteen feet thick. It is an oblong, with corner turrets ; and though it has lost much of its ancient height, is still lofty and commanding. It was the original keep of the castle, and dates

therefore back to the times of Henry I. Passing onward, you enter and ascend Mervyn's tower, on this side ruinous, though on the other still whole, over its own fallen masses. On the second story may be found a grained chamber, about twelve feet square, lighted by two high narrow windows. Ascending by a winding stone staircase to the third story, you find a pile of ruins, among which, however, you can still trace the outline of a chamber similar to the one below. Here was the allotted lodging of Tressilian, the asylum of the fugitive countess of Leicester, the persecuted Amy Robsart. I confess that, as I recognised the spot, I felt what I knew to be a fiction with all the force of fact. From hence, too, you look out upon the garden, a large oblong space, and on the adjoining pleasance, a small irregular plot, surrounded by a high wall. Within that inclosure, the ambitious courtier walked in guilty dalliance with the virgin queen; here, too, his alarmed wife betrayed herself a few moments afterwards to the incensed princess; and here the deceived Dudley sought vengeance with his sword upon his supposed rival.

Leaving Mervyn's tower by a short gallery, you find yourself within the precincts of the great hall. It is roofless, and long since floorless; its very walls are broken; not a pane of glass is left in its tall windows; their rich tracery itself is in great part removed. Still you may gain from what remains some idea of its former magnificence. Ninety feet in length by forty-five in breadth, you are led to suppose from its lofty windows that it once boasted a height equal to its other dimensions. What a scene it must have presented on that evening when, adorned with all the taste and wealth which Leicester could summon to his aid, it received the virgin queen and her splendid court! With what rich enjoyment, or pained remembrance, did I dwell upon the record of that night! The majestic presence of the virgin queen; the gay group of ladies; the glittering lines of courtiers;

the magnificent entrance of the favorite earl; the well-attested fable of the villain Varney; the supposed madness of the promise-bound Tressilian; the march of Blount up the whole length of that long hall, and the accolade bestowed upon his shoulder,—rose before me with almost the reality of a living pageant. The great hall forms what may be called the bottom of the horse-shoe. Turning, therefore, you enter a long suite of apartments, more peculiarly appropriated to the queen, but now utterly ruinous. They are called the white hall, the presence chamber, and the privy chamber, all large, and once magnificent, erected, as well as the great hall, by the head of the Lancastrian line. It is in the first of these, that the great historian places the final detection of Leicester's deceit. This is the scene of his return to honor; of the explosion of a jealous and disappointed woman's rage; and the touching exhibition of a statesman's sympathy.

SPEEDWELL MINE, IN DERBYSHIRE.

THIS mine was undertaken about seventy years ago, by a gentleman by the name of Oakden; and penetrates the solid rock by an arched passage, about seven feet high by five wide, for a distance of fifteen hundred yards, or nearly a mile. It cost even at that time fourteen thousand pounds, and a labor of eleven years; yet the quantity of lead ore obtained was so trifling, that the undertaking was at last given up in despair. We entered by a flight of steps, descending about ninety feet in the earth, and embarked, by the light of three dim candles, in a boat which, like Charon's, seemed almost too frail to transport any thing heavier than a spirit. The water, for the whole length of the passage, is

about three feet deep. We were shoved along by our guide, who made use for that purpose of the irregularities of the stone surface.

We had scarcely advanced a few yards, when we began to hear the tumbling of a water-fall, roaring louder and louder as we approached, and resembling the agreeable sound of one prolonged peal of thunder. Added to this was the tranquilizing idea, that the water-fall was in fact the descent of the stream on which I was floating, the security of whose gate, on the brink of the abyss, I had no means of ascertaining. Thus I proceeded, in a chilly atmosphere, amid dripping damps, with a light which was only darkness palpable, beneath a low arch loaded with the weight of a superincumbent mountain, about seven hundred and fifty yards. Here, upon the very brink of the cataract, which roared, of course, louder than ever, the boat was brought to shore. I stepped out of it, glad to be relieved from my constrained posture, and recovering that confidence which a man always feels when on his feet. The guide informed me, that I had landed in the devil's hall. I looked around, almost expecting to receive a fiery welcome from his infernal majesty. But all was the blackness of darkness. Here and there a chasm, darker than darkness itself, was distinguishable by its deeper shades. Here and there a wild projection of the rocks thrust itself forward, and caught the portion of a feeble ray from the taper held up by the guide. The abyss seemed to throw upward, occasionally, a flake of snowy foam, which its darkness would reject as uncongenial. Taking advantage of my silence, my Charon proceeded to inform me that I was in a natural cavern, the roof of which had never been discovered, though rockets had been thrown up in it to a great height; that the passage which I saw ahead was the continuation of the mine, and extended seven hundred and fifty yards further; that the abyss hard by was bottomless, having in fact received the whole of the rubbish of the further branch of the mine

without any apparent elevation of its standing waters ; and that men had been let down into it to the depth of one hundred and three yards, where they reached the surface of the pool, whose bottom, however, they could not find, though furnished with lines, I think, two hundred yards in length.

Having finished his account, he ascended about forty yards above the floor of the cavern, and lit a strong, blue light, which threw a horrid glare, as if issued from the infernal world, upon its wild, ragged outline, its lofty dimensions, and impenetrable black recesses. Descending, he placed us on the brink of the cataract, and held another blaze of similar composition above the tremendous void. Then we could see that the water rushed from a chasm just beneath our feet, throwing out foam and spray against the unequal sides of the devouring abyss, and mingling far below with a more placid mass, which gave back a cheerless reflection to the lurid gleam above. The lights were shortly extinguished, and I re-embarked with an impression that I had never seen nature in a guise more terribly sublime.

The subterraneous wonders of the place were not, however, yet exhausted. On our return, a beautiful effect was produced by sticking lighted candle ends, at intervals, against the sides of the passage. The appearance was that of a seemingly interminable succession of arches, which the lights reflected forward on the water from a great distance ; producing an effect which, after the horrors we had passed, was really gay and enchanting. While we sat gazing on this novel spectacle, the guide took advantage of a small recess on one side of the passage, to stop and insert a blast. Before he had ended, the smoke of the blue lights which he had lit in the cavern, was seen advancing toward us, obscuring the distant lights, while it assumed from their rays a luminous appearance. Having arranged his blast, and lighted his fusee, the guide pushed off a few yards, and we sat awaiting the report. I observed a little boy, the brother of the guide,



who was frequently in the habit of accompanying him in his excursions, crouch down in the bottom of the boat, as if under influence of bodily terror. I expected, from this circumstance, something startling. But when the explosion came, I thought that the mountain had fallen in upon us. Thunder itself, unless its auditor was in the cloud which produced it, could not appear so loud. The air was filled with sound: its vibrations, confined within this narrow passage, rushed against my face and chest, with a force that almost took away my breath. All the distant lights were extinguished in a moment, and two of those in the boat, though well protected, shared their fate. The prolongation and reverberation of the sound continued long to roll along the vault. This over, we made the best of our way out; and I confess I was rejoiced to hail once more the light of day; "*superasque evadere ad auras.*"

SCENERY OF CUMBERLAND—MR. SOUTHEY.

FROM Ambleside to Keswick, a distance of about sixteen miles, is one of the most delightful drives in the region of the Cumbrian lakes. Near Rydal-water, a small and not remarkable pond, Wordsworth has his cottage, not visible, however, from the road. The poet is looked upon among his country neighbors as a good deal of a recluse. He is very much given to solitary wanderings on foot, or in a little four-wheeled carriage, drawn by a single pony. He was absent on a tour in Ireland. Communicating with Rydal-water, succeeds the larger lake of Grasmere, a fine basin, surrounded on every side by picturesque crags and eminences, which are peculiarly wild in the north-west. The noblest feature, however, of the view obtained on entering the vale

of Grasmere, is the broad gap in the mountains at its northern extremity. Its vast size, and fine, majestic, gradual curve, opening to view a curtain of the sky, produce an effect of extraordinary grandeur. Through this opening, the road passes, ascending about seven hundred feet. From the highest point, which constitutes the boundary between Westmoreland and Cumberland, a view is obtained of the western peaks of Skiddaw; and a little lower down, of the vale of Wythburn, the sloping declivities of Helvellyn, and of Leathe's-water, which laves the mountain's base. Bordered on one side by precipitous eminences, and indented by jutting crags, and on the other by Helvellyn and his scarce inferior brethren, this long but narrow lake presents a surface strikingly calm, dark, and gloomy. The road passes so close to the base of Helvellyn, that its summit is not visible. Though at a distance, the mountain's side had the appearance of no very steep declivity, yet on approaching more nearly, it is seen to be rent by chasms and broken by precipices, sufficient to endanger life in the descent. Not many years ago, a life was actually lost among them. The unfortunate individual was, I believe, an artist; and was crossing the mountain, towards evening, from Ulls-water, by a path little practised. The mists came in upon him with a density usual in these regions; a density which sometimes bewilders even professed guides; and from the time when he started, he is supposed to have been also overtaken by the shades of night. His body was not found until twelve weeks after; and was even then still guarded by his faithful dog. She had brought forth whelps in the interval; and had preferred to feed upon her offspring rather than abandon the body of her master. She was of the terrier kind.

At the termination of Leathe's-water a double valley lies before you, separated by a rough, craggy eminence thrown between them, a huge independent mass. On the left, spreads the broad, rich vale of Legberthwaite. On the

right, extends the longer, narrower, and more romantic valley of St. John. Near its entrance, on the steep side-hill, stands full in view the Castle Crag, wonderfully resembling a quadrangular Gothic castle with corner turrets; to which Scott has attached the romantic legend related in his *Bridal of Triermain*. This beautiful poem was originally published in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. It has since appeared with the name of the author prefixed. It was one of the favorite treasures of my earliest boyhood; and I cannot describe the thrill which ran through my veins, when I heard unexpectedly, from the lips of my driver, the, to me, really enchanted names of Castle Crag and Valley of St. John. The mode in which the lady of the lay became imprisoned in that rock-bound castle; her previous history, and that of her fairy mother; the tournament amid King Arthur's matchless peers; the sudden appearance of Merlin; the vigils of the brave Sir Roland; his strange admission within the enchanted walls; the trials of his courage, his purity, his passions, and the final dissolution of the spell, rose upon my mind with all that accuracy of detail and vividness of coloring which belong peculiarly to the impressions of early youth. I still must think this romantic tale the most animated, if not the best, of the author's poetical works.

At the termination of the vale of Legberthwaite, rises above the road the hill of Castle Rigg. From its summit and declivity on the other side, the traveller enjoys a view most varied and delightful. Beneath him lies the broad, rich vale of Keswick, sheltering the large white village in its bosom, and terminated on the northwest by the tranquil sheet of Bassenthwaite lake, and on the south by the romantic basin of Derwentwater. All around, upon the borders of the lakes, and in the eastern distance, lie mountains which are among the highest in England, infinitely varied in outline and arrangement. In the north, the long, graceful, and aspiring masses of Skiddaw, close the prospect.

In the midst of this scene of soothing beauty and abundant fertility on the one hand, and of picturesque grandeur and wild sublimity on the other, lives Mr. Southey; the character of whose genius seems to have been formed after, or itself actually to have given shape to, the material objects by which it is surrounded. He resides at Greta Hall, beautifully situated upon a rising ground near the river Greta. I found him in the evening, surrounded by his books and family, the most simple and unpretending of men. He is in person above the middle size, but slender, with something of the stoop and listless air of an habitual student. A retiring forehead, shaded in part by thick curled hair, already gray; strongly marked arching eye-brows; uncommonly full, dark eyes, blue I incline to think; a thin but very prominent nose; a mouth large and eloquent, and a retreating but well-defined chin, compose a countenance which, whether animated or contemplative, and it frequently changes its character, is at once impressive and attractive. To give you, perhaps, a more definite idea of his features, they resemble, in form and arrangement, those of Kirke White. Indeed, so striking is the likeness, that the mother of Kirke White was very much affected by it on her first interview with the biographer of her son. He converses very rapidly, both in language and ideas. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to keep pace with his mind, in its transition from one idea to another consequent upon or analogous to it. He asserts with great energy and decision; but this seems to arise, not from a disposition to dogmatize, but from a natural impetuosity and perspicacity of mind. He uses no gesticulation; but his features and his person are instinct with animation, and alive with nervous action. He frequently walks up and down the room, as if to expend a superabundant quantity of excitement. Though he has viewed the scenery of the continent with the eye and imagination of a poet, yet he seems fondly attached to the scenes among which he lives, and loves to point out their

beauties. Indeed, I should have discovered his favorite haunts, without his assistance. Mr. Southey's walks, and Mr. Southey's views, seemed to be almost as well known to my guide as to himself. I was delighted to hear him speak in terms of enthusiastic applause of an American production. He had lately received from the United States a book containing the life and remains of Miss Davidson. He remarked that he had never read a more melancholy or interesting story : that the young authoress, who died like Kirke White from over excitement, exhibited in her poems proof of uncommon early talent. I am persuaded that the idea too commonly prevalent in our country, that Mr. Southey is disposed to undervalue American genius, is incorrect. He evinces, it is true, a glowing attachment to his own country ; but he also displays in his countenance, manners, and conversation, the liberal views and feelings of a general philanthropist.

But to turn from the moral to the physical sublime. The adjacent lake is three miles long, and a mile and a half wide, constituting a beautiful oval basin. Its eastern side is environed by many a separate cliff of great height and beauty, fringed with trees, and hung with vines ; below which runs the road, and spreads occasionally, as at Lodore, a verdant lawn. At its southern extremity, which is narrowed to a point, opens the pass into Borrowdale between two lofty and savage mountains. In the midst of the pass, is seated a steep conical crag, itself a mountain, on the top of which once stood a Roman fortress. Above and beyond this, and through the chasms which constitute the pass, are seen range after range of higher eminences, thrown together in sublime confusion, terminating far in the distance in the wild Pikes of Langdale, and the lofty summits of Sea-fell. The eastern border of the lake is beautifully wooded ; and rises in general less abruptly, but into equally lofty mountains. Near its middle opens the sweet vale of Newlands,

whose unimpeded entrance and broad bosom, with the graceful flowing outlines of its bounding eminences, constitute a perfect contrast to the savage scenery of Borrowdale. The northern border is still different from the rest. The wide fore-ground exhibits verdant fields, a picturesque white church, houses, and groves, and villas, with the town itself, terminated westward by a range of heights which border Bassenthwaite ; but chiefly by the long independent masses of Skiddaw, seen from its very base to its aspiring summit, a most majestic back-ground for the landscape. The waters of the lake are the clearest I ever saw. Its bottom is a beauty in itself, so finely is it carpeted with mossy verdure. Its principal islands are four in number. Two of them contain about six acres each, and are beautifully wooded. One of these, still called Lord's Island, possesses a storied interest. On it was the mansion of Lord Derwentwater, executed for his share in the rebellion of 1715. After the failure of the expedition, his house was burned to the ground, and his wife obliged to fly. He and a number of his companions were executed with an atrocity of vengeance, which, with other cruelties inflicted more than once at Glenroe and elsewhere on the partisans of the Stuarts, must ever continue a dark stain upon the scutcheon of the house of Hanover. The ruins of his mansion are still to be seen, in part overgrown with turf, and show it to have been of great extent. Vicar's Isle is ornamented with beautiful grounds, and a pleasant looking house, and commands in every direction fine views of the lake. To the permanent islands, is frequently added another buoyed up by the hydrogen which it contains. Within the last thirty years it has appeared seven times ; and has remained upon the surface sometimes two or three months. Its size varies. It has presented an area of an acre, with a thickness of three or four feet. The soil is soft and porous ; not so firm as peat, and yet sufficiently so to sustain the human weight. This phenomenon

has never been explained. The cataract of Lodore, near the eastern border of the lake, is a fine arrangement of rocks, rising to a great height by successive steps ; but is wretchedly deficient in water.

The next day being pleasant, I ascended Skiddaw by a very steep road, six miles in length. This mountain, from its height, three thousand twenty-eight feet above the level of the sea ; from its independent situation, and its position as the last of the Cumbrian range towards the north, commands a most extensive prospect. From the hill of Latrigg, which constitutes the first *steppe* in the ascent, is a glorious view of the vales and lakes below, with the circumjacent mountains ; resembling that already described from Castle Rigg, but more wide and complete. When arrived at the summit, I was inexpressibly disappointed at finding that, although the sky was as clear above as any that I had seen in England, yet the haze lay close and dense upon the surface of the earth. I could but just distinguish in the north the broad bosom of the Solway Frith, and beyond, the line of Scottish hills. In the west, the Isle of Man, which is usually seen, and the Irish Sea, were veiled in vapor. Eastward, the Cheviots peered faintly above the neighboring mountains ; and Ingleborough, in the southeast, just showed his obscured head. Not far from the same direction, Windermere lay sparkling in the sun, and beyond, the sands of Lancaster. In the southerly quarter all the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland were seen ; Helvellyn, Seafell ; the Langdale Pikes, Grassmire, and a thousand more, the mighty waves of a vast earth-ocean. But what is Skiddaw to the Righi ? Where are the broad blue lakes, the snow-capped eminences, the transparent atmosphere, that surround that glorious spot of earth ? One never realizes so fully the disparity between Cumberland and Switzerland, as when stationed on the most boasted summit of the former.

EDINBURGH—MRS. GRANT—MACKENZIE.

I AM delighted with the appearance of this most picturesque of cities. The castle perched on a lofty rock ; the old town seated along a contiguous ridge, and projecting in wild variety its antique spires and spire-like chimneys ; Calton-hill opposite, with its monuments and observatory ; below, the new town, with its long broad streets and lines of palaces ; in the distance, upon one side, the perpendicular mountainous cliffs of Arthur's seat, and on the other the broad Frith, widening as it approaches towards the German Ocean ; constitute a variety of scenery, varying according to the position of the spectator, such as no other city in the world can boast. Far be from me the heresy of preferring it, upon the whole, to that of Naples or of Genoa ; but in the one point of variety it really exceeds them both.

I have seen Mrs. Grant of Laggan. 'That remarkable lady is one of the literary boasts of Edinburgh ; familiar with all the men of letters, and universally respected. She was the daughter of a barrack-master in the British army, and was in the United States at the age of thirteen, in company with her father, during the revolutionary war. She afterwards married a clergyman, who became a minister of Laggan, a small place somewhere, I believe, in the Highlands, from which she continues to derive her distinctive appellation. From these small beginnings she has raised herself by her talents and her virtues to high literary eminence, and an intimate and equal intercourse with people of the greatest rank and fortune. She is the author, as you doubtless know, of *Letters from the Highlands*, and *Memoirs of an American Lady*. She has lost nine children, all of whom died after they were grown up, and has but one surviving. She is herself a venerable ruin. She is so lame as to be obliged to walk with crutches ; and even with their

assistance, her motions are slow and languid. Still, she is not only resigned, but cheerful; her confidence in Divine goodness has never failed. I think I shall never forget that venerable countenance, so marked by suffering, and yet so tranquil; so indicative, at once, both of goodness and of greatness. Her broad and noble forehead above all, relieved by the parted gray hair, exceeds in interest any feature of youthful beauty which it has yet been my fortune to behold. Her conversation is original and characteristic; frank, yet far from rude; replete at once with amusement and instruction. She frequently, among friends, claims the privilege of age to speak, what she calls the truth; what every one indeed must acknowledge to be such, in its wisest and most attractive form.

One of the most remarkable days of my life, to be marked, as old Horace says, with a white stone, or bean, I really forget which, was the one on which I saw Mackenzie, "the man of feeling." I found him just returned from a drive, and seated, musing, in his study: a tall figure, wasted by age, with a venerable countenance, whose mild, beneficent expression age seems only to have heightened. I never saw a form and face so instinct with goodness, so attractive of affection. The tenderness poured forth in his works, seems diffused around his person; and I defy any man, that has a soul, to admire the former more than he shall feel inclined at once to love the latter. He received me with an air almost paternal, and broke at once into an animated conversation. It was then that his eye glowed with a fire which I had not anticipated, but which you may see sometimes exhibited in his portraits. He spoke of the continent at once with the fond recollection of age, and the ardent animation of youth. I thought of Julia de Roubigné, but did not venture to remind him of the scenes where his own story is laid. Out of compliment to me, he alluded to my own country, saying, that there was a manifest bond between

Great Britain and America, both by nature and self-interest ; and that for his own part he had always been an advocate for conciliation and friendship. He admired the elastic and enterprising spirit of my countrymen. I confess, I felt the prouder for his praise ; though, in such a case, my pride would reject the praises of most men. I should have been delighted to draw him into a conversation relating to the olden times, to the distinguished companions of his more youthful days ; a subject on which, it is said, he loves to expatiate, and sometimes expatiates to the delight of every auditor. Who, indeed, would not expect so much from the friend and companion of Johnson and Goldsmith, the living patriarch of letters ? This pleasure, however, I was obliged to forego, as I could presume neither to lead nor to fatigue him. After some further conversation, therefore, on Scottish scenery, and the direction of my tour, I withdrew. I cannot describe the impression left upon my mind by this interesting interview. I felt as I have sometimes done after watching the downward progress of the sun ; when the majestic orb was verging towards an apparent extinction ; when his warmth was abated, but more genial ; when his illumination was less brilliant, but far lovelier, than when he stood proudly at the zenith, and flung abroad his noon-day heat and splendor. And is not a good great man a sun to the moral world ? Is he not a source of light to the intellect, of warmth to every virtuous affection, of fruitfulness to the whole nature ? Alas ! that, like the sun, he can continue no longer with us ; that he too must set in darkness, and give place to the shades of night.

DOCTOR CHALMERS.

I HAVE seen and heard Doctor Chalmers. He is, as you doubtless know, professor of the Evidences of Christianity, at Edinburgh. He is attended by a class of about three hundred ; but a small portion of whom, however, are professional students. You may imagine with what interest and attention I listened to a man so generally distinguished, so peculiarly remarkable for his strength and eloquence upon the subject of his course. He is of low stature, and square built, with a full, but by no means corpulent person. His head is very large, though not disproportionably so. Features, regular and commanding ; a high, uncommonly broad, retreating forehead ; even and strongly marked brows ; eyes, though dimmed by study, yet mildly intellectual ; a straight, though prominent nose ; a well defined and proportioned mouth ; constitute a countenance uniting high degrees both of material and moral beauty. He commenced his lecture, seated ; but occasionally rose in the animation of his feelings, or to relieve himself by change of position. The feebleness of his voice is such, that it was scarcely more than a sort of elevated whisper ; but the very earnestness with which it occasionally endeavored to burst forth into sonorous sound, was irresistibly expressive. His accent is Scottish to a peculiar degree ; but in him, it wore only the appearance of Doric plainness, majesty, and strength. Defects, when characteristic of such a man, we cease to blame ; we almost admire them. His gesticulation is, in general, restrained ; but when he rises in the might of reason and of eloquence, nature throws aside the formality of the chair, and shows herself in varied and animated action. His hand, now here now there, now uplifted and now sweeping downward, seems to obey instinctively and simultaneously the impulse which lightens from his eye and bursts eager from his lips. A

mere declaimer might call his action ungraceful ; a man that has a soul would never think of it till it was over. It is easy to decide which is the better judge and test of eloquence.

Such was my first impression of Doctor Chalmers. I have now heard him often ; but the repetition of the pleasure has by no means diminished its vividness. On the contrary, like all real greatness and essential beauty, his mind and manner grow upon one's admiration. Besides, they appear in a variety of lights. While examining his pupils, he frequently interrupts the process for the sake of illustrating anew, or confirming, with an ardor that will not be repressed, some position formerly laid down. As these efforts are extempore, they exhibit more fully, in his face, person, and action, the intensely powerful workings of his mind. Yet there is no grimace. To reverse the sarcasm of Burke, he has all the inspiration of the sybil, without her contortions. On other occasions, while characterizing the books recommended in the theological course, he exhibits, besides his sometimes startling, but generally acute and strong originality, a pungent Scotticism, if I may call it so, for it seems characteristic of this people ; a dry and pithy humor, peculiarly appropriate to a critic. Among the books recommended on the subject of natural religion, happened to be Abernethy. I remember his remarking of this unfortunate author, that he was very meagre ; adding, by way of illustration, and as if a sudden thought had struck him, that he was, compared with modern authors, just what the old magazines, the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, for instance, were, compared to the rich and copious periodicals of modern times. Any one who has ever dipped into the lucubrations of Mr. Urban, cannot but feel the point of the illustration. In a new battle of the books, I am afraid that Doctor Chalmers would be found upon the side of the moderns. Even the venerable Cudworth, though treated with respect, was thrown aside. He

said, indeed, that he should be willing that two or three of his pupils should master the contents of a book, where an energetic mind was always visible, though busied too much in arranging hoards of useless learning ; but he discouraged them in general from attempting it. He remarked, that it was of but little importance what distinct shades of theism were maintained by all the different philosophers, or how many embraced the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. He concluded the subject by saying, that then was the infancy, but now the real manhood of the world ; and that as new and better books were multiplying and gaining ground every day, Empedocles and Anaxagoras must needs sink into oblivion.

He considers the morality of the gospel as little less than a miraculous proof of its authenticity. He rests his main argument, however, on the coincidence between conscience and revelation. Some of these views, at least in their extent, are peculiar to himself ; and are enforced with a strength and originality equal to that with which they are conceived. He considers the heresies of the German "biblists," to be chiefly owing to their devotedness to minute critical reading, and nice grammatical distinctions ; observing by way of illustration, that the mind, like the eye, when devoted for a length of time exclusively to minute objects, is apt to acquire a narrowness and subtilty of vision, incapable of taking in and justly estimating the various parts and relations of a great system. From the example of the German critics, he took occasion most appropriately and solemnly to warn his pupils, never to become so absorbed in the literature of the bible, as to lose sight of its spirit. Another warning which he gave extempore, was almost equally valuable ; and was delivered with a solemnity and caustic humor peculiar to himself. He said it was in clergymen a strange mixture of pedantry, and the most unfeeling cruelty, to disturb the minds of those under their charge, by producing and exalt-

ing the vast value of biblical criticism, in order to present themselves as in possession, like the Egyptian priests, of some mighty mysteries. Whereas the fact is, he continued, they are in possession of no mysteries at all. The disclosures of biblical criticism, are in themselves exceedingly minute and unimportant ; and that they are so, is the main argument for its grand and truly valuable discovery, the integrity of the sacred text. After this, the power of answering objections is its only valuable use.

The humility of Doctor Chalmers is most striking in his manner and conversation, and powerfully illustrated in his conduct. He refuses to preach in the more fashionable churches ; and confines himself to occasional efforts in one obscure church in Edinburgh, and to churches in the vicinity, where his officiating may afford real relief. Even then it is impossible to discover when and where he is to officiate.

THE SCOTTISH COURTS—SIR WALTER SCOTT—MR. JEFFREY.

THE court has been some time in session. The number of Scottish judges, or lords of session, it is well known is fifteen. They originally sat together ; but for the sake of expediting business, have long been divided. Six are called lords ordinary, and sit singly. Before one of these the parties appear in the first instance, with written statements of their respective cases. If there be any material difference in the statements, reference is made to a jury or commission, for the hearing of evidence, and the discovery of facts. In the great majority of instances, however, the parties, in order to avoid the expense and delay of such a reference, come to an agreement as to facts. The lord ordinary then, after hearing counsel, either reserves his judgment,

and sends the case to the inner court ; or applies the law, and decides it at once. This decision may either be accepted as final, or appealed from, to either of the inner courts. These are two in number, and are equal and independent in jurisdiction. They consist of four judges each. They receive the case as prepared before the lords ordinary, and after hearing counsel, pronounce upon the law. From either of them there is no appeal, except to the house of lords in parliament. The fifteenth lord of session has a separate office, and sits in the bill chamber. In criminal cases, here called judiciary cases, six of the lords sit on Mondays, when the other branches of the court do not meet, with a jury. The lords of session take their titles either from their names or their estates. These titles are merely honorary, and do not descend.

Such is a general view of the constitution of this celebrated court. Its appearance is in a high degree imposing. The interior arrangements of the court rooms are very much like those of our own. But a great difference exists in the costumes both of the bench and of the bar. The judges are habited in long robes of blue cloth, with loose sleeves, ornamented with knots of crimson ribbon, and with capes of crimson velvet. From under the chin hangs a long single band, of much the same appearance with a folded cravat. Their wigs are of a moderate size, well powdered, frizzled in front, but curled formally behind, and furnished with a pair of dependent queues. The bar is here divided into advocates and writers to the signet, as with us into counselors and attorneys. The advocates wear plain black gowns of silk, crape, or bombazeen, with loose sleeves falling below the elbow, and wigs similar to those of the judges. Unfortunately, however, these bashaws of two tails are in general placed with their backs towards the audience, so that the formal curls of the hinder part of the wig scarce duly powdered, to save the wearer's coat, together with the queues dancing

up and down and thrusting themselves forward and across each other, as if partaking in the argument, produce a most ludicrous effect. For my own part, I could wish that the advocates would retain the gown but abandon the wig. It really does not become the juvenile faces of the greater part of them, particularly when, as is very generally the case, the wearer has omitted to sacrifice his black, or at least unpowdered whiskers, to uniformity of appearance.

But let the judges retain their wigs; they are becoming to their age, and to the gravity of their function. Let all the rest of the costume be preserved in its integrity. There ought to be something in external appearances, which exercise so great an influence over the minds of men, to remind them strongly of the reality beneath; to recall, by visible emblems to their minds that, when they have entered the doors of a court room, they are in the sanctuary of justice; or that, when they have passed the threshold of a church, they are in the temple of religion. The Creator has distinguished man from the brutes by a nobility of port, which proclaims his supremacy and attracts their reverence; and men in every age have followed this hint from divine wisdom, by accumulating external distinctions around those of their own race, whom talent or fortune have elevated to a superior station. For my own part, I cannot tolerate that affected superiority to mere external show, which would discard all outward badges of distinction, as beneath the consideration of a reasonable being. I am apt to believe that some maintainers of this doctrine might perchance be found, who would feel somewhat ashamed to appear in the dress of a clown, after having been previously accustomed to the habit of a gentleman. Nor can I endure that spurious and persecuting system of philosophy, which would fain disperse all the prejudices of the vulgar, those prejudices so often the guardians of their virtue; while it supplies, and can supply, to them no intelligible principles as an adequate and more

enlightened substitute. Still less can I sympathize with that outrageous spirit of democracy which, in stripping from office every external trapping, aims, by the surest means, at making office itself contemptible, and breaking down every real along with every apparent distinction. All these elements I have seen, I think, combined in producing in the United States a condition of things, in the law, in the church, in the ministers of government at home and abroad, which diminishes our dignity in the eyes of foreigners, and which may lead to greater domestic mischiefs than it has already caused, or than I for one am willing to anticipate.

In the first division of the inner court, you find seated daily, in the capacity of clerk, no less a personage than Sir Walter Scott, unquestionably and by universal suffrage the literary wonder of his age. He is a tall man, of large but not well filled frame. His shoulders are remarkably sloping, giving an appearance of great longitude to his neck. He is very lame, the consequence of an accident which occurred years ago. When he walks, one knee bends under him and turns inward, making his progress very slow, and painful to the spectator. His head, bald upon the crown, is considered a wonder by phrenologists. It is certainly the highest above the ears I have ever seen; and if, as many allow who yet scout the science of phrenology, the front part of the cranium indicates the intellectual ability, as the hinder part does the animal tendencies of the individual, then the intellectual abilities of Sir Walter Scott must be marvellous indeed: a fact, however, for proof of which we need not resort to so questionable an authority. But if the head of this great man confirms one of the principles of phrenology, his features utterly contradict all the conclusions of a sister science. True, the forehead is capacious and finely formed, as far as you can see through the few gray locks combed down over it; and the brow overhanging and strongly marked. But the eye is small, and generally dim; and the

lower features of the countenance, at least when in a state of repose, bear no indications of the mighty spirit that dwells within. In court, he ordinarily appears as if asleep, or retired so far within himself that no thought or emotion disturbs the placidity of the exterior surface. Twice only, and I have watched his countenance for hours, have I there seen it illuminated with an expression indicative of his genius. On one occasion, his eye was turned on one of the spectators, and his countenance involuntarily became so quizzically humorous, that I really could not help laughing, and thinking to myself that he had recognized the original of his own Saddletree. On another occasion, his features were fixed in an attitude of concentrated woe, more eloquent than I should have thought them capable of assuming. His soul seemed to have escaped to the pastures of St. Leonard's, or the precincts of the Grassmarket, or to be wandering far away amid the groves of Ravenswood, or dwelling in the retirement of Cumnor. Such is an outline of the personal appearance of that extraordinary man, who has created a new era in literature; who has communicated the charm of classic association to every name and place which he has touched; who is the boast of Scotland, the glory of Great Britain, an honor and an ornament of human nature. Such, I should rather say, is an outline of his appearance in the revery and abstraction of his quiet station in court. For, in conversation, his countenance brightens with intelligence, and overflows with goodness. You forget what you lately thought his torpid and unmeaning features; you forget yourself and the world; you only remember that you are in the presence, and are listening to the accents of the greatest of living men.

Another object of perhaps equal interest in the Scottish courts, is Mr. Jeffrey. He is now dean of the faculty of advocates, ostensibly, and really, too, the head of the Scottish bar. He is a small man, remarkably light and active in all

his motions. The most marked peculiarity of his countenance, is a large, dark, and rather prominent eye, full of activity and fire. In his voice there is a charm but rarely to be met with. Deep, rich, and mellow, its bland and varied tones of themselves communicate pleasure to the ear. Periods of the utmost elegance fall spontaneous from his lips. Without effort, his imagination clothes his thoughts in images the most apt, the most illustrative, the most poetical, according to the subject of discussion. His knowledge seems universal. He has a quickness of mind, and I have seen it illustrated on more than one occasion, that flies to a conclusion over the heads of ordinary mortals, and astonishes them, not only by the rapidity of its movement, but by the directness of its course, and the infallibility of its aim. I can now imagine, what was before a problem, how he contrives, amid a multitude of professional engagements, that would of themselves oppress almost any other man, to write so much, as for a long time he has been known to do, on merely literary subjects. It is no effort to him to write extempore. Since his elevation to the place of dean of the faculty of advocates, some six months since, I believe, he has withdrawn from the editorship of the Edinburgh Review, though it is said to have yielded him fifteen hundred pounds a year. He is a gentleman of the old school, and possesses a cordial courtesy of manners, which puts one at one's ease with him, notwithstanding the consciousness of his eminent talents and distinguished reputation. His conversation is the most delightful that I have ever heard. He resides, in summer, at a charming retreat, called Craigrook, about three miles from Edinburgh, near the Queen's-ferry road ; where, surrounded with books and friends, and the most delightful scenery, he cultivates the muses. No one can visit him there, without being vividly reminded of Cicero, and the occupations and inmates of Tusculum.

THE SESSIONAL SCHOOL—MR. WOOD.

THE Sessional School of Edinburgh is one of the most interesting institutions that has come under my observation. It was founded some years since, under the patronage of the ministers of the established church, for the education of the children of the poor; and affords, at present, the means of instruction to more than five hundred. In cases where parents consider themselves too poor to pay any tuition fee, the children are taught gratuitously. In most instances, however, the trifling sum of sixpence a month is required. The school was originally established according to the systems of Bell and Lancaster; and has reached its present superiority by gradual improvement, under the direction of Mr. John Wood. This gentleman is a member of the faculty of advocates, a man of education, and, I believe, of easy fortune. At any rate, he is not officially connected with the tuition of the school; and is without any compensation for his labors, except the consciousness of doing good. Yet he may be found at all times in the school-room, drilling the pupils, with all the industry, and far more than the energy and enthusiasm of an ordinary master. His first connection with the institution arose from his situation as trustee of a small fund for educating the poor. He selected this school for the objects of his vicarious bounty; and attended, from time to time, to examine personally and minutely into their progress. Becoming more and more interested, his visits grew more and more frequent, until, at last, he became the instructor of the part of the school above alluded to. The master, perceiving the advantages derived from his method of teaching, requested him to communicate its benefits to the whole school. From the moment he complied with this request, the system has advanced with increased vigor, re-

ceiving daily improvement from the increased experience of the same sagacious, wise, and benevolent mind.

His grand principles are, that instruction ought to be imparted as far as possible by word of mouth; and that, from the beginning, the child should be made to understand every thing that it learns: simple principles, it is true, and perfectly obvious; yet how grossly neglected in ordinary systems of education!—But to proceed to practical details. The school-room is a very large apartment; the number of scholars is five hundred. A row of desks, with benches, is ranged around the whole room, next the wall. At these desks, one half the boys are learning to write and cipher, under the direction of their monitors; while the other half are standing on the floor, actually engaged in recitations in spelling, reading, or arithmetic. The two divisions change places every hour, or half hour. The boys are divided into classes, according to the attainment of each in each department of study. The time that a boy has been to school, is suffered to have no influence. He is promoted or degraded, according to his improvement. Nor is a class in reading kept together for the convenience of a master in arithmetic. Each department has its separate classification. The number preferred for a class is thirty; and the reasons assigned for this number are, that it secures a greater degree of spirit and emulation than a smaller one, and enables the master to select superior monitors for all his classes; whereas, were these smaller and therefore more numerous, he must probably content himself with inferior ones. The monitors are chosen from the more advanced boys; and understanding well the modes of instruction through which they have passed, they are entrusted, in great part, with the tuition of their inferiors. Each monitor is attended by an assistant, whose province it is to preserve order and report misconduct. The monitors are, of course, constantly overlooked by the masters, who interfere, from time to time, in the examination of the classes.

Rewards and punishments are settled, after many trials and much thought and experience, on the ancient basis. The boys go up and down, according as they correct their neighbors, or are themselves corrected; and prizes, of small value, are frequently offered, to stimulate exertion. The rod, though sparingly used, is still suspended, *in terrorem*, and occasionally employed to subdue obstinacy, to restrain petulance, to convince perverseness, to apply, in a word, a sovereign remedy to all the vices and errors of the school-boy.

I cannot better illustrate the peculiar features of the system, than by supposing an infant to commence here his education, and by pursuing his progress to the highest class. The child learns his letters as he would have done ages ago from any village goody "spectacle on nose." He next proceeds to words of two letters; and here commences Mr. Wood's system. Instead of the senseless syllables *ba be bi, ca ee ci, &c.* real words of two letters are given to the child, to make his efforts intelligibly useful, and even agreeable to his infant mind. These words are always attended by definitions from the monitor; which are afterwards required from the pupil on every occasion. Thus he is taught that "me" means myself; that "us" means you and I; that an "ox" is a *muckle coo, &c.* Having mastered a due portion of words of two letters, he proceeds to study in the same manner words of three. Thenceforward he is no more perplexed with spelling out unconnected words; but is at once set to reading sentences, composed, it is true, in the first instance, only of words of three letters; yet calling for an additional effort of the mind, as he is immediately called upon to explain, not only the signification of each word, but the meaning of the whole sentence he has read. This course is most diligently pursued. Not one or two, but a dozen questions are showered upon the tiny urchin, sufficient to perplex any child not trained upon the system I have endeavored to describe.

The pupil is soon promoted to more difficult readings. He begins to get an insight into grammar. A noun is described to him ; and he is for some time required to pick out all the nouns in each sentence he reads. He is made familiarly acquainted with the genders and numbers. Why is this word boys, and not boy ? asks the master. Because it means more than one : that is just what is meant by plural. The cases are reserved until after the verbs and prepositions are learned. The parts of speech being gone through with in the same way, and their bearing on each other gradually and necessarily insinuated, the pupil is prepared to grapple with the difficulties of construction ; and is at length indoctrinated, without being obliged to pore over and commit to memory a stupid and unintelligible book, but by word of mouth, a method much more interesting and impressive, into all the subtleties of grammar. Long, however, before he has attained to this degree of knowledge, he has begun to imbibe accurate information on a thousand other points. While reading the selections collected by Mr. Wood, a multitude of allusions are satisfactorily explained, and some insight thus gained by the pupil into every branch of knowledge. The quantity of useful learning thus accumulated, is most astonishing. Logic, rhetoric, the history of nature and nations, mechanics, astronomy, are understood and intelligibly explained, at least in their elements, by children from nine to fourteen years of age.

Great assistance no doubt is derived in the communication of this knowledge, from the library of the school, to which the children have access ; a privilege which they eagerly embrace. The information thus gained, they produce in answering the questions of their master ; and thus false views are corrected, and true ones impressed upon the memory. Another exercise connected with reading, is well worthy of notice. Suppose a compound word to occur, the boy is required to decompose it, give the separate meaning of each

part, and to recollect all the derivatives of the main root, with the definition of each. Thus, were the word *unprecedented* to occur, he is asked the meaning of *un* and *pre* and *cede* in composition, and to give an example of each. He is then required to repeat all the words into the composition of which *cede* enters, as *recede*, *proceed*, &c. with their respective significations. His knowledge of the language, and command of words, is besides continually put to the test, and improved, by being called upon for synonyms, for opposites, for distinctions in force, &c. In these points he thus becomes in fact superior to most men, and even scholars. Nothing but maps are used in teaching him geography. To ascertain the extent of his knowledge in this science, he is called on to point out the relative position of places, the course of rivers, &c. on a black board, without the assistance of even an outline of a country. The explanatory system is introduced into arithmetic; and great indeed is the skill he may by these means attain. He and his companions will multiply a line of fifteen figures by the most difficult single multiplier in ten seconds; and the complicated questions in fractions, they will unravel "familiar as their garters," if they have any. Much attention is paid to mental arithmetic. There is a class of about a dozen, any one of whom almost rivals the celebrated American boy, so long the subject of speculation. They will answer such a question as the following, within five seconds after it is given: What would be the amount in pounds, shillings and pence, were thirteen shillings and four pence multiplied by 799?

Such is a brief view of a mode of instruction, which now in a high degree interests public attention, and may be generally useful as the best of all existing examples; a mode which deals in no profound speculations or brilliant theories, but is simple and practical throughout; a mode which treats the child from the beginning as a rational being; and while it develops, exercises and improves his original pow-

ers of thought ; communicates knowledge by means at once the most interesting to the imagination, and the most intelligible to the understanding, and therefore of course the best adapted to impress the memory. Any one who remembers his own schoolboy days, spent under the influence of a far different system ; who recalls the images of many a dog's-eared book and perforated slate, and realizes in imagination the listless ennui of a vacant mind, the sighing impatience with which he was wont to await the breaking up, or rather the breaking out, of school, is indeed astonished upon entering the establishment I have endeavored to describe. He sees every eye wide awake, every head erect, every countenance bright with intelligence. Study is manifestly an amusement, for its object is the oral communications of teachers whom the pupils love, and its end the attainment of knowledge which they are made to comprehend. In contemplating the extent of this knowledge, he is lost in wonder ; he seems to himself never before to have realized the powers of the human mind, and is ready to apply the scene before him to the literal confirmation of that declaration of scripture, " out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength."

A FEW HINTS ON LIFE AND MANNERS AT EDINBURGH.

A BRIEF account of some modes and habits here, different from those in our own country, may not be without interest. The houses at Edinburgh are much better fitted for the reception of company than our own ; though it puzzles me to imagine how sleeping accommodations are found for a large family, **where** so much room is occupied for other

purposes. The drawing-room is always on the second story, and occupies the whole front or depth of the house. Adjoining is a small parlor, closed by a folding door, or left entirely open, and constituting a part of the drawing-room. The dining-room is always below, and the library beside it. The furniture is much plainer than ours, but far more tasteful. No flaring mirrors or gilt pier-tables are to be seen; the most striking objects are an ottoman in the middle of the room, and a chandelier above it. As few as possible of those awkward articles, called chairs, are admitted; their place is supplied by sofas, and in some instances by cushioned benches placed along the recesses of the windows. The dining-room is always very plain. The dresses of the ladies are remarkably simple. I have seen the daughter of a baronet dressed in something that looked very much like calico, at a large music party at home. The gentlemen—were one of our exquisites dropped down among them, he would think himself in a clerical conclave, and might himself be regarded as an ape newly caught, of some unknown species. The finest gentlemen in fact, in point of dress, are the servants, with their gay liveries, velvet small-clothes, and white silk stockings. The mode of introduction at these parties is peculiarly convenient. A servant receives your name at the door, and transmits it through an ascending file of some half dozen of his fellows, to the entrance of the drawing-room; there it is audibly pronounced, attracting at once the attention of the master and the mistress of the house. This proclamation of your name does not, it is true, entitle you to address an individual without a special introduction; yet to a stranger it saves the awkwardness of a long search for his inviters, whom perhaps he may not even personally know. The conversation among both ladies and gentlemen, is of a far more literary cast, I am sorry to say, than with us. Without being downright blue or pedantic, it is sensible and instructive; without marching always

upon stilts, it yet manages to get over the mud of scandal, and the dust of frivolity, without soiling a shoe.

On a pleasant day the promenades of Edinburgh present an animated and pleasing scene. Yet I have seen a much more brilliant display in our own Broadway. Not that I mean to prefer the latter. The Scotch ladies dress with good sense and good taste, warmly as becomes the season, and plainly and in dark colors, as becomes the place. Many a time, in my own country, I have been compelled to anticipate cold and consumption from the sight of a silk slipper. Many a time have I trembled for the fate of a gauze, jostled by some rude porter. Many a time have I been grieved by seeing garments of the most delicate hues visited, alas, too roughly, by the winds of heaven, with a plentiful sprinkling of dust. And all these emotions have been excited by the very course adopted, I suppose, (unless people dress to please themselves,) to fascinate me, and all the world. But if to the Scotch ladies I am obliged to assign the palm of dress, what satisfaction do I find in claiming for my own fair countrywomen the golden prize of beauty? Since, then, they stand less in need of the foreign aid of ornament, why will they not submit, in this single instance, to the warning voice of prudence, and the dictates of a juster though severer taste? Health, far more than ornament, is the soul of beauty.

The weather has been just cold enough to freeze over Duddington Loch, and make it capable of bearing. Such an occasion is eagerly embraced, not only by the boys and youth, but by men of advanced age and dignified character. Mr. Jeffrey is a distinguished member of the skating club, and Principal Baird has attained a high reputation as a curler. The ladies swarm to witness the exhibition, and the whole scene is more gay and animated than any of which we have an idea, accustomed, as we are, to the exercise of skating, and the more frequent opportunities of using it. By the by, it is a marked distinction between the manners of our

country and this, that sports, which with us are abandoned on leaving school, or at farthest on quitting college, are here persisted in with increasing ardor, to the very verge of old age. The active game of goff, skating, curling, &c. have the same attractions for the man of fifty, as they had for the boy of ten.

Yet cheerful as is the spirit which this circumstance would seem to indicate, the Christmas holidays are not kept here with any show of festivity. Except in the Episcopal chapels, there are no religious services on either Christmas or New Year's day. On both days the shops are all open; and the Scottish tradesman is more occupied in getting in his bills, than in reflecting on the glories of his coming dinner. One singular exception, however, to this general rule, is presented on New Year's Eve. On this occasion, the ancient Saturnalia seem to be revived. The streets are filled with groups of persons bearing in triumph a bottle and a glass; or, still more frequently, a kettle of hot punch, who insist on your shaking their greasy palms, and drinking to their future happiness. These worthy personages also claim, as matter of prescription transmitted from their ancestors, the right of kissing every female who appears in the streets after twelve o'clock, whether it be a lady in her chair or carriage unluckily detained beyond the witching hour, or a merry maid servant, who has stolen forth intent upon securing at least her share of frolic and of kisses. Various other pranks do they enact with impunity, to the great disturbance of the public sleep.

I would with great satisfaction remain at Edinburgh the whole winter, instead of going to London. The Scotch are the kindest, the most hospitable, and most agreeable people in the world. To give you an instance of their hospitality: I think I mentioned to you that I had met, on the summit of Mount Righi, a young Russian nobleman, called De Viconline, who urged me very earnestly to go back with him to

Russia, whither he was returning in the winter. The other day, whom should I encounter, in a reading-room to which I had gone to look over some American papers, but my young Russian. I had completely forgotten his features, as we had passed only a day or two together ; but fortunately recollected him the moment he mentioned the Righi. He told me that, after leaving me, he met with some Scotchmen, who diverted him from his intention of returning home, by setting forth the beauties of Edinburgh, and the excellencies of its university. Accordingly, he descended the Rhine in their company, and came to Scotland, passing weeks among their relations in Ayrshire, and among the western highlands. He is now residing with one of them at his country seat about five miles from Edinburgh, and attends the chymical and metaphysical lectures at the University. He is, it is true, a most accomplished person and a nobleman—facts which may in part account for the extraordinary hospitality shown him. But Scottish hospitality, in all its kind and soothing influences, is extended also to the stranger, who claims neither high birth nor eminent accomplishments. I shall leave Edinburgh with impressions on my mind and heart which nothing but the cold hand of death can ever obliterate.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

THE town of Cambridge is very mean, and traversed by uncommonly narrow streets. Hence, the buildings of the university are by no means as well exhibited as at Oxford. Nor are they, in general, equal to the rival institution. Many of the colleges are built of brick, and many of the others are low and dingy. The chapel of King's College, and the new Gothic building of St. John's, not yet quite

finished, excel, however, any thing to be found on the banks of the Isis. The former is, perhaps, in its kind, the most complete and beautiful building in the world. Upwards of two hundred feet in length, by about eighty in breadth and height, it exhibits but a single aisle. Of course, therefore, it has no columns. This defect, however, is remedied, by giving a semi-columnar shape to the intervals between the frequent and lofty windows. The wonders of carving are beautifully displayed upon these intervals; and absolutely exhausted upon the matchless roof. This, though its vault is very flat, is composed entirely of stone—a miracle of art. The very roses which adorn the junctions of its groined arches, are said to weigh each a ton.

Among a host of worthies, Cambridge claims as her sons, Bacon, Newton, and Milton, each in his own department the first name in English literature. In the library of Trinity are deposited interesting autographs of the authors of the *Principia* and *Paradise Lost*. The remains of Milton are, a few scraps bound together, letters, fragments of *Comus*, written and re-written a number of times, &c. Among them is a most interesting document, the scheme of *dramatis personæ*, drawn out by the poet at a time when he intended to treat the loss of paradise in the form of the old mystery. The list begins with Michael, or the spirit of heavenly love, and consists of a multitude of allegorical characters. How fortunate, both for the poet and his readers, that he altered his design! And yet, perhaps, the wonderful individuality which he has communicated both to fiends and angels, originated in the manner in which the poem was first conceived. In the library of the university is deposited, among many very valuable manuscripts, the venerable *Codex Bezae*, one of the most ancient copies of the most important portion of scripture. It is bound in a quarto form, written in a beautiful character, and not much defaced by age.

The government of the university is federal. Each college,

with its masters, tutors, and fellows, regulates its own concerns ; but submits, with certain reservations, to the general government of the university, vested in the vice-chancellor and senate. This latter body is composed of masters of art, doctors of divinity, law, &c. besides the officers of the colleges. Discipline is administered, mainly, through the two proctors and their deputies ; and is liberal, if not lax. Instruction is communicated entirely by tutors, of whom there are two in each college, aided by a number of assistants, proportioned to the number of pupils. Any student may employ a private tutor, to assist him in preparing for the recitations, or in pursuing some additional course of study. The terms necessary to be kept in order to a bachelor's degree, are nominally twelve—thrice a year. By means, however, of some "grace," or construction, the period is shortened to three years. Besides, as the law requires the student to remain only the greater part of the term, if he remains only one day more than half of it, he satisfies the law. Very general advantage is taken of this circumstance. So that, calculating the terms at eight months, the time of residence at the university is reduced to some four months, per annum, for three years ; that is, to one entire year in all. During this time, the student attends two recitations *per diem* ; undergoes a few examinations by his college ; and one *pro forma* examination by the university, previous to the final examination for his degree. This examination illustrates, better than any thing else, the extent of knowledge necessary to be acquired at the university. To obtain a bachelor's degree, no more is requisite than the ability to answer questions in the first six books, respectively, of the *Æneid* and the *Iliad*, in Euclid and plane trigonometry, in Paley's *Moral Philosophy* and *Evidences of Christianity*, and in Locke on the *Human Understanding*. The questions, too, are proposed, not *viva voce*, so as to require an immediate answer, but are printed, and given to the student, who is obliged to write his answers

in the presence of the examiners. Two hours and a half are given for answers in each of the books or studies above-mentioned. I have in my possession a complete series of the papers given at the late examination, which took place while I was at Cambridge. In the paper for Homer, three extracts are given, of thirteen, fourteen, and twenty-three lines. Two of these must be translated. To these are appended some dozen very simple questions in derivation, dialects, and grammar, (none in prosody) the majority of which must be answered. The paper for Virgil is very nearly similar. That on Paley's Evidences, contains eight; that on Locke, six; that on Paley's Moral Philosophy, twelve questions—level to the capacity and memory of a boy. The mathematical paper contains sixteen propositions in Euclid, and two or three questions in trigonometry.

Such is the examination necessary for a degree; the only one undergone by the Poil, (as they are called,) who constitute two thirds of every class. For the remaining third, however, consisting of all those who have previously announced their intention of reading for honors, a much more arduous examination is provided. They come to it, divided according to supposed merit, into two classes. After four days' struggle, they are bracketed; that is, those considered nearly equal, are ranged in more numerous divisions. The last day's contest decides the individual pretensions of each. Any bracket, however, may, by unanimous consent to stand or fall by the issue of the foregone examination, escape any further struggle. When the examination is completed, its subjects are divided into three classes, in each of which each individual is ranked according to merit. These classes are called wranglers, senior optimes, and junior optimes. The first wrangler on the list, or, as he is called, the senior wrangler, has obtained the highest honor of the university. This year, there were forty wranglers, thirty-five senior optimes, and twenty junior optimes. About three hundred,

in all, were graduated. The examination of the competitors for honors, takes in almost the whole of pure and mixed mathematics; and undoubtedly requires, in those who sustain it, considerable talent, and the most laborious previous study. But it is exclusively mathematical; no other subject is even touched on. In justice I ought to add, that one balance against the preponderance of mathematics exists in the fact, that prizes of considerable value are in the gift of both of the colleges and the university, for proficiency in classical and other studies.

As there are no fellowships in our American colleges, you may, perhaps, be gratified by some account of them as they exist here. In this university, there are about one hundred and fifty fellowships, attached to the different colleges, most of which are given on examination, and to merit only. They vary in value, from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds a year, besides free commons and apartments. They are held during life, or until marriage. Many of the occupants become tutors of colleges, private tutors, &c.; but nothing is absolutely required of them. Much has been said of the indolence of the fellows; of their disposition to quarrel, and petty intrigue; and of their fondness for guzzling ale, tippling port, and playing whist. Such things *were*. Nay, since such are the natural consequences of a want of ambition to be useful or distinguished, a want of occupation, and a want of that most practical stimulant, dire necessity, such things doubtless *are*. The cases, however, are unfrequent. The fellows to whom I had the honor to be introduced, were men of a different stamp. They were gentlemen, in the highest meaning of that high term; and bore about them no traces of their somewhat monastic system. Their conversation smelt a little of the shop—was sometimes a little too mathematical, at least for me; but was, throughout, the most purely intellectual that I have ever enjoyed. Their *réunions*, after a plain but well cooked dinner on the *days* of their

college-hall, either in the common sitting-room, or in the apartments of some individual member, left upon my mind a delightful impression. It was such as literary society should be, composed only of men of real learning ; of friends, confiding in the mutual esteem entertained by all, undisturbed by impudent quacks, or ambitious pretenders. I have always pitied a man of letters, drawn into a house, for the purpose of being drawn out for exhibition. Such men are at home only with their equals.

The dining-halls are, most of them, noble apartments. The fare is plain, but well cooked, and attended by potations of excellent ale. The services in chapel, particularly in the evening, are very imposing, from the long lines of lights and surpliced students. The dresses of the students are beautiful and becoming. Fellow-commoners, that is, those who pay higher, dine at the table with the fellows, wear gowns, barred on the sleeves with gold or silver ; and caps, with gold or silver tassels. The fellow-commoners of Trinity wear blue and silver gowns ; the others, black and gold. Noblemen wear full sleeves ; and have the high privilege of wearing hats instead of caps. There is more in these dresses than at first meets the eye. The obligation to wear them at all times, is enforced by very high penalties. The dress acts upon the wearer's *esprit du corps*, inducing him to maintain the respectability of the body to which he belongs, and also keeps before his eyes the fear of detection. The mode of conferring degrees at Cambridge, continues the old form of feudal homage. The candidate kneels, and places his hands between those of the vice-chancellor. The ceremony is accompanied by a truly English salutation. If the individual be popular, or admired, the senate-house rings, as he advances, with the acclamations of his companions.

LONDON—A LITERARY PARTY.

I DINED, yesterday, with a very distinguished party, at Mr. M****'s, consisting of Moore, Lockhart, Washington Irving, Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, and other *beaux esprits*; Mitchell, the translator of *Aristophanes*; and some others, of less name and fame. The first is, certainly, a most unpoetical figure. Nor is his countenance, at first sight, more promising than his person. When you study it, however; when you consider the height of the bald crown, the loftiness of the receding pyramidal forehead; the marked, yet expanded and graceful lines of the mouth; above all, when you catch the bright smile and the brilliant eye-beam, which accompany the flashes of his wit and the sallies of his fancy; you forget, and are ready to disavow your former impressions. To Moore, Lockhart offers a strong and singular contrast. Tall, and slightly, but elegantly formed, his head possesses the noble contour, the precision and harmony of outline, which distinguish classic sculpture. It possesses, too, a striking effect of color, in a complexion pale, yet pure, and hair black as the raven's wing. Though his countenance is youthful, (he seems scarce more than thirty) yet I should designate reflection as the prominent, combined expression of that broad, white forehead; those arched and pencilled brows; those retired, yet full, dark eyes; the accurately chiselled nose; and compressed, though curved lips. His face is too thin, perhaps, for mere beauty; but this defect heightens its intellectual character. Our distinguished countryman is of about the ordinary height, and rather stout in person. His hair is black, and his complexion "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." His eyes are of a pale color: his profile approaches the Grecian, and is remarkably benevolent and contemplative. Mr. Smith carries a handsome, good-natured

countenance ; and Mr. Mitchell's physiognomy, though not handsome, is, at least, amiable.

The conversation at dinner consisted chiefly in the relation of anecdotes. To my great disappointment, no discussion of any length or interest took place. It must be admitted that the anecdotes were select, and told with infinite wit and spirit. Many of them, I doubt not, were the inventions of the narrators. Such seemed to be peculiarly the case with those of Mr. Moore and Mr. Smith ; who, though seated at different ends of the table, frequently engaged each other from time to time, in a sort of contest for superiority. This contest, however, was still carried on in the same way. Both tried only which could relate the most pungent witticism, or tell the most amusing story. The subjects of the anecdotes in general were extremely interesting. Lord Byron, and other eminent men, with whom the speakers had been or were familiar, were frequently brought upon the stage. Mr. Lockhart meantime, though he seemed to enjoy the pleasantries of others, contributed none of his own. Whatever he did say, was in a Scottish accent, and exhibited strong sense and extensive reading. Mr. Irving seems to be one of those men, who, like Addison, have plenty of gold in their pockets, but are almost destitute of ready change. His reserve, however, is of a strikingly different character from that of the Editor of the Quarterly. The one appears the reserve of sensibility ; the other that of thought. The taste of the one leads him apparently to examine the suggestions of his own mind with such an over scrupulosity, that he seldom gives them utterance. The reflection of the other is occupied in weighing the sentiments expressed, and separating the false from the true. Mr. Irving is mild and bland, even anxious to please. Mr. Lockhart is abstracted and cold, almost indifferent.

On returning to the drawing-room, the scene was changed, though the great actors remained in part at least the same.

Music was substituted for conversation, Mr. Smith gave an original song, full of humor and variety. Mr. Moore was induced to seat himself at the piano, and indulged his friends with two or three of his own Irish melodies. I cannot describe to you his singing; it is perfectly unique. The combination of music, and of poetic sentiment, emanating from one mind, and glowing in the very countenance, and speaking in the very voice which that same mind illuminates and directs, produces an effect upon the eye, the ear, the taste, the feeling, the whole man in short, such as no mere professional excellence can at all aspire to equal. His head is cast backward, and his eyes upward, with the true inspiration of an ancient bard. His voice, though of little compass, is inexpressibly sweet. He realized to me, in many respects, my conceptions of the poet of love and wine; the refined and elegant, though voluptuous Anacreon. The modern poet has more sentiment than the Greek; but can lay no claim, (what modern author can?) to the same simplicity and purity of taste. His genius, however, is more versatile. The old voluptuary complains of his inability to celebrate a warlike theme; his lyre will not obey the impulse of his will. But the author of the *Fire Worshippers* gave us, in the course of the evening, an Irish rebel's song, which was absolutely thrilling. Anacreon was, however, afterwards restored to us in a drinking song, composed to be sung at a convivial meeting of an association of gentlemen.

I cannot conclude this brief sketch, without saying a few words of my host. He is a good looking man, with a pre-occupied and anxious air. This gives way, however, to true Scottish sense and cordiality in conversation. He has a strong understanding, and a good memory; and is exceedingly interesting from the long intercourse which he has maintained with, and the intimate knowledge he possesses, of all the eminent literary characters of the age. The memoirs of himself and his times, would be invaluable.

He has been the Mæcenas of his day ; and, though not the favorite of an emperor, has conferred more substantial rewards on merit, than even the distinguished Roman. Such has been his liberality, that, though millions have passed through his hands, he is, I am told, by no means exorbitantly rich.

WESTMINSTER HALL—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—
THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

WESTMINSTER HALL is built upon the site of an ancient palace of Edward the Confessor. The present building was erected by William Rufus, and enlarged by Richard II. It has since undergone many repairs, alterations, and additions, which have created a considerable mass of buildings, without unity or system. Parts indeed are fine, but the effect of the whole is mean. This should not be so. The seat of the greatest legislature on earth ; of those courts of law and equity which have done more to illustrate and enforce the rights of things and persons, than all the speculations and all the practice of the whole world beside ; the citadel of English liberty and the temple of English justice ; should have something in its exterior corresponding with its essential dignity.

Yet the moral and intellectual associations of the place soon prevail, in a mind of any reflection, over the first impression of disappointment. Where indeed shall we look for a spot of earth so memorable for the conflicts of argument, the triumphs of eloquence, the decisions of reason ; so hallowed by resistance of oppression, by opposition to licentiousness, by the gradual development of the true principles of constitutional freedom ; so consecrated by the memory of great and good men, by the exhibition of qualities and

talents, which include all that is admirable and all that is venerable in our nature? The Roman forum is dearer to the imagination, because its glories are departed. We always take sides against time and revolution, as the natural enemies of our race; and exalt to a higher place in our esteem, those objects over which they have swept with desolating fury. But the Roman forum never presented, in its brightest day, a spectacle so delightful to the eye of reason, as the precincts of Westminster daily and hourly afford. The prætor was an absolute judge; the conscript fathers were aristocratic tyrants. If we limit ourselves, it is true, to the contemplation of great force energetically wielded and perseveringly directed to the attainment and preservation of universal dominion, we may give the preference to the deliberations of a Roman senate. But if we consider power as then only well employed, when employed within the restraints of justice; as then only wisely and nobly used, when used especially indeed for the advantage of a single nation, but generally for the benefit of all mankind; our conclusions will be directly the reverse. An American may naturally feel sometimes inclined to depreciate the generosity and wisdom of that assembly which sought to oppress his own country in its infancy; but even he should remember, that great popular bodies are liable sometimes to be misled; and that even at that unhappy period, the voices of a Chat-ham and a Burke, the best and brightest of their day, were incessantly raised in a tone of indignant remonstrance.

The hall itself, properly so called, is a vast apartment, with a Gothic vaulted roof, two hundred and seventy feet in length, by twenty-four in breadth, and ninety in height. Except at the coronation feasts, and sometimes at state trials, it is now seldom used. It serves merely as a vestibule, from which the courts open on the right, and avenues lead to the House of Commons and Lords on the left.

The House of Commons, since the time of Edward VI.,

has sat in St. Stephen's chapel ; whose sculptured walls and vault, however, have been so covered by wainscoting and a flat ceiling, that it has lost entirely its ancient form. It is now an oblong, and not very lofty, apartment ; surrounded on three sides by a gallery, in size scarcely sufficient to accommodate its six hundred and fifty-eight members, although the side galleries are appropriated to them, and they are seated very closely together. A series of cushioned benches, with low backs, surrounds the room on all sides, leaving a vacant space in the centre, at one end of which is the speaker's elevated chair, and immediately below the table of the three clerks. The lowest bench on the speaker's right, is called the Treasury bench, on which the ministers are generally seated. The benches on the left are occupied by the members of the opposition.

The speaker wears a full-bottomed wig and gown. The members appear in their ordinary costume, and, although the sessions of the house do not commence until 4 p.m., in morning dresses. Except in addressing the house, they generally wear their hats. If I were permitted to criticize, I should complain of want of dignity in their appearance and behaviour. If the orator be eminent, and deliver himself to the purpose, they applaud by cries of "hear ! hear !" which become occasionally deafening. According to the cause which he advocates, the applause comes from one side or the other of the house. If he be absurd, they scruple not to burst into a laugh. If the orator be merely tolerable, the members amuse themselves with moving from place to place, talking, etc. If he be tedious, they drown his voice by coughing. If the debate be protracted, they vociferate for the question ; and on putting the question, when the speaker orders strangers to withdraw, they second his command with tumultuous outcries, "withdraw ! withdraw !" Such a system of parliamentary manners appears to me, not only undignified, but in fact injurious to freedom of debate, and

the principle of representation itself. Were the House of Commons a mere school of oratory, perhaps the high-handed criticism there adopted might be of use in restraining the tiresome enunciation of vapid common-places, and checking the crude sallies of ignorant presumption. But when the consideration is introduced, that each member of that house is sent thither in his representative capacity to espouse and vindicate the interests of his constituents, it becomes obvious that it is an invasion, not only of his rights, but of the rights of those who sent him, to deny him the privilege of communicating facts and suggestions, perhaps of a local nature, and therefore known to no one so well as to himself. Because his manner is tedious and disagreeable, or even pert and presuming ; because his language is not polished to the highest degree of classic purity and perfection ; because a mispronounced word, or a puerile remark may now and then excite the ridicule of his hearers ; are these reasons for depriving his constituents of the services of him whom they have chosen, in the exercise of a constitutional, undeniable, and sovereign prerogative ?

The Court of King's Bench sits in a small apartment in Westminster Hall. There is no accommodation for spectators except a narrow passage in which they may stand ; and a small gallery in the rear, where, however, the voice of the speaker cannot be heard, nor any thing be seen of him except his back. The benches are filled almost exclusively by barristers. The court is composed of four judges, in full-bottomed wigs ; that is, wigs which hang down three or four inches below the chin and almost meet in front. The rest of their costume is grave and becoming ; consisting of a black robe with an ermine cape and flowing bands. Lord Tenterden, the chief justice, is a fine thoughtful looking man, with regular features and worn and faded complexion ; who realizes, by his appearance of attention, candor, and anxiety, our best conceptions of the character of a judge. Justice

Baillie has a countenance still more strongly marked by lines of thought. Littledale is dignified, but not remarkable ; while the prominent bright dark eyes of the somewhat corpulent Park exhibit a vivacity and acuteness, which I am told are characteristic of the man.

The barristers are habited in gowns, bands, and ordinary wigs, and are seated before the judges, on an ascending series of benches. They are very numerous in their attendance—a hundred, at least, being ordinarily present. On the lowest bench are placed the king's counsel, the attorney-general in the centre. That elevated post is at present filled by Sir James Scarlett, a man whose eminence in his profession does honor to the office. He is a tall and remarkably stout, portly man, with a broad, sanguine countenance, and features which, though small in proportion to his frame and face, are yet well and accurately formed. A perpetual smile lurks around his lips, which is remarkably intelligent, and, though sarcastic, pleasant. His mode of speaking is animated, without being impassioned : his voice is not strong, but is natural in its intonations : he gesticulates with his body as well as with his hands, seeming to follow with the whole man the direction of thought and the impulse of feeling. He is fluent in speech, clear and concise in argument : remarkable sagacity I should consider his distinguishing characteristic.

Mr. Brougham is justly celebrated for higher qualities : his great attribute is force. In person he is remarkably contrasted with his rival. Taller than the attorney-general, yet he would not probably measure one-third of his circumference. His face is long and lank, his mouth drawn downward, and surrounded with deep-indentured furrows. The outline of the lower part of his nose is a small segment of a circle ; which is distorted, however, from time to time, into a variety of less regular curves, by a nervous twitching, of which he seems to be altogether insensible. The face upon the whole, however, is harmonious, consistent with itself, and powerfully intel-

lectual. His manner is most profoundly grave and earnest : no one can doubt his sincerity and the importance of his cause. His voice is loud, deep, clear, and penetrating. His gesticulation, though constant, is in general constrained. No man understands better than himself the power of emphasis ; the chief word in a passage intended to be forcible, is pronounced with a significance and an impulse of voice which infallibly arrest the attention, and fix it on the object desired. I have seen him once, and once only, when animated to such a degree as afforded some slight specimen of what he may be during one of his supernatural exertions in the house of commons. (He has withdrawn from the house for a season, I know not for what cause, having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, a nominal appointment under the crown). On the occasion to which I allude, all constraint vanished from his gesticulations ; both arms were extended in sympathy with the energetic feeling which elevated his person with new dignity, touched every line of his dark countenance with a glow of inspiration, and lightened from his eye with the vividness of an electric flash. The cause in which he was engaged concerned the ejection of a master of a poor-house for gross misconduct. He had been removed by the constituted authorities, and re-elected at a meeting (which, however, Mr. Brougham contended was irregular,) of the parish. After a brief, clear, and calm history of the aggravated misdemeanors of the person in question, Mr. Brougham asked ; *Is it to be borne* that this man should be enabled, by an irregular proceeding, by a mere intrigue, to beard those very officers who have just discharged him in the discharge of their own bounden duty ? &c. I do not pretend to give the words employed by Mr. Brougham : perhaps the startling effect of the unexpectedly forcible enunciation of the first phrase conspired to drive them from a memory never very tenacious.

Gurney is now very old : his lips having fallen inward from

the loss of his teeth : he is still, however full of fire. Denman has finely-chiseled and regular features, a sweet-toned voice, and elegant, deliberate, and forcible manner. Charles Phillips, whom I mention, not for his eminence, but for his notoriety, has eyes as black as a sloe, and cheeks as red as a rose, with a plump, conceited, and good-natured countenance. I have not heard him speak.

The speeches of counsel are in general short. The intercourse between the bench and the bar is familiar, yet dignified. If a judge wishes for fuller information on any point, he interrupts the speaker to demand it. If an unfortunate barrister travels out of the record, he is told that what he is saying is little to the purpose. If he repeats what has been said before by another or by himself, he is reminded that the point has been sufficiently enlarged upon. Yet all this is done so much as a matter of course, that it seems to produce neither mortification nor anger.

EXTRACTS FROM LECTURES
ON
ROMAN LITERATURE, ITALIAN LITERATURE,
AND
ENGLISH LITERATURE TO THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

THE extracts here given from lectures on Roman, Italian, and English literature, are not presented as specimens of extraordinary erudition, profound criticism, or highly wrought composition. They are rather offered as illustrations of the literary character of their author, and as examples of the degree of intellectual exertion of which he was capable. The lectures of which they form a part, would, if printed entire, nearly fill one of these volumes. They were all composed and delivered to a class in Columbia College, within the space of eight weeks, immediately after his return from Europe, and during the brief leisure which his general duties as an instructor in that institution, and the congratulatory visits of his numerous friends, allowed him. Such passages as seemed most likely to interest the general reader, are preserved in this collection. Although exhibiting less care in the choice of expression, and the construction of the sentences, than some of his other prose writings, and although much inferior, doubtless, in other respects, to what he would have made them had they been designed for publication, it is hoped that the reader will find something, either in the ardor of manner with which they are written, or in the reflections they contain, to interest his attention.

ROMAN LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

FROM the consideration of the literature of ancient Greece, to which your attention has been called by your distinguished Professor now absent in search of health, we are summoned in the natural progress of your course to contemplate the severer features of the Roman muse. There is nothing in the history of nations so interesting as the progress of the public mind. The civil history of Rome indeed presents events the most stupendous, actions the most brilliant, virtues the most exalted, together with an exertion of enterprise, and an exercise of power, limited only by the feebleness of our nature, and the contracted boundaries of the world which we inhabit. But of all her political greatness scarce a memorial remains. Her vast empire is divided among her former vassals, her provinces are kingdoms, and Italy herself a province of the barbarian. The Eternal City survives only in ruins ; the forum is a deserted common ; the palace of her Cæsars a pile of rubbish ; but the triumphs of the Roman mind still survive in the pages of her authors. These are, indeed, in the language of the poet,

“ Her resurrection—all beside decay.”

The literature of Rome, as compared with that of Greece, must be distinguished as less original. The city supposed to have been originally a hold of freebooters, was devoted by the very laws of their founder to two pursuits, agriculture and war ; the others being pronounced by the same laws to be ignominious and fit only for slaves. From the necessity

of the case, these long continued the sole employments of the Romans. They were surrounded on every side, by warlike and hostile neighbors. With these their own ambitious character, and a spirit natural to a half barbarous age, kept them in perpetual broils. As the boundaries of their little state became enlarged, war, it is true, was removed from their very doors; still the jarring interest of petty states precluded the expectation of any permanent peace. For five hundred years from its foundation, peace was but the sleep of Rome. War was her daily, her habitual employment.

About the conclusion of this period, the capture of Tarentum gave her final possession of the whole of Italy, and introduced her to the arts of Magna Græcia; the seat of Pythagoras, the birth-place of the Eleatic philosophy, the native country of Lycus and Glaucus, of Orpheus, and Ibycus, and Alexis,—names celebrated in their day, and worthy to be compared with the more illustrious ones of their own parent Greece. Zenxis had painted at Crotona; Plato had thought Tarentum worthy of a visit; and Herodotus and Lysias had been among the original colonists of Thurium. From the possession of such a country, therefore, which took place A. U. 482, Rome could not but derive a new impulse towards intellectual improvement. The new capital, of course, became the resort of the learned Greeks; and the occupations of study soon mingled with those of war. The first Punic war, which commenced A. U. 490, was chiefly carried on in Sicily, and terminated A. U. 512, in the cession of part of the island to the Romans. Here, too, were found new materials for improvement. Syracuse had long been a second Athens. The court of Hiero I. had been dignified by the residence of Æschylus and Pindar, of Simonides, Bacchylides, and the Sicilian Epicharmus, of whom Horace says,

———"Dicitur

"Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi."

Aristippus was the friend of the elder, and Plato of the younger Dionysius. Hiero II. the ally of the Romans, was the zealous patron and encourager of learning. These conquests of Grecian colonies were followed by closer intercourse with their mother country ; and within less than a century, Greece herself fell before the destinies of Rome and the arms of Paulus Æmilius.

The national character of the Romans was formed before the introduction of letters. It was formed, as we have seen, in the field and in the fight. Learning was a shoot transferred from the luxuriant stem of Greece, and ingrafted on a more sturdy, but less prolific trunk. Hence, the prevailing taste of the people was never literary. Literature was always a patrician attribute. The Athenian artisan was a critic and a connoisseur ; the Roman abandoned the intellectual amusements of the drama for the shows of wild beasts and the fights of gladiators. Thus Rome scarcely possessed a peculiar national literature. The common people, among whom alone such a literature originates and is fostered, were ignorant and careless. The patricians were instructed by Greeks, learned their language as we may now do French, and were thoroughly imbued with the Grecian taste. Many of the authors of Rome were themselves of knightly or patrician rank, and of course partook of this subserviency. Others looked to the upper classes for their encouragement, and consequently were influenced by their prepossessions. However low in their origin, they received in their education the same general bias. Excepting, therefore, satire and treatises on agriculture, no invention of their own is to be found in the whole compass of Roman literature. I do not mean to say that their imitation of the Greeks was servile. On the contrary, every one who hears me must be well aware that there are many points of distinction in the literature of the two nations. That of the Romans is more austere and dignified ; owing, in part, to their character as

a nation, and the lofty eminence on which they stood, and in part to the nature of their language, which, with less copiousness, grace, and flexibility than the Greek, is certainly more majestic and sonorous. The literature of the Romans is, again, more practical. The contemplative and theoretic schools of philosophy never gained much influence at Rome. Her citizens, like Brutus and the Catos, met the reverses of the state, or their own private misfortunes, with the practical fortitude of the Stoic ; or, like Atticus and Horace, withdrew from the cares of life with the calculating indolence of the Epicurean. The splendid imaginings of Plato, and the comprehensive speculations of the peripatetic, met with few admirers. The Roman authors, too, from Ennius downwards, were generally engaged in active life, and could often say of the events and scenes which they describe, "*quorum pars magna fui.*" Hence, their productions, less philosophic and enlightened, are also less fanciful and theoretic than those of the Greeks.

Another circumstance, which cannot fail to be remarked as influencing more especially the poetry of the Romans, is the total absence of an heroic age, and a poetical mythology. No battle of the Centaurs or Trojan war adorned the remote annals of the state. No Jason or Theseus figured in the traditions of the olden time. Even the verse of Virgil has scarcely been able to dignify Italian fable. Cacus is a poor substitute for Polyphemus ; and the obscene Harpies disgust in a comparison with the musical Syrens. The swarm of bees that hung from the Laurentine laurel ; the sow that littered a progeny of thirty at a birth, to show how long Alba should be in building ; are almost beneath the dignity of heroic verse. The rustic deities of Latium, though far purer in their character, were less poetic than the gods of Greece. They mingled not with their inferiors ; more exalted among them, they descended not to earth. Ida, and Olympus, and Parnassus, and Tempe, were not to be found in Italy. The

very muses were strangers there, until their honors were bestowed on the *Camœnæ*, the prosaic daughters of Saturn. The romance and mythology of the Greeks were, it is true, more or less adopted by the Roman poets; yet we have seen how Virgil himself was embarrassed by the fables of his country. Perhaps a compensation may be found for this deficiency in that true love of rural retirement, which arose from the agricultural habits of the early Romans; and which diffuses its beneficent and purifying influence throughout their literature. Virgil did not in vain prefer the retirement of his favorite Parthenope; its glorious scenery and rich Campanian fields are reflected in his immortal verse. Cicero did not in vain possess so many splendid villas, the eyes, as he himself has called them, of all Italy; he has transfused their beauties even into his philosophy.

Until after the fall of Tarentum, nothing worthy of the name of literature had been produced at Rome. The players, summoned from Etruria about the end of the fourth century from the building of the city, exhibited only pantomimes. The Roman youths improved upon this system, by rallying each other, extempore, in the rude Fescennine verses, borrowed also from Etruria. The same species of versification was also soon applied to marriage ceremonies, to the ovations of generals, and the celebration of the heroes of Rome at feasts and entertainments. These ballads, slightly mentioned by Cicero on the authority of Cato, by Valerius Maximus, and Varro, of which every trace had perished before the time of Cicero, have been made by Niebuhr a ground for supposing that there existed a complete epopee, commencing with the accession of Tarquinius Priscus, and ending with the battle of lake Regillus. He would fain give us more information respecting them than could be gained by Cicero and Varro. The only authentic notice of any regular poem produced within the first five hundred years from the building of the city, is one contained in the *Tusculan disputations* :

"*Mihi quidem (says Cicero) Appii Cæci carmen quod valde Panætius laudat epistolâ quâdam quæ est ad Q. Tiberonem, Pythagoreum videtur.*" This Appius, probably, was that Appius Claudius Cæcus, who constructed the Appian way, and died before the fall of Tarentum. Such is the sole record of the literature of that period, which might be justly styled the iron age of Roman letters. Poetry did not arrive at its height and maturity at Rome until even after the end of the republic: a sure proof that it was an exotic; a plant introduced from abroad, not natural to the Roman soil and climate. For it is ever the nature of poetry, when it springs originally from native earth, to shoot at once to its most towering height, and spread abroad its most luxuriant branches: or, in other words, when poetry is original with a nation, its earlier masters are ever the best. From the fall of Tarentum A. U. 482 and B. C. 271, commences the literary history of Rome. For the sake of perspicuity, I shall divide this history into three periods:

I. The Republican; from the fall of Tarentum to the death of Cicero, 43 B. C.

II. The Augustan; from the death of Cicero to that of Augustus, A. D. 14. And,

III. The period extending from the death of Augustus to the fall of the city, under Augustulus, A. D. 476, which I shall, for distinction, call the Imperial one.

DRAMA OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.*

It has been already mentioned that pantomimes had been early introduced from Etruria, and had been followed by a rude extempore dialogue, executed by the free Roman youths.

* The editor has abridged this article, by omitting Livius Andronicus, Ennius, and, indeed, all the minor dramatic writers noticed and commented on by the lecturer.

This exercise was borrowed from Atella, a town of the Oscans, whence the dialogues were called *Fabulæ Atellanae*. One of their characters was styled in the Oscan dialect Maccus, and another Pappus; corresponding somewhat with the modern Harlequin and Pantaloon.

Plautus, only ten years younger than Ennius, was born at Sarsina, a town of Umbria, in the year of the city 525. He was the son of a freedman, and derived his name from a defect in his feet. He early turned his attention to the stage; and from the popularity of his dramas soon realized a competent fortune: but, like most scholars, he had little talent in husbanding his gains, and soon became so reduced as to be obliged to labor with his hands for his daily support. Many of his plays were written under these untoward circumstances. A vast number of comedies have been attributed to Plautus: but the better opinion seems to be that he left behind him only twenty-one. Of these the first twenty remain, and some few fragments of the twenty-first. Of his literary merit but a brief view can here be given. His plots are full of action and spirit; but resemble each other too closely, turning for the most part on the amours of a profligate son, and the tricks of a cunning slave, to defraud an avaricious father of money to supply the pleasures of his young master. In his characters, there exists by no means the same uniformity. The miser Euclio, of the *Aulularia*, the best drawn character of the kind ever introduced upon any stage, appears but once; the gentle and virtuous Alcmena of the *Amphitryon* is not repeated; and even his more ordinary personages, his severe fathers, debauched sons, braggart captains, obsequious parasites, and knavish slaves, are sufficiently distinguished from one another. Of his style, Varro has somewhat rashly declared that "if the muses should speak Latin, they would employ his diction." It is, however, pure and remarkably simple; drawn not from books, for to books he could not have access, but from the living sources of conversation.

The great talent of Plautus, however, was considered by the Romans to lie in his humor. It is too broad and coarse for the taste of Horace, who derides the ancient Romans for their admiration of the "Plautinos sales;" but was well adapted to the times and people. The Roman wit was always coarse. Even Cicero admits personal deformity to be a fair subject of ridicule. Besides, the comedies of Plautus were written for the stage, and not for the closet; and were intended to excite the shouts and laughter of the multitude, rather than the approbation of the contemplative student. The morals of Plautus are those of a heathen. His attention to the strict rules of the classic drama is subservient to his desire of pleasing. In more than one of his dramas, the scene is frequently changed. The merit of Plautus may perhaps be most strikingly illustrated by the fact, that the best comic writers, both of France and England, have made the freest use of his incidents, characters, and very language. Moliere, one of the first names in all comedy, has drawn his *Amphitryon* from that of the Roman, and his *Avare* from the *Aulularia*. Ben Jonson, and Shadwell, and Dryden, and Fielding, owe many of their best characters and scenes to the same source. The *Miles Gloriosus* and the tricky slave are the prototypes of the braggadocio and valet of the modern stage. Even Shakspeare owes no small part of his *Comedy of Errors* to an English translation of the *Menæchmi*. With respect to the originality of Plautus himself, we have no means of forming an accurate judgment. In borrowing from the Greek, he did not vary the names of his characters nor the scene of action. Yet if we may judge from Aulus Gellius, who in his *Noctes Atticæ* contrasts a scene from the *Necklace of Cæcilius* with its original in Menander, it was not the practice of the Roman dramatists to translate, or servilely imitate, thoughts being changed and other alterations occurring in the scene alluded to. We know, besides, that two plots were often combined in one, and new incidents

and characters introduced. Plautus was probably not less original in his *Amphitryon* drawn from Rhinthon or Epicharmus, than Moliere was in his *Amphitryon* imitated from Plautus.

Terence was born at Carthage, A. U. 560. He was in early youth at Rome the freedman of Terentius Lucanus, from whom he received his name. His first play, the *Andria*, was performed in 587. It seems, however, to have been read two or three years before to Cæcilius; at least if we may believe the amusing story of Donatus. He relates that Terence being introduced into the house of the veteran dramatist in mean attire to read his comedy, was at first placed on a low stool; but that Cæcilius, astonished by the grace and elegance of the *Andria*, soon transferred him to the couch and detained him to supper. Cæcilius died in 585, two years before the performance of that drama. The merit of the poet not only attracted the admiration of Cæcilius, but the valuable friendship of Lælius and the younger Scipio; who are said indeed to have written several scenes in his plays. After producing six comedies, which all survive, Terence went into Greece, where he died at the age of thirty-four. His death is said to have been hastened by the accidental loss of one hundred and eight comedies, which he had translated from Menander; a story rather improbable, considering the early age at which he died. The plots of Terence are taken with additions and alterations from the Greek, according to his own principle of accounting it a greater merit. "*Græcas transferre quam proprias scribere.*" He is hence too rigid an observer of the unities, particularly of the unity of place. He is often obliged to relate, instead of representing some important action, which has occurred in a place different from the original scene. His plots, however, are always double, except in the *Hecyra*; and the interest is too much divided. But the incidents are well chosen and connected, and admirably described. In the

delineation of manners and characters, Terence was considered by the Romans as their great master. He possessed a comprehensive and thorough knowledge of human nature, which gave his delineations the air of simplicity and truth. The easy indifferent tone of polished society is caught with precision. The expression of passion is exquisitely natural. His ludicrous characters are never, like those of Plautus, exaggerated; nor are his female characters so deficient in modesty, delicacy, and dignity, as those of his rival. The humor of Terence is bland and pleasing: the more admired, the longer it is studied. Yet there is some truth in the criticism of Cæsar, which attributes to him a deficiency in the *vis comica*. His style is the most perfect specimen of elegant and graceful Latinity. Cæsar and Cicero seem to vie with each other in their praises of its melody and pureness. It is wonderful indeed, as a late writer justly observes, how a foreigner, a slave, and a young man, could have attained to an excellence without example even among Romans and patricians. The countryman of Hannibal carried his conquest over the asperities of the Latin tongue further than that great general did his victories over the Latin arms. The easy current of his dialogue is never accelerated by extravagance, nor rendered turbid by vulgarity. "It is like," to use the comparison of Diderot, "a pure and transparent stream which flows always equably, and which derives increased velocity only from the natural inclination of its bed." In fact, it has always appeared to me, that Terence far outstripped his contemporaries, and anticipated the refinement of the Augustan age. Nay, it is my belief that he is better adapted to the present, than to any Roman period. Rome never could appreciate the fineness of his wit, and the delicacy of his sentiments. She always was more fond of the noisy action and broad jokes of Plautus.

After Attius, who succeeded Terence, no author, during the republic, attempted the regular drama. Atellane fables,

which had been reduced to writing by Novius, who also discarded the Oscan dialect, in the commencement of the seventh century of Rome, were revived in the time of Sylla, who amid all the cares of ambition, found time to unite with Pomponius in the composition of these trifling productions. Along with the Atellane fables, were acted exodia, a sort of farces of a still more loose and unconnected description. Mimes, too, assisted in usurping the place of the legitimate drama. These mimes are distinguished from the Atellane fables, in that their humor was more broad, and their gesticulation more labored. There was always one principal actor, on whom the jests and ridicule chiefly hinged. The fool or parasite was merely subordinate, and assisted to carry on the jests and tricks of his principal. The explanatory prologue was written; the dialogue, in general, only sketched, and left to be filled up by extemporaneous effusions. So that it was no uncommon event for a performance to terminate by all the actors rushing off the stage, unable to sustain the parts which they had undertaken. The characters were taken from the dregs of the people, and portrayed every species of vice. At first only an interlude, the mimes subsequently came to form a separate amusement. Sylla was so fond of them, that he scrupled not to support the actors from the public treasury. The popularity of the mimes tended, in some measure, to purify and elevate their character: and, in the days of Julius Cæsar, the authorship of these irregular dramas was not disdained by Laberius, a Roman knight.

Such is a brief outline of the history of the Roman drama. Its imitative character and its early decline are phenomena, which, at first sight, appear strange, but are easily accounted for. The drama was introduced by a Greek; of course, he copied a Greek model. Among an illiterate people, his successors did not find it necessary, for the sake of novelty, to invent plots of their own. Almost of course, they copied also. The heroes of Rome were too near and familiar to be

made the heroes of fiction ; and the borrowed history of the Greeks was not interesting to the jealous patriotism of a Roman. Both these circumstances prevented the drama from becoming a subject of national pride, and thus securing the patronage of the people. The national taste, besides, was not sufficiently refined and intellectual to lead the people to prefer the drama to the sports of the circus. The first two representations of Terence's *Hecyra*, were openly abandoned for a boxing match and a show of gladiators. The size of the Roman theatres, too, calculated to contain forty and eighty thousand persons, was extremely unfavorable to the exhibition of the drama, while exactly calculated for the pageantry of the mimes. Masks were rendered necessary by the distance of the spectators, in order to express emotion to the eye. Mouth-pieces, again, must be added to these, in order to act as a speaking-trumpet, to convey sound to the ear. The artificial mode of delivery, introduced by Livius Andronicus, of employing a boy to declaim, while he himself executed the corresponding gestures, and which custom was strangely persevered in afterwards, combined, with all these causes, to destroy the interest of the drama. Finally, the language itself presented an obstacle. Though stately and sonorous, it was not sufficiently flexible and impassioned for the organs of the tragic or the comic muse.

ELOQUENCE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

THE oratory of the Roman republic next claims our attention. Eloquence is always, in popular governments, the path to influence and preferment. The early history of Rome relates the astonishing results produced by the harangues of Junius Brutus, Publicola, and Appius Claudius. Cethegus, who lived during the second Punic war, is praised

by Ennius as the "flos delibatus populi suadæque medulla," "the favorite flower of the people, and the very marrow of persuasion." Unto the censor, Galba, Lælius, and Scipio, are mentioned in high terms by Cicero. M. Æmilius Lepidus, consul in 617, first borrowed from the Greeks polish of style and harmony of periods, and was followed by the most eminent men of the period, Æmilius Paulus, Scipio Nasica, and Mucius Scævola. Till the age of the Gracchi, eloquence was the chief "arcanum imperii" by which the patricians governed the state. These celebrated men, instructed in elocution in their boyhood by their mother Cornelia, and afterwards studiously attending to the most eminent masters from Greece, espoused the popular cause, and carried on a vehement contest against the patricians, in which both finally lost their lives. Tiberius, the elder, exerted himself chiefly to procure the passage of an agrarian law. Caius, only twenty years of age at the time of his brother's assassination, and already distinguished by his defence of Vettius, in which he had charmed the people by his eloquence, seems thenceforth to have devoted himself to vengeance. His speeches were all addressed to the people, proposing laws calculated to increase their power, and lessen that of the senate. The brothers differed widely in their style of eloquence. Tiberius was mild and composed; Caius, earnest and vehement. So much was the latter in the habit of being hurried away by the violence of his passion, that he was wont to station a slave behind him, with a flute, that his voice might not be strained to too high a key. From the time of the Gracchi, eloquence was generally studied as an accomplishment by the Roman youth, both in the schools of Greek rhetoricians and in the courts and Comitia, whither they attended the more distinguished speakers. It would be endless to enumerate all the orators mentioned with approbation by Cicero. We shall pass, therefore, to those distinguished ones, who raised the glory of **Roman** eloquence to an equality with that of Greece.

A slight preliminary review, however, of the various fields on which the Roman eloquence was wont to be displayed, may not, in this place, be useless. These were three in number : the court of the Prætor, or his subordinate judge, the Comitia or assemblies of the people, and the senate-house. Originally two in number, and confined to civil trials, by the time of Sylla the prætors were increased to ten, and took cognizance of causes both civil and criminal. Minor cases were referred to an individual from the *judices selecti*, who were generally from three hundred to six hundred in number, and chosen to serve a year. In cases of consequence, the prætor himself was assisted by a number of these men, acting as assessors, or associate judges. The advantages afforded for the display of eloquence before these courts, were manifold. The prætors themselves were youthful magistrates, not particularly learned in the law, and therefore peculiarly liable to be influenced by the arts of eloquence. The Roman law was so destitute of system and clearness, so embarrassed by the dicta of juriconsults, which yet were not absolutely authoritative, that every latitude was allowed for an appeal to general principles. M. Antonius always expressed a contempt for the study of the civil law ; Galba and Sulpicius were ignorant of it ; and even Cicero, amid all his earnest exhortations to the cultivation of general learning, elegance of language, a ready wit, and a power of exciting and controlling the passions, only says, that the civil law is not to be neglected. The nature of the cases brought before the Roman tribunals, added to these advantages for eloquence. The impeachment of Warren Hastings, for oppression in India, excited the greatest conflagration of eloquence that has ever signalized the British annals, or even the history of modern times. The complaints of plundered provinces were heard almost daily before the Roman prætors ; and from the orations against Verres, we may judge how and by what sort of men these complaints were urged.

The court-room was generally the open area of the forum, and was frequently crowded by the Roman people, the masters of the world. The applauses of the "*rerum domini*" often mingled with the voice of the orator, and cheered him in the exposure of crime, the vindication of justice, and the defence of freedom. How many noble topics, too, how many lofty associations, were suggested by the spot on which the courts of justice were assembled ! Every foot of the forum was hallowed by the memory of some great domestic event. Columns and arches testified on all sides the triumphs of the republic. The rostrum itself was a record of one of her earliest victories. Above, towered the capitol, the "*arx imperii*," the consecrated abode of the tutelary deities of Rome. It is scarcely, therefore, a subject of surprise, that the legal eloquence of the Romans was more conversant with general principles, more ornamented and more impassioned, than our own. The *Comitia* were assemblies of the people, met to deliberate on the passage of new laws ; and afforded all the ordinary advantages of a popular assembly, with the additional excitement arising out of the ancient hostility of the people towards the patrician order. The Senate was the grand council of the nation ; composed of men of a certain age and property, most of whom had been distinguished by the highest offices of the state. All their proceedings were attended by the utmost dignity. They met in a temple consecrated to religion ; they were presided over by the chief magistrate of the republic ; they discussed the measures to be taken for the government of the world. In the time of Cicero, the senate consisted of about six hundred ; four hundred or five hundred of whom were frequently present. Thus the spirit and animation, created by the presence of a multitude, was communicated to senatorial eloquence ; while the rank, elevation, and age, of the members, rendered it necessary to add to these, dignity of demeanor, purity of expression, and depth of argument. Upon

the whole, the senate seems to have exercised a great influence over Roman eloquence in general. Most of the orators were, in fact, themselves members of that illustrious body. Hence, the senatorial dignity, the diffuse, ornate, and deliberative eloquence, which differs so remarkably from the pointed appeal, the terse reasoning, the concentrated energy, of the Greeks. Having detained you so long upon the general subject, which I think, however, of importance enough to justify me in having thus dwelt upon it, I must abridge my remarks upon the merits of particular orators.

Anthony and Crassus were contemporaries of Marius and Sylla, at least they both died during the contests of those sanguinary rivals; Crassus in 662, from over-exertion in the senate, and Antony in 666, under the proscription of Marius. It is singular that his head was affixed to the same rostrum, to which his grandson afterwards attached that of Cicero. Antony was remarkable for a frankness of manner which seemed always like perfect sincerity, for a strong memory, and an artful use of circumstances. He is said to have moved the assassins sent to dispatch him even to tears. Crassus trained himself to eloquence from early youth. Even in boyhood he was in the habit of digesting a certain number of verses or passages from a speech in his memory, and then delivering the same matter in the best words of his own he could select. He practised also translations from the Greek, and took infinite pains to improve his voice and action. He was distinguished for clearness, for learning, and the utmost elegance. From him ingenuous diffidence may learn a lesson of encouragement. Even after the practice of a long life at the bar, he was observed to grow pale and tremble in the exordium of his discourse. To this slight sketch of Antony and Crassus, I will only add the practical eulogium, that they were thought worthy by Cicero to be introduced into his celebrated treatise, to discourse "*de Oratore*," as masters of eloquence.

Sulpicius and Cotta were both born about 630. The former espoused the cause of Marius, and partook of all his enormities. Cicero, who had heard him in his youth, pronounces him the most lofty and tragic of the Roman orators. Cotta was of a feeble frame, and gentle demeanor, and was accustomed to lead by persuasion, where Sulpicius would have impelled by force. The splendor of all former Roman eloquence was, however, lost in the popular blaze of Hortensius.

Hortensius was born in 640, and appeared in the forum in 659. He soon rose to eminence, and from 666, the date of the death of Antony and Sulpicius, he remained for thirteen years undisputed master of the forum. At that time Cicero, who had just returned from his quæstorship in Sicily, at first divided, and afterwards appropriated, the palm. Hortensius accumulated a vast fortune by his talents, inhabited a splendid palace at Rome, built magnificent villas at Tusculum, Bauli, and Laurentum, and became renowned for his luxury and patronage of the arts. His eloquence procured him not only wealth, but honors. He passed regularly through the offices of ædile, prætor, and consul. His oratory was in the style called Asiatic: glowing in language, harmonious in cadence, exuberant in ornament; his voice was sweet and impressive, his gesticulation constant and graceful. In this last art he was studied as a model by Roscius himself. So astonishing was his memory, that he could recollect every sentence of his adversary's discourse, and even the titles of the papers produced against him. The grand fault of Hortensius seems to have been indolence, derived in part from natural disposition, and in part from his early and long undisputed pre-eminence at the bar. He became careless, neglected to prune the redundant shoots of his youthful luxuriance, and still continued to indulge in a style unsuitable to a man of consular dignity. He therefore rapidly declined before the varied and constantly improving

excellence of Cicero. The friendship of these great orators affords, notwithstanding, a grateful contrast to the enmity of Demosthenes and his Athenian rival. Cicero owed to Hortensius his admission into the college of augurs, and his recall from exile. Hortensius owes to Cicero the transmission of his name and fame to modern times.

Calvus, who though younger than Cicero, died before him at the early age of thirty, is celebrated by Quintilian for the Attic severity of his taste. His first oration was delivered at the age of twenty, against Vatinius. The accused was so alarmed that he interrupted the orator in the midst of his discourse, with the exclamation, "must I be condemned because he is eloquent?" According to the critic above named, he was preferred by some to all the Roman orators.

In the present enumeration, Cæsar must not be forgotten. He was accounted as second only to Cicero himself. His excellence consisted in vehemence, acuteness, and the power of exciting emotion. Quintilian gives us a striking idea of his excellence when he says, "*tanta in eo vis est, id acumen, ea concitatio, ut illum eodem animo dixisse quo bellavit appareat.*" Of all these celebrated orators, nothing now remains save the praises of the rhetorician. We must look for living specimens of Roman eloquence in the works of one who is happily the ablest of his time and nation. You cannot mistake my allusion to the great name of Cicero.

Into the biography of Cicero I need not enter. It is so blended with the history of his country, as to be already familiar to your minds. His education was of the highest kind. He studied polite letters with Archias, law with Scævola, and philosophy with the best masters of the various schools. He appeared later than usual in the forum, at the age of twenty-six. After his second appearance, he fled from the applause of the Roman people, to devote himself for two years to study in the schools of Greece. In his thirty-seventh year, he conducted the prosecution against

Verres ; for which occasion he prepared a series of six orations, only the first of which was delivered, Verres having retired on a view of the proofs arranged against him into voluntary exile. In this cause he displayed the whole of his vast resources. His clients were the injured people of a mighty province, and surrounded the forum in expectation of redress. The crimes of the accused were of a magnitude and nature to afford an admirable subject for invective, and for an appeal to the feelings and prejudices of his judges. No higher eulogium can be passed, than that the oration is equal to the occasion. With the history of the four orations against Catiline, you are familiar. You have felt the electric boldness of invective with which, in the first especially, the consul confounds and overwhelms even the tried audacity of the daring conspirator. You have felt, in reading the three following, that the arguments there used to overawe the wicked, confirm the good, and encourage the timid, are of such a character, and so urged, as irresistibly to make the mind of one man the mind of a whole people. The oration for Archias is the most polished, as that for Cælius is the most entertaining and witty, and that for Milo the most interesting and pathetic of his productions. The Philippics are so called from their resemblance to the invectives poured forth by Demosthenes against the insidious enemy of Athens. They are fourteen in number, and were all prepared in the interval between the murder of Cæsar, and the defeat of Antony at Modena before his junction with Octavius. The burst of indignation in the second, (which, however, never was delivered,) where the orator dwells upon the offer of a diadem to Cæsar at the festival of the Lupercalia, and describes Antony's debauch at the once classic villa of Terentius Varro, and takes occasion from his purchase of the goods of Pompey, to contrast him with that former favorite of the people, throughout full of fire and force, is wound up with the noble declaration, "Contempsi

Catilinæ gladios, non pertimescam tuos." The fourteenth Philippic is the finest of the number. Antony had been defeated at Modena, and was supposed to have been finally overcome. The consuls Hirtius and Pansa, however, had fallen in the engagement. The detestable character of the vanquished foe—the rewards due to the surviving victors—the honors to be paid the dead—the thanksgiving to be rendered the immortal gods, are all subjects of an animating nature, discussed with surpassing eloquence. The funeral panegyric of the dead, is the noblest monument ever raised by human genius to the memory of the brave. In view of such a reward, we are indeed ready to exclaim, with the excited orator, "*O fortunata mors, quæ, naturæ debita, pro patria est potissimum reddita.*"

Such are the most conspicuous records left us of the eloquence of Cicero. To pronounce his eulogy aright, would require a genius equal to his own. The humblest, however, may, according to his capacity, admire even the greatest. The talents of Cicero were by nature of the highest order. He was inspired with the loftiest conceptions of eloquence, and haunted by an image of perfection which urged him constantly forward in the race of improvement. His heart swelled with patriotism, and was dilated with the most magnificent conceptions of the glory of Rome. His feelings were themselves by nature enthusiastic, and capable of great additional excitement through the medium of his excessive vanity. He was, above all orators, learned in philosophy and literature; and possessed an admirable facility in introducing and communicating his knowledge. From his Grecian nurse, too, he had imbibed the copiousness of Plato, the sweetness of Isocrates, and the force of the great adversary of Philip. In every thing that concerned delivery, he had exercised himself as much as Demosthenes; though we are not told that he confined himself to a cave, like the Athenian, or addressed himself to the waves on the sea-shore. Thus provided by

nature, and accomplished by art, he came to the forum and into the senate at a period big with great events. Upon these he exercised an influence unparalleled in the records of eloquence. It was he who supported the dignity of the patri- cians, by dissuading the people from their desire for a new agrarian law : it was he who drove the audacious Catiline from Rome : it was he who, by the Manilian law, placed a power, almost imperial, in the hands of Pompey : it was he, in fine, who carried measures and kindled an indignation against Antony, which had almost overwhelmed him. He has been frequently compared with Demosthenes. The character of the Athenian was harsh, austere, and resolute ; that of the Roman lively, flexible, and wavering. The style of the former is concise, his argument direct, his ornaments sparing, his appeals to the passions electric ; the style of the latter is diffuse, his mode of argumentation deliberative and persuasive, his ornaments abundant, his appeals attended with every moving circumstance. Demosthenes selects, Cicero accumulates ; the one adheres always to his point, the other is fond of digression. The Greek conceals his art, and therefore has attained its perfection. In the Roman, the rhetorician sometimes peeps from beneath the gown of the orator. To say that we prefer Demosthenes, is hardly degrading Cicero. Each occupies the highest place in his own school of eloquence. Cicero was not only a complete orator, but has left the fullest instructions and minute historical details respecting his art. These are contained in his well-known " *de Oratore* ;" his " *Brutus*," which gives a history of distinguished orators ; his " *Orator*," which fills up his conception of a perfect orator ; his " *Topica*," or Common Places, compiled from Aristotle ; his " *de Partitione Rhetorica* ;" " *de Optimo Genere Oratorum* ;" and two books, " *de Inventione Rhetorica*." The moral works of Cicero shall be considered under the next head, which treats of the philosophic literature of the Romans under the Republic.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

As we enter upon the Augustan age, the literature of Rome assumes a new character. The popular exhibitions of the drama are almost discontinued, and the voice of forensic eloquence is hushed to silence. The inspiring influence of freedom is exchanged for the patronage of a court, and the soft music of poetry succeeds the strife of debate, and the crash of contending arms.

The Augustan age owes its remarkable pre-eminence to various conspiring causes. The Roman empire had long been distracted by intestine dissensions and civil wars. Cæsar had supplanted and vanquished Pompey, only to fall beneath the daggers of assassins. Brutus had murdered his benefactor and friend, only to fail in his attempt to preserve the freedom of the state, and to reserve the same dagger for himself. Antony and Octavius had divided the world, only to employ its two parts against each other. At length, however, the gates of Janus were once more closed, and the empire reposed in a profound and universal peace. The previous excitement, as is always the case in the history of nations, instead of immediately ceasing, sought an object in some other pursuit than those of arms and political intrigue. Literature, already cultivated to a great extent, offered the readiest and most honorable object of ambition, the most interesting field for exertion. To this must be added the character and influence of Augustus and his court, and the eminent citizens who survived the days of the Republic. The first of the emperors appears in history under three distinct characters. In the interval which elapsed between the death of Cæsar and his own junction with Antony, he played, under the guidance of Cicero and the orders of the senate, the Roman and the patriot; his union with the slave of Cleopatra made him a triumvir and a bloody tyrant. The victory of Actium left him at leisure

to enact the friend of his people and father of his country. In his youth he had been accustomed to literary society in the house of Cæsar, and his education had been sedulously attended to by his adoptive father. He never forsook his studies even in the camp. He wrote and declaimed every day in the campaign against Antony. He was attended by Gallus and Mæcenas, from Rome to Philippi. He entered Alexandria holding Arcius, the philosopher, by the hand. Afterwards, amidst all the cares of the empire, he was unremitting in his devotion to letters. He was attended by a multitude of Greek secretaries, of copyists, and librarians. He erected two libraries, the one near the portico of Octavia, and the other on the Palatine. He not only lavished rewards on literary men, but paid them every regard and attention ; corresponded with Atticus ; attended public recitations and discussions ; and admitted authors to read their works in his presence. What added greatly to the value of his patronage, was his own excellent taste. He was wont to laugh at the tinsel of Mæcenas, and the florid pomp which pleased his rival Antony. His own style was remarkably perspicuous and pure. His patronage of letters was in part, no doubt, the fruit of his policy : he wished to direct the minds of men to other objects than his own usurpation. Yet it coincided with his taste and disposition ; and he was upon the whole the ablest patron that letters ever boasted.

He was admirably seconded by his luxurious and effeminate, but wise and dexterous minister, Mæcenas. His sumptuous board was thronged, it is true, with parasites ; his splendid palace was crowded, it is true, by musicians and buffoons, mixed with lictors and tribunes ; but there too ate and dwelt Horace and Varius, and Valgius and Virgil. But for Mæcenas, Virgil had perhaps confined himself to eclogues, "*sterili tantum cantâsset avenâ ;*" and but for his favor and generosity, Horace had languished unknown to the emperor, and unenriched by his Tiburtine villa and his Sabine farm.

It is not wonderful, under these circumstances, that the *Georgics* of Virgil and the *Satires* of Horace are inscribed to his name. The virtuous and great Messala, although he fought under the republican standard at Philippi, and constantly preserved his republican principles, submitting only to the necessities of the times, was yet the trusted friend, general, and minister of Augustus. Early imbued with letters, he was the most eloquent man of his day; and his efficient patronage was extended to every person of merit. Horace esteems the day which Messala had promised to pass with him propitious; and Tibullus, who attended him frequently in his expeditions, anticipates with delight a similar favor. Ovid too celebrates his praises in a letter addressed to his son from the place of his exile. Lucius Volcatius Tullus, who was consul with Augustus the year before the battle of Actium, was the peculiar patron of Propertius, and still lives in his grateful verse. The patronage of the age, however, was not confined to the court. Far aloof from its charmed circle, in an assumed republican independence, lived Asinius Pollio. He had commenced his career as a patriot, and was placed by Cicero on an equality with Cato in his love for Rome. He disappointed the hopes of the orator, however, by joining the party of Cæsar. On the death of the dictator, he offered his services, and the army in Spain which he commanded, to the senate; and immediately joined Antony at the critical period of his retreat into Gaul, after his defeat at Modena. He was present at the formation of the triumvirate, and shared in the spoils of the proscriptions. To the cause of Antony he adhered with tolerable steadiness, refusing to attend Augustus to the battle of Actium. Distinguished as a general, an orator, a poet, his style in history is preferred by Seneca to that of Livy himself. Endowed with immense wealth, he founded the first public library upon the *Aventine*, collected statues and other works of art, and patronized men of letters. The fourth eclogue of Virgil is a grateful

tribute for the protection of his farm ; and the odes of Horace show the familiarity which existed between the poet and his distinguished patron. From this review it would appear that all that patronage can do for literature, was likely to be done in the age of Augustus. Let us turn to its glorious effects. These I propose to consider under the heads of poetry and prose. The former I shall subdivide into the various branches of epic, lyric, and satiric, elegiac and dramatic.

And first. Of Epic Poetry. Since the days of Lucretius and Catullus, the softer and more retiring nudes, who preside over the fictions and inspire the dreams of the imagination, had fled alarmed, from the din of war and the strife of political factions. The first to win them back, was he who obtained the greatest measure of their propitious influence. After this remark, I need scarcely pronounce the name of Virgil.

Virgil was born at Andes, a village near Mantua, of mean parentage, in 684. His studies were commenced at Cremona, and continued at Naples, whither he was removed at about the age of sixteen. Here he became conversant with Greek literature, and addicted himself especially to mathematics ; thus laying the foundation of that rich learning, luminous order, and exactness of expression, which afterwards distinguished him. From Naples he returned to his own country, and resided on his farm. His admiration of Theocritus, and his own daily employments, soon led him to try his hand, also, on the rustic pipe. In 711, he composed the *Alexis*, which was rapidly followed by the *Daphnis*, *Silenus*, and *Palæmon*. In the last, he expresses gratitude to Pollio, for protecting him hitherto from the edict of confiscation, which had gone forth against the whole district, from the triumviral tyrants. Soon, however, Pollio being obliged to withdraw his protection, the poet was dispossessed by force. Under the patronage of Varus, he went twice to Rome, and obtained restoration, through Mæcenas, in the commencement of 714,

in which year he produced his *Tityrus*. In the same year, and the following, all the remaining *Eclogues*, with the exception, perhaps, of the tenth, were written. In 714, his increasing reputation and the unhealthy situation of his farm, induced him to seek the capital. His private fortune was increased by the liberality of *Mæcenas*; and such was his influence with the statesmen, that he was enabled to insure to Horace a favorable reception, (*Hor. Sat. Lib. I. 6.*) With Horace and *Mæcenas* he afterwards undertook that journey to *Brundusium*, so humorously described by the gay satirist. The bustle and luxury of Rome were ill adapted to the retiring nature and delicate health of Virgil. He was even annoyed by the applause of the people, which met him alike in the theatre and in the streets. He returned in 717, in his thirty-third year, to Naples, and devoted the next seven years to the *Georgics*, which were undertaken at the request of *Mæcenas*. The *Æneid* was commenced in 724, and brought to a conclusion in eight or nine years. The effect produced by reading the sixth book, in the presence of Augustus and Octavia, is well known. Having finished his poem, he took it with him to Greece, that he might correct and polish it at leisure in that land of poetry. On his departure, Horace addressed to him the beautiful and affectionate ode, "*Sic te diva potens Cypri,*" &c. After residing some months at Athens, he was induced, by his declining health, and the presence of the emperor, to return to Italy in his suite. He scarcely survived the voyage, dying at *Brundusium*, of a pulmonary complaint, a few days after his arrival. This event happened in the fifty-first year of his age, A. U. 734. On his death-bed, he requested his friends, Varius and *Tucca*, to burn the *Æneid*, as an unfinished poem. If this were not the wandering of sickness, it arose, no doubt, from the high conceptions entertained by him, in common with many of his countrymen, of possible perfection. Augustus interposed to prevent this sacrilege. He complied, however,

with another request of the poet, and transferred his bones to his favorite Parthenope. The sacred remains are scattered to the winds; but his tomb still stands upon the heights of Posilippo, and overlooks the scene which, living, he loved to contemplate: the rich Campanian fields, the placid bay, the far-reaching promontory, the picturesque islands, the smoke-crowned summit of Vesuvius.

The Pastorals of Virgil are the least original of all his poems. In them, he professedly imitated Theocritus; borrowed his characters and descriptions, and in many instances almost translated his language. His very scenery is Sicilian, and seldom such as he himself had observed on the banks of the Mincius. In the hands of Virgil, the personages of the Greek poet lose their distinguishing traits and rustic originality; and become tame, elegant, and uniform. The sentiments and images of the Greek poet are, on the other hand, purified from coarseness, pruned in their redundancy, and clothed in all the lustre of language, by the Mantuan bard. The first, fourth, fifth, and ninth Eclogues, being founded on events of his own times, are more original in their plan, though passages are still imitated from Theocritus. The Georgics is the most complete and finished poem in any language; and is as remarkable for majesty and magnificence of diction, as the Pastorals for sweetness and harmony. Even in this agricultural poem, however, written on a subject in which the Romans were pre-eminently skilled, the author still manifests his attachment to Grecian literature, and his veneration for Grecian models. Many parts of the first two books are imitated from the *Phænomena* of Aratus, and *Works and Days* of Hesiod. The last two, treating of the breeding of cattle and management of bees, are entirely original. The mode in which Virgil adorns the driest details and gives them a poetic character, is truly admirable. A celebrated example, is the manner in which he describes the effects of grafting,

"——nec longum tempus, et ingens

"Exiit ad cælum ramis felicior arbos,

"Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."—*LIV.* II. 80.

His episodes, particularly his invocations of the gods, and addresses to Augustus; his splendid panegyric of Italy, commencing "*sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra;*" his sweet and refreshing praises of a country life, "*O fortunatos nimium sua si bona noriunt agricolas;*" his sublime and pathetic history of Orpheus and Eurydice; are among the most elegant, brilliant, and magnificent passages in the whole circle of versification.

We come next to the *Æneid*, the greatest poem of Virgil, and of Roman literature. His genius seems to have been peculiarly adapted to the noble epic. It was not of that excitable and enthusiastic kind, which bursts at once into inspiration, and exhausts itself in the transports of a moment; but of that calm, and enduring, and comprehensive character, which is fitted to grapple with a mighty subject; to conceive an extensive plan; to arrange its various parts; to bestow perfection upon each; and to enrich the whole with every ornament which fancy can gather from earth or bring down from heaven. The chief design of Virgil seems to have been, to commemorate the ancient origin of his country, and to dignify with verse the Latian fables and superstitions. Subservient to this, was a desire to exalt the character of Augustus and his court, by identifying them with the Trojan heroes. There is, indeed, a strong typical analogy between the character and history of *Æneas* and that of the emperor. Both were professedly descended from Venus, and both resembled Apollo. They escaped, respectively, the snares of Dido and Cleopatra, and each vanquished his rival. The many episodes, which turn on the premature deaths of amiable and beloved youths, Euryalus, Pallas, and Lausus, and which occur only in the last books, have a manifest reference to the death of Marcellus. Turnus, certainly,

resembles Antony in character, and there are many agreements in their history. The establishment of Æneas in Italy is, however, the ostensible subject and scope of the poem. The grand objection urged by critics, in every age, especially against this work of Virgil, is the want of invention, the most essential quality of a poet. They do not deny him that species of invention, which consists in new combinations of pre-occupied ideas and events ; but they allege, that he contrives few new incidents, and suggests few original images. These faults must be, in part, attributed to that tendency to imitation, already so frequently alluded to, which prevailed so universally among his countrymen. Still, the objection must be allowed to detract considerably from his reputation ; a diminution which he suffers, however, in common with almost all poets, both ancient and modern. The principal objects of his imitation, have been the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, for the wandering and wars of his hero ; the *Argonautica* of Apollonius Rhodius, for the adventure with Dido ; and the old *Cyclic poems* of the Greeks, the *Ἰλιον περιesis* and *Ἰλιον μικρα* and *Τα Τρωϊκα*, for the destruction of Troy. If we consider the variety so necessary to the epic, we shall place Virgil above all poets. He combines the romantic adventures of the *Odyssey*, with the warlike scenes of the *Iliad* ; the glowing narrative of the fate of Ilium, with the sublime and tender tragedy of Dido ; the philosophy and mythology of the descent into hell, with games and sacrifices in the upper air. In the disposition of his events, he rushes, like Homer, at once “ in medias res.” But his commencement resembles rather the natural introduction of the *Odyssey*, which opens in the island of Calypso, than the abrupt and sudden beginning of the *Iliad*. The episodes of the Latin poet are skilfully managed. He has often been reproached, however, for deficiency in the delineation of character. The charge is just, in part. Yet Æneas is dignified and grand throughout ; Dido is interesting and affecting, from the moment when

Cupid, under the form of Iulus, first nestles in her bosom, to that when her disembodied shade flits silently by her seducer in the lower world. Pyrrhus, in the second book, is portrayed with great spirit. Latinus is a good representative of a weak old man. Evander and Mezentius are finely contrasted; and the paternal affection of the latter is brought out in strong relief from the general blackness of his character. The intrepidity of Camilla, the modesty of Lavinia, and the fury of Amata, are sufficiently distinguishing; and the frankness and gallantry of Turnus have always made him the favorite of the reader. In his descriptions of nature, Virgil excels all other poets. His life was rural, and passed in retirement, amid the most beautiful scenery of Italy. He shines, too, in his allegorical characters. His Alecto, his Fame, his inhabitants of the portal of hell, are pregnant with meaning. The sentiments of the *Æneid* are naturally introduced, and have, therefore, nothing didactic or dogmatic. In their style, Virgil and Racine lie, in the opinion of Hume, "nearest the centre, and are the farthest removed from the extremes of simplicity and refinement." The propriety, the elegance, and unequalled majesty of his diction, have been often and justly celebrated. His taste was almost faultless. The only other authentic remains of Virgil are the interpolated *Culex*, and the *Copa*, a good-humored convivial song.

Varius, the friend of Virgil and Horace, though principally celebrated as a tragic author, wrote also heroic verses on the exploits of Augustus and Agrippa. All his works have perished. The same oblivion has overtaken the works of Valgius, whom Horace has compared to Homer himself; and the poem of Albinovanus on the exploits of Germanicus. The *Thebaid* of Ponticus, the *Actium* of Rabirius, the Sicilian war of Severus, the exploits of Hercules by Carus, and the colonization of Padua under Antenor, by Largus, have all likewise perished.

Contemporary with Virgil, and his equal in celebrity, lived the great lyric poet of the Romans. Lyric poetry, we have seen, was cultivated with success by Catullus under the republic. Horace now took up the lyre, and touched its strings with surpassing mastery. He was born in 689 at Venusium, a town on the confines of Apulia and Lucania. His father was a freed-man, and possessed a farm on the banks of the Aufidus. When the poet was ten years old, his father sold the farm and came to the capitol, where he was made collector of imposts. The poet was educated at Rome in a manner becoming a patrician, and was afterwards sent to complete his studies at Athens. He was there on the arrival of Brutus and Cassius in Greece, and immediately joined their army. At Philippi he confesses that he threw away his shield and fled (*Od. II. 7.*) ; but the very frankness of the confession serves to show that he did not probably run away before the general rout. In 716 at the age of twenty-seven he was recommended and presented to Mæcenas by Virgil, and soon after received into his intimate acquaintance. They were not only patron and poet, but tender friends. Virgil and Propertius were able poets ; Horace was also a man of the world, delightful for his wit and cheerful temper. He attended Mæcenas on most of his expeditions, had a place at his table, and refused for his sake the post of secretary, offered by the emperor. His mode of life was thoroughly epicurean, devoted to literary ease and tranquil pleasures, and divided between Rome, his Tiburtine villa, and his Sabine farm.

His works are generally divided into odes, epodes, satires, and epistles. His odes are various in their nature and merit ; now partaking of the convivial mirth or amorous breathings of Anacreon, and now emulating the heroic strains of Pindar himself. He borrowed very largely from the Greeks, especially from Alcæus, Pindar, and Sappho. Some of his odes indeed, are mere translations ; others are parodies ; and

all bear the impress of Greek origin. His occasional odes are probably the most original. His erotic compositions are generally in a light and wanton strain. His convivial and social odes are usually gay, but interspersed also with lessons of wisdom. His moral odes are forcibly directed against the luxury and corruptions of the age; and endeavor to restore the ancient purity of manners and reverence for religion. The political odes owe little to the Greek, and refer to the most prominent events of Roman history. They breathe a spirit of wisdom, moderation and humanity, while they are themselves instinct with all the fire of genius. Horace has been extolled in all ages for his delicacy of thought, accuracy and animation of description, and harmony of versification. He is peculiarly celebrated, however, for that inimitable grace, that "*curiosa felicitas*," which makes every line that he has written appear the best possible, both in conception and expression. The epodes are written in iambic verse, and are chiefly invectives in the coarse style of Archilocus. In satire Horace is entirely original. His style is purified from the grossness of Lucilius by the refinement of the age in which he lived; and license is restrained in him by the influence of an absolute government. A wide field however was still left open for the satiric poet. There existed no comedy to stand in competition with his delineations, while the affectations of a luxurious, and the fallacies of a philosophic age, furnished ample materials for the exercise of wit. Accordingly the satires of Horace afford the most complete and amusing picture of the manners induced by the increase of wealth, the loss of liberty, and the introduction of a splendid court. He manifests in them also a quick perception of character, and a wide acquaintance both with books and men. His characteristic ease and good humor still distinguish him, even in the exercise of his satiric wit. The epistles are supposed by some to have been originally comprehended in the same work with the satires, all being comprised under the title of *Sermones*.

They are, however, essentially distinct. Each epistle seems to have been written for the entertainment, instruction, or reformation of a friend. They are chiefly ethical or critical. The *Ars Poetica* is of the latter class. It has been disputed whether this celebrated work was intended as a desultory composition or systematic treatise; whether it referred to a single species of poetry, or the art in general. The opinion of Bishop Hurd is, that it refers solely to the drama; and he maintains that when examined with this view, it is a regular well conducted piece. Wieland, however, conjectures that this work was composed at the desire of Piso, the father, in order to dissuade his elder son from indulging his inclination for writing poetry, for which he probably was but ill qualified, by exposing the disgrace which attends bad poets, and by pointing out the difficulties of the art; which Horace has accordingly done under the semblance of instructing him in its precepts. The critical writings of Horace are esteemed by Hurd, the best and most exquisite of his productions. Without going so far, we may confess that, as critical poems, though often imitated, they are still unrivalled.

The origin of Latin Elegy has been already traced in two of the productions of Catullus. Tibullus was his earliest successor. The year when this poet was born is disputed. It occurred probably between 695 and 700, and took place at Rome. His own extravagance, and the confiscations of the triumvirate, reduced his property; yet he seems to have had enough to live in comfort in his paternal villa at Pedum about twenty miles from Rome. Though fond of a retired life, his friendship for Messala induced him to attend that commander on several of his expeditions. He was endowed with elegant manners, and a handsome person, and devoted to that profligacy now so common among his degenerate countrymen. His health was always delicate, and he died prematurely in 734. He fell upon evil times, when manners were universally corrupt, and the Roman fair especially,

even of the highest rank, were both licentious and venal. Disappointed alike in love and ambition, the acute feelings of the poet were rendered irritable, melancholy, and capricious. The traces both of the times and of his character are strongly marked in his works. His erotic elegies are the most numerous, and breathe in the most exquisite and touching language, the spirit of licentious yet complaining love. They afford a complete picture of a mind at once passionate and melancholy. Fear, hope, pride, and love, chase each other through his verse, all colored, however, by a prevailing tinge of sadness. His rural elegies exhibit delightful pictures of retirement, of a peasant's happiness, and the employments of a country life. His devotional elegies are chiefly addressed to the rustic and domestic deities. His panegyrics are labored and pedantic. The soul of Tibullus was attuned to sadness. His most mournful notes, like those of the nightingale, are the sweetest. He loves to complain, to accumulate melancholy images, to dwell and expatiate even on the subjects of death, the grave, and the agony of bereaved friends. He was born at Rome, and is truly Roman in his verse. He borrowed from no Grecian source; and his mistress was his only muse.

Propertius, who next succeeds, was born in Umbria about the year 700. He was of an equestrian family; but lost his property in his boyhood by its partition among the soldiery. Coming to Rome, he soon attracted the attention of Mæcenas; who assigned him a house in his own gardens, and favored him with his friendship. The circumstances of his biography are little known; and the period of his death is undetermined. His whole life was devoted to licentious love, and his genius to the celebration of his passion. His first three books are almost entirely erotic. His last is chiefly heroical and didactic, its subjects being drawn from Roman history and fable. The concluding elegy of this book of his works is called the "Queen of Elegies." It represents

Cornelia, a noble Roman matron, as standing before the judgment seat of Minos, and casting a glance backward. She consoles her husband and mother, and exhorts her daughter to persevere in a life of virtue and chastity, in a manner at once pathetic and sublime. Propertius is an imitator of the Greeks; and carries his learning and fertility of allusion to an extreme which is even pedantic. He is less passionate and natural, more ambitious and elaborate, than Tibullus. At the same time, he excels his predecessor in richness of fancy, power of thought, and vehemence of expression. Though inferior therefore to Tibullus in elegiac verse, he might perhaps have rivalled even Virgil in the epic had he followed the recommendation of Mæcenas, and courted the favors of Calliope, rather than those of a terrestrial mistress.

Ovid was born in 711, at Sulmo in the Abruzzo, about ninety miles from Rome. He was of an equestrian family, and in his boyhood was taken to the capital for education. He was destined for the bar, and practised with success the art of oratory in the schools of the rhetoricians. In due time he went to Athens to complete his education, and afterwards visited the principal cities of Asia. On his return he went through some of the lower judicial offices; but the death of his brother opening to him the prospect of a competent fortune, he abandoned the law and resigned himself to his original inclination for verse. He lived, like Horace, in the world, enjoyed the society of men of letters, received the countenance of Messala and Fabius, and for sometime basked in the sunshine of court favor. At the age of fifty-one, however, having survived all the great poets who had adorned the earlier part of the reign of Augustus, he was suddenly banished to a remote corner of the empire. The cause of his exile is a matter of dispute. It probably was his accidental detection of Julia, the granddaughter of Augustus, in some disgraceful intrigue. Whatever was the

cause, the pretext was the licentiousness of his verse, particularly in his *Art of Love*. The place of his banishment was on the shore of the Euxine, not far from the mouth of the Danube. Here he languished among barbarians, without books or society, without friend or companion, for nine long years; and at length expired under these manifold hardships, at the age of sixty. His bones were buried in a foreign soil.

Ovid commenced his poetical career with some attempts at heroic subjects, which, however, were soon abandoned. The earliest of his poems now extant, are forty-nine amatory elegies in the style of Tibullus and Propertius. They are called "*Amores*," and are almost a record of his own intrigues. They are gay and wanton, full of ingenious conceptions and graceful images, instinct and overflowing with life, and youth, and joy. The *Heroides*, also written in elegiac verse, and twenty-one in number, are epistles supposed to be addressed by the heroines of history or fable to the objects of their affections. Dido, and Ariadne, and Dejanira, and Sappho, give utterance to their distresses and emotions in passionate and pathetic soliloquies. The conception is certainly ingenious, and is eloquently executed. The "*de Arte Amandi*," and the "*de Remedio Amoris*," partake of the character of the *Amores*, and exhibit throughout a prodigality of wit and the utmost exuberance of fancy. The "*Fasti*" is a poetic history of the origin and observance of the Roman festivals. The order of the work is regulated by the calendar, and the subject is little adapted to the display of poetic genius. At the termination of the sixth book and month, the poet grew tired of his occupation. The *Fasti* exhibit great erudition, and contain occasionally passages of remarkable ingenuity and beauty. The *Tristia* and the *Epistolæ e Ponto*, differ from each other merely in the circumstance, that the latter are addressed to his friends by name, while in the former, written during the earlier

years of his exile, names were omitted for fear of the emperor. They are descriptions of the hardships of his life, complaints of his manifold mortifications and sorrows, petitions to his friends to procure his recall from exile. In his other works he seldom reaches the heart; these, being the effusions of real feeling, affect it strongly. That stern monitor adversity, also purified the morals of the poet. I have hitherto abstained from mentioning his *Metamorphoses*, because they constitute the sole work not written in elegiac verse. They were composed just before his exile, and he had revised only the first three books at the time of that event. The last twelve never underwent any revision. The copiousness and variety of this celebrated work, its ingenuity of fiction, richness of ornament, and graces of style, the vivacity and exuberance which flash or luxuriate on every page, have entitled it to that immortality which in his *peroratio* the author so proudly anticipates. It is not a task of much difficulty to estimate the merit of Ovid. His excellencies and his faults both lie upon the surface. He is the most lively, fluent, and brilliant of poets. He paints instead of describing, and places every object distinctly before his reader. On the other hand, his wit often degenerates into conceits, and his fancy not seldom indulges in excessive ornament. His style too, wants the pruning hand of correction. He exhibited in fact, great as was his genius, the first symptoms of that decline of taste which so rapidly took place after the Augustan age.

Of Gallus, who is ranked by Quintilian on a level with Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, as an elegiac poet, nothing now remains.

The dramatic literature of the Augustan age has also passed away, and left us no memorial. Ovid wrote a tragedy called *Medea*, and Varius treated the subject of *Thyestes*. Both are highly praised by Quintilian. The only comic author was Melissus, whose productions were essentially

Roman. The taste of the day was not favorable to the drama. Like that of the preceding age, it continued to be attached to the mime and pantomime.

The prose writings of the Augustan age are few in number; and, with a single exception, of no very distinguished merit. The exception alluded to is Livy.

Livy, the prince of Roman historians, was born at Padua, in the year 695, of a family of consular dignity and competent estate. He was educated in his native province, and does not seem to have visited Rome until he was about to undertake his history, which he commenced somewhere between the years 725 and 730. Soon after his arrival, he composed some historical and philosophical tracts, which so pleased Augustus, that he assigned him apartments in the palace, and gave him access to all the archives of the state. For about twenty years, he continued to devote himself to his history. On the death of Augustus, he retired to Padua, where he died, mature in years and honors, in 770 or A. D. 17, at the age of seventy-five. During life, every honor had been paid him by a grateful people, whose history he has immortalized; and at his death, statues were erected to his memory. His great work consisted of one hundred and forty, or, as some say, of one hundred and forty-two books; of which only thirty-five are extant. The first ten books bring down the narrative within a few years of the enterprise of Pyrrhus. The ten succeeding books are wanting. The narrative again begins in the twenty-first book, with the second Punic war, and is continued up to the time when the Romans resolved on the third, comprehending, also, the Macedonian and Syrian contests. We have already seen, that the materials for early Roman history were exceedingly defective, and were not well employed by the first annalist, Fabius Pictor. Him Livy seems to have followed with unhesitating faith, without consulting the few original records that remained. He did not even take Polybius for his guide,

in the second Punic war, with which that judicious historian had been contemporary and familiar, though he seems to have relied on his authority for the incidents that occurred between the second and third Punic wars. Nor does he seem to have examined the archives of any of the other states of Italy, except his native Padua. Livy, in fact, is not an accurate historian. He makes many mistakes in the military art, is careless in chronology, and inconsistent in giving credit at one time to an annalist and withdrawing it at another. Livy has also been accused of partiality. Of one species of partiality he was undoubtedly guilty. He was too ambitious of the honor of his country. His grand object, in his great work, is to erect a monument to the glory of Rome. This design stands forth prominently in every part, expands the soul and elevates the style of the author, and communicates an epic dignity to the prose of history. By this absorbing desire, he is sometimes induced to palliate where he should condemn; to condemn where he might excuse; and betrayed into concealing the disasters of the state, into sending back Porsenna, discomfited, into Etruria, and introducing Camillus as the vanquisher of the Gauls. Without ever inventing, his patriotism sometimes led him to prefer a favorable tradition to an unpalatable fact.

Of that meaner partiality which concerns individuals or parties, no one has accused him. In his retirement at Padua, the student probably took but little interest in the contentions of the day, and thus escaped any strong political bias. Though favored by Augustus, he scorned to become the slave of his enmities. Such justice, indeed, did he do to the character of Pompey, that he was styled *Pompeianus*, by the emperor himself. Credulity is frequently attributed to Livy; but it must be remembered that his portents and his prodigies are given as characteristic of the superstitions of the age when they are said to have occurred, and are accompanied by a general caution, and frequently by a particular

reservation. The moral and political instruction of Livy is generally interwoven easily and skilfully with his discourse, or delivered in the speeches of his characters. His portraits are less elaborate than those of Sallust; but are always pleasing, interesting, and finely marked. His style is spirited and eloquent; and, though diffuse, never languid. His choice of words is elegant, his expressions dignified, his periods harmonious. The Patavinity attributed to him as a fault, by the fastidious and somewhat envious Asinius Pollio, has been propagated from pen to pen without ever having been explained. We may safely believe that it existed and exists no where but in the hypercritical brain of the original projector, and those who have caught up the assertion without knowing what it means. Upon the whole, then, we shall be inclined to leave Livy in possession of the title by which he is characterized in the beginning of this notice—the prince of Roman historians.*

DECLINE OF LITERATURE UNDER THE EMPIRE.

It is one of the most melancholy tasks to which mortality is subject, to watch the declining strength of those who are near and dear; to mark the fading cheek, the eye clouded with dimness, the hoary head, the diminished limb, the tottering form, where we have once exulted in the beauty and strength of a vigorous manhood. It is with similar sadness that we trace the decline of nations in power or in intellect. It is with similar regret that we lament that law of the universe, that perpetual and inevitable destiny, which orders

*The less distinguished prose writers of the Augustan age, noticed by the lecturer, are here omitted.

this decay "*ut ad summum perductæ rursus ad infimum velocius quidem quam ascendebant relabantur.*" The causes of the decline of the Roman literature after the Augustan age, are numerous and various. The most obvious is the loss of political freedom. The paternal reign of Augustus had been employed in cautiously strengthening the imperial power, so that it was transmitted to his successor an absolute and confirmed despotism. The connection between freedom and letters has been too often dwelt on to need explanation here. Literature has always withered beneath the touch of despotism. The character of the successors of Augustus gave new efficacy to this deadly influence. The gloomy Tiberius, the mad Caligula, the feeble Claudius, the ferocious Nero, and the savage Domitian, governed the empire of the world for almost a century, with an interruption only of fourteen years, which embraced the reigns of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, and of Vespasian and Titus. The virtuous sway of Trajan, Adrian, and the Antonines, served for a time, it is true, to arrest the progress of decay; but after them succeeded an alternation of tyranny and anarchy, which shattered the frame of government, and speedily reduced the Roman people almost to their ancient barbarism.

To the loss of freedom, we may add as another conspicuous corruptor, the loss of virtue. Vice, the offspring of ignorance, cannot be the friend of letters. There never, probably, existed upon earth such a vortex of corruption as that which raged at Rome under the emperors. It swallowed up all public and private principles. Allegiance was but a name, and patriotism a shadow. The faith of promises was no bond, the obligation of gratitude no tie. Female virtue, that hallowed principle upon which are founded all the dearest relations of society, was scarcely expected in the successors of Lucretia and Cornelia. Honor and self-respect, those grand preservatives of the decencies, if not of the duties, were cast aside for the applauses of a mob or the favor of a

profligate emperor. Treachery stole into the privacies of life ; informers betrayed to the prison and the axe the few virtuous men that remained, dwelling like strangers among their kind. In such a state of things, it is obvious that literature could not long survive. To these causes were added others more direct. The influx of foreigners to the capital, and their control in learning, destroyed that pure urbanity of style on which the Romans, of the days of Cicero and Virgil, had so much prided themselves, and engrafted the conceits of France and Spain on the majestic trunk of Latin literature. The corruption of taste, besides, naturally accompanied that of morals and government, and was even accelerated by additional causes. The public recitations, especially, by which authors were wont to publish their works, first introduced into Rome by Pollio, led to a desire of producing a momentary effect on an audience, instead of making a permanent impression on the public mind. Florid ornaments, an antithetic style, and a declamatory pomp, were the natural fruits of such a system ; and show themselves even so early as in the works of Ovid. But from this general preamble, I hasten to a particular consideration of the authors of the period under review, dividing them as formerly into poetical and prose writers.

LUCAN.

LUCAN, the nephew of Seneca, was the earliest as well as the most successful cultivator of epic poetry in what we have termed the imperial age. He was born of an equestrian family, at Corduba, in Spain, A. D. 38, but brought to Rome in infancy, and placed by his uncle about the person of Nero. By favor of his school-fellow, he was made quæstor and augur. Their poetic rivalry, however, soon produced a

coolness between them, and Lucan was so daring as to win a prize from the emperor at a public recitation. For this imprudence, he was forbidden in future to declaim in public. Thus disaffected, he took part in the conspiracy of Piso ; and, being detected, gave up the names of his accomplices, among whom he included his own mother, Amicia. This baseness did not save his life ; but only procured him a choice of the mode of his death. He opened his veins, and expired at the age of twenty-seven, A. D. 65. His combat of Hector and Achilles, written at the age of twelve years ; his Conflagration of Rome ; his Saturnalia ; and his tragedy, entitled *Medea*—have all perished. His *Pharsalia*, in ten books alone remains. It can hardly be called an epic. It wants both unity and machinery. It is rather an historic poem. The subject is most noble : the victory achieved over the liberties of Rome. If the poem be sometimes inferior to the subject, we must remember that it was the work of a young man ; while we lament that a longer life did not enable him to assume his proper rank by the side of the greatest poets of every age. His grand defect is want of unity of action : we find no single object in the poem. It begins with the origin of the strife between Cæsar and Pompey, and follows the order of chronology until it breaks off, unfinished, at the escape of Cæsar in the attack on the Pharos at Alexandria. Another fault is his partiality. He exaggerates the virtues of Pompey, and is unjust to the great qualities of his rival. His subject, though a noble one, was too modern. It was not sufficiently consecrated by age ; it was not yet veiled and magnified by the mists of antiquity ; it allowed no scope for the creations of fancy. The poem bears marks of a glowing and vigorous genius, and abounds in noble and animating sentiments. His comparison of Pompey to the majestic but decaying oak, is one of the happiest touches of the poetic pencil. His Cato is a sublime personification of the Stoic philosophy, of which the poet was himself a disciple.

The faults of his age are also those of Lucan. Excessive ornament, pedantic learning, and declamatory pomp, chill the native fire, and veil the native sublimity of the poet. His splendid but wild panegyric upon the infamous Nero, in the first book, where he entreats the emperor, upon his ascending the celestial courts and assuming his place among the gods, to take care not to press too much upon the extreme parts of the sphere, but to fix his station in the centre, lest his divine weight should destroy the equipoise of the heavens, is an illustration at once of the brilliancy and extravagance of his imagination.

SATIRIC POETRY OF THE EMPIRE.

PERSIUS—JUVENAL.

A CORRUPT age is the natural element of satiric verse. The general degeneracy of the Romans at this unhappy period, naturally excited the indignation of the few who continued attached to ancient manners, and preserved in their hearts, as in a sanctuary, the sacred fire of freedom. "*Difficile est satyram non scribere,*" is the declaration of Juvenal.

The first who gave vent to this indignation in satiric verse, was Persius, who was born A. D. 34, of a distinguished equestrian family, at Volterra. He lived a retired and studious life, remarkable for his modesty and domestic affection, and died at the early age of twenty-eight, under the reign of Nero. His satires were published after his death. They are contained in one book; and, according to the modern division, are six in number. They are employed in ridiculing the ill-directed poetic mania of his age, the effeminacy of the Roman youth, the presumption of youthful governors; and

in treating philosophic subjects of various kinds. In his satire on the age, he is too general. He lived, in fact, but little with his contemporaries. Though "among them," he was not "of them." The iniquities of his day have stripped his satire of all the playfulness of Horace, and have communicated to it a gravity demanded by the occasion. The obscurity of his style is his grand defect. So great, indeed, is it, that but for the ancient scholiasts, he would be unintelligible to a modern reader. His pure and elevated sentiments, however, reward the labor necessary to discover them.

Contemporary with Persius, lived Juvenal, a satirist of quite a different character. He was of humble birth, and came into the world about A. D. 42, at the little town of Aquinum. He directed his first satire, (now the seventh) at the age of forty, against the comedian Paris, the all-powerful favorite of Domitian. The greater part of his satires were composed under the mild reigns of Trajan and Adrian, and then only recited in public. Adrian, who had a favorite comedian of his own, taking umbrage at a recitation of the above named satire against Paris, banished the poet at the age of eighty, under pretext of honoring him with the command of a legion stationed in Egypt or Libya. He died in exile. Sixteen of his satires remain to us. They are directed against all the follies and vices of his age. They paint, in language of indignant abhorrence, the hypocrisy of its philosophers, the subserviency of its degraded senate, the insolence of the rich towards the poor, the contemptuous behavior of their very patrons towards men of letters, the licentiousness, vanity and cupidity of the Roman fair, the obscene indulgences of the degenerate patricians, the luxury of the table, the baseness of parasites, the lax administration of law, the license and indolence of the soldiery, the neglected education of the young, and the grasping avarice of the old. If we may judge of a man's character by his works, Juvenal was a man of the severest probity. His

saures breathe a glowing love of virtue, and intense hatred of her opposite. He differs from and excels Persius, in that he did not borrow his arms from the schools, but from actual communion with the world. He himself relies upon the indignation with which a knowledge of life had furnished him, for supplying all the defects of his genius. His manner is less easy and natural, but more pointed and severe, than that of Horace. The friend of Mæcenâs laughs at the follies of his age: the victim of Adrian frowns at the vices of his. Horace passes lightly from object to object: Juvenal observes a regular method, suggested, probably, by his habits as an orator. His style is full of energy and fire, though destitute of the graces of the Augustan poet. Gems of peerless lustre abound in his works, yet not unmixed with the glitter of false ornament, so much encouraged by the taste of the age in which he lived. He has great force and dignity, a vivid and glowing fancy, an overpowering eloquence; yet he sometimes degenerates into inflation and obscurity. In his description of the profligacy of his contemporaries, there is a plainness and minuteness often offensive to the delicacy of taste, and perhaps equally so to that of morals. A too minute and glowing picture of the licentiousness of his age, in all its monstrous yet seductive lineaments, was likelier to deprave than to reform. It would, therefore, have been better, had the champion of virtue left vice more enveloped in her pall, and confined himself to sketching, with a bold and indignant hand, a dark outline of her features.

TACITUS.

C. CORNELIUS TACITUS, one of the brightest ornaments of Roman literature, was born in the year of our Lord 60. His family was plebeian ; but his virtue, genius and eloquence raised him to the highest honors of the state. He was prætor under Domitian, and consul under Nerva. The year of his death is unknown. It is certain, however, that he lived some years in the second century. His first work was the life of his father-in-law, Julius Agricola, and was published A. D. 98. It is the noblest tribute to the memory of an individual ever paid by the pen of history. One knows scarcely which to admire most ; the great and amiable character of the hero, or the truth, sensibility and dignity which pervade the work of the biographer. His second work was his treatise, "*De Moribus Germanorum.*" It is a political and geographical description of that part of Germany which was known to the Romans. In his geography, Tacitus is incorrect : his moral descriptions are accurate and living pictures. In his old age, and under the reign of Trajan, Tacitus composed two great historical works, which, unfortunately, have come to us in a mutilated state. The first was a history of his own times, "*Historiarum libri,*" commencing with the accession of Galba, and ending with the death of Domitian, embracing thus a space of twenty-nine years. The work must have been voluminous, as the first four and part of the fifth books, which remain to us, cover a space of little more than a year. He next composed his *Annales*, in sixteen books, containing the history of Rome from the death of Augustus to that of Nero. The first four books, part of the fifth, the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and the greater portion of the fourteenth, remain to us, containing the reign of Tiberius, the end of that of Claudius, and almost the whole of that of Nero.

Tacitus came to the task of history with a mind nourished from infancy by all that was great in the productions of republican Rome, glowing with patriotism, and vividly alive to the recollections of ancient virtue; with a spirit which scorned every servile sentiment, disdained the luxury, effeminacy, and profligacy of his age, and mourned, with the profound feeling which belongs to great minds, over the corruption and degeneracy of his country. To this moral fitness for his task, he added a penetrating genius, which looked at once into the motives of men, and has disclosed, to the abhorrence of posterity, the most secret intentions of tyranny; a judgment, which discerned the connection of causes and effects, and found means to illustrate it to others; an imagination, which supplied for every picture the richest colors, and outlines the most striking and sublime; a wit, which, always preserving the dignity of history, yet well knew how to chastize the vices and the follies of mankind. This assemblage of qualities and talents was adorned by all that art could bestow. Master of all the richness and all the energy of his language, he imprints, perhaps, more deeply than any other author, his sentiments and thoughts upon the very soul of his reader. His pen has the graphic power of the pencil; and he paints not to the imagination merely, but to the heart. His mind was as rich in the treasures of philosophy as of history; and, without interrupting the course of the narrative, his sententious periods overflow with the living oracles of wisdom. His style is more concise even than that of Sallust. Often, it should seem, language fails in expressing the crowd of ideas that flows in upon his mind. His sentences frequently suggest only the elements of speculation, upon which the sagacity of the reader may expatiate. This mode of writing has led to a little occasional obscurity, his only fault. But the obscurity of Tacitus is like the duller surface of a diamond in its native state: penetrate the outer covering, and the gem within is always precious, pure, and

brilliant. According to the best authorities, Tacitus also wrote the celebrated dialogue, "*de Claris Oratoribus, sive de causis corruptæ eloquentiæ*," by some ascribed to Quintilian, and by others to the younger Pliny. The principal subject of the dialogue is a comparison of ancient and modern orators, together with a development of the causes of the decline of eloquence since the republic. Though written by Tacitus in his youth, it is full of ingenious and profound remarks, and decisions of great value in literary history. I have dwelt, perhaps, too long upon the merits of this extraordinary man. The fault, however, is surely most excusable. His works are the last and most beautiful oasis in the desert we are traversing: his moral grandeur and literary excellence are like palm-trees, rising beside the last fountain of the arid waste, refreshing with grateful shade, and delighting by their vigorous growth and lofty elevation.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THE REVIVAL OF LETTERS IN ITALY.

WE have traced the rise and progress of one Italian literature. We have left its ancient seat and citadel in the hands of ignorant barbarians, and its territories occupied by successive hordes mingled with each other, like the wave that follows wave upon the seashore, once separate but soon confounded. We have seen the language of Cicero and Virgil decline from its pristine purity, and finally yield to the dialects of the invaders, as the former masters of the world had yielded to their arms. Let us not suppose, however, that a language entirely new was substituted. A great number of words indeed was introduced by the conquerors; by far the greater number still belonged to the conquered. Their inflections and terminations of course were materially changed by the barbarous terms with which they were united, and the barbarous organs by which they were pronounced. It was long before this new language acquired either universality or stability. Almost every village had its Teutonic chief, and formed for itself a medium of communication constituting a peculiar dialect. To this very day the idioms of Lodi and Pavia, places within sight of Milan, differ materially from each other, and from that of the capital. To ripen and mellow these uncouth and discordant tongues into the soft and classic language of modern Italy, required the lapse of centuries. Nor were all these centuries stages of progressive improvement. The genius of Charlemagne at

one time shone forth as the harbinger of day to benighted and troubled Europe : but it proved only a meteor's brightness, and on its extinction the gloom was deeper than before. The period that elapsed between the eighth and twelfth centuries has been appropriately called the dark ages ; and is perhaps the most melancholy era in human history. It was a period of barbarism without those generous and lofty qualities which usually distinguish a barbarous age ; a period of corruption without that refinement of manners under which it has been said that "vice itself loses half its evil by losing all its grossness;" a period of profound and wide-spread ignorance, where religion itself seemed to lend her aid in "darkening the eyes of the understanding." Persons of the highest rank and most exalted station, belted knights and crowned kings, could not read nor write ; many of the clergy did not understand the breviary which they were obliged daily to recite : some of them could scarcely read it. The few laws and contracts deemed important enough to undergo the laborious process of being reduced to writing, were in a rude jargon called Latin. One or two rough soldier's songs in the same dialect are still preserved. The feudal system, then identified with the very soil of Europe, threatened to render interminable this state of intellectual and moral death. But a resurrection of intellect was at hand ; and "Italy was the first to cast away her shroud."

Our time will allow us only to glance at the causes which contributed to the revival of learning.

Among these causes has generally been classed the institution of Chivalry, which originated sometime during the latter part of the dark ages. The place of its origin is uncertain ; but it soon spread itself throughout Europe. It was an institution which may be compared with the architecture of the period in which it arose—fantastic and irregular, but imposing and magnificent. Its members were

exclusively knights, sworn under circumstances of profound solemnity to be the champions of the clergy, the protectors of women, and the redressors of wrong. The order was patronized by the church and favored by the fair : nobility aspired to the honor of knighthood as the highest attainment ; and even royalty itself felt no degradation in receiving it at the hands of the subject. Its religion was honor, and its law the sword. Yet the tendencies of this institution to refine the temper of barbarians, and to check the turbulence of a corrupt and ferocious age, cannot be disputed. Knightly honor was, perhaps, a better substitute for religion than the superstition of the day, and the sword of chivalry a surer protection than feudal laws. But it is not perceived that it had any direct influence to promote the revival of letters. Knight-errantry has been the subject oftener than the patron, of song. It had, it is true, its pompous festivals, its jousts, and its tilts, where beauty looked on to animate the contests of valor, and where feats of personal strength dexterity and courage were displayed, that might vie in prowess even with the Grecian games. But where were the exhibitions of cultivated mind, the treasures of historic lore, the effusions of inspired poetry, that could lead the taste of the refined Gibbon "to prefer a Gothic tournament to the Olympic games of classic antiquity?"

The first light that shone on Italy was from the south. As early, indeed, as the time of Charlemagne, a college had been established at Salerno, under the auspices of that monarch, for instruction in medical science. The institution, it is true, sank for a time into decay : but nevertheless, the southern extremity of the Italian peninsula seems never to have been completely enveloped in the darkness common to the rest of Europe. It was politically connected, at least in name, with the Greeks ; and had from its local situation the benefit of intercourse with the Saracens, then a people comparatively enlightened and polished. Amalfi, which claims

the honor of being the place where the pandects of Justinian were afterwards discovered and the mariner's compass invented, was a city of wealth, where even the refined luxuries of the east were not unknown. About the middle of the eleventh century, Robert of Normandy, surnamed Guiscard, from his extraordinary sagacity, passed the Alps as a solitary pilgrim, and associating with himself a band of Italian rovers, made himself master of Apulia and Calabria, now forming parts of the kingdom of Naples. The decayed college at Salerno was revived under the patronage of the Norman adventurer. Constantine, an African christian, who had spent nearly forty years at Bagdad, and had returned master of the language and learning of the Arabians, was appointed its principal ; and Salerno was enriched by the lessons and the writings of this oriental scholar. A little afterwards, in the same century, Roger, the youngest brother of Guiscard, was assisted by him to achieve the conquest of Sicily, then in the hands of the Saracens. Roger assumed the title of great Earl of Sicily, and swayed the sceptre with wisdom and glory. The Moslems were maintained in the free enjoyment of their religion and property ; an Arabian philosopher was invited to his court, the compiler of a geography, which was translated into Latin, and preferred by Roger to that of the Grecian Ptolemy. His son assumed the title of king, and added to his Sicilian dominions the inheritance of his deceased uncle Guiscard, thus uniting under his authority the whole of the modern kingdom of Naples. His capital was Palermo, which continued to be the centre of the arts, sciences, and luxuries of the Saracens. In this school of Arabian refinement, the Norman chivalry made rapid proficiency ; and there, about the beginning of the twelfth century, were heard the earliest accents of the Italian muse. Her first strains were of the amatory kind, and were recited at public festivals, where Moorish and Christian women sang in concert.

While this illumination was rising and spreading from the south, the northern skies were gilded by another light. The minstrel literature of Provence, in the south of France, had displayed itself as early as the eleventh century, and in the beginning of the twelfth was much diffused and admired. The romantic poems of the Troubadours and the wild ballads of the Jongleurs tended in no small degree to recover and to spread the taste for song, and to inspire emulation in the breasts of the neighboring Italians.

Meanwhile the crusades had roused Europe from the slumber of centuries. The rude spirits who embarked in those romantic enterprises naturally returned home with ideas enlarged and tastes improved by intercourse with oriental civilization. To Italy these wild enterprises were peculiarly beneficial. The first crusade had been conducted over land; but the length and hardships and dangers of the way induced the champions of the cross, in their future expeditions, to prefer the more circuitous but easier route by sea. The maritime states of Italy became the carriers for those mighty armies. This employment, and the trade of the East, which followed as its incident, fostered her infant commerce, augmented her wealth, and gave a new impulse to the growing enterprise of the country. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the commerce of Europe was almost entirely in the hands of the Italians, more generally known in those ages by the name of Lombards. Companies of Lombard merchants were settled in every kingdom, and every where enjoyed the highest protection and favor.

It was to be expected in this new fermentation of the Italian mind, stimulated as it was by the examples of the south and of the north, that a spirit of literary curiosity should be awakened. Nor were excitements wanting to elevate it to an enthusiasm worthy of its noble object. The remains of ancient learning, long immured in the cloisters of the monks, now came forth once more into the world.

The shades of Virgil and Horace and Ovid, roused from their long slumber, seemed to invoke their countrymen to imitate the glorious example of their predecessors. Nor was the invocation in vain.

DANTE.

DANTE d'ALIGHIERI, the august father of Italian literature, was born at Florence, in 1265. Early attached to letters, and fortunate in the instructions of Brunetto Latini, he nevertheless, like the Roman poets, took part also in war. He served in the campaigns of 1289 and 1290, against the Aretini and the Pisans. He was attached to the Guelf party, then dominant in Florence; but that party becoming divided into two, the Bianchi and the Neri, he joined himself to the former, which proved the unsuccessful side. In early life he was tenderly attached to a lady by the name of Beatrice, who died in her youth. He was afterwards induced to marry from family considerations; but the marriage proved unhappy, and ended in a voluntary separation. The image of Beatrice, so early and deeply impressed on his heart, was never effaced. His affection for her seems to have been entertained with a profoundness suited to the disposition of the poet, and to have been preserved with a mournful fidelity, which influenced alike his genius and his character. In his great poem, it is Beatrice who procures him admission into the world below; it is Beatrice who surrounds him with the divine protection; it is Beatrice who conducts him in person into paradise. He pictures love, not as a licentious passion, but as a pure, an elevated, almost a holy sentiment.

At one time he filled the place of one of the chief magistrates of his native city: but on the discomfiture of his party,

was banished, and afterwards condemned in his absence to be burnt alive. He was baffled in the negotiations of his friends to restore his fortunes, and failed in an attempt to enter Florence by force. Thus thwarted, he had no resource but to wander an exile from court to court. He died at Ravenna, in 1321, and was interred in the vicinity; like Scipio, "buried by the upbraiding shore." His epitaph begins with that reproach to Florence, "*Exulum a Florentiâ excepit Ravenna.*" His deep sense of the injuries received from his beloved but ungrateful country, followed him through life. We often see traces of this mournful and indignant sentiment in his great work. The inspiration of his awful subject could not withdraw his mind from its recollection. It deepens the gloom of his *Inferno*; it follows him in his celestial ascent; and amidst the beatitudes of his *Paradiso*, the name of Florence still renews the remembrance of his wrongs. His sainted ancestor, in predicting the destiny of the poet, is made to say to him—

——— thou shalt prove
How salt the savor is of others' bread.

And in his *Inferno* there is a passage, in which, with intended obscurity, and a thrilling power of expression, the poet exhibits the image of himself in a man who,

Making his visage naked of all shame,
And trembling in his very vitals, stands
Amid the public way, and stretches forth
His hand for food.

The death of Dante clothed all Italy in mourning. Then indeed it was discovered that her choicest spirit had fled. The munificence of princes was employed in multiplying copies of his poem. The archbishop of Milan formed a

commission of six scholars to compose a commentary on his works. Florence, anxious to atone for her original injustice by posthumous honors, established a public professorship to lecture on his merits, and appointed Boccaccio to fill the chair. She afterwards sought to have his remains removed to his native city, where a monument was to be erected to his memory. But Ravenna would not part with the precious dust ; nor did his memory need a monument of marble.

His great work is denominated "*la Divina Commedia*." He gave it the name of Comedy, not because it is in fact a drama, much less one of a sportive kind ; but from his unassuming character, which would not allow him to claim the honor of having produced an epic poem. It is probable that he had never seen a drama, and was not conscious of the inaptitude of the name. The epithet divine was added by an admiring posterity.

The subject of this immortal poem is a visit to the three kingdoms of the dead, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. It consists of one hundred cantos, of from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty lines each. The first canto is introductory. Thirty-three are then devoted to each branch of the subject. The stanza is of that kind which is called *terza rima*, and consists of three lines, the first and third of which rhyme together, while the second rhymes with the first and third of the succeeding stanza.

The opening of the poem is dark and mystical, in admirable accordance with the gloomy and awful theme. The poet finds himself alone wandering in a savage and solitary wood ; he is lost in its mazes ; wild beasts oppose his ascent to a neighboring hill, from which he hopes to discover the way out. A guide presents himself in the person of Virgil, who offers to conduct him to the realm of shadows. There is a propriety in assigning the office to the Mantuan bard, arising not only from the fact that Virgil had before described

these hidden regions, but also from Dante's excessive admiration of one whom he addresses,

"O degli altri poeti onore e lume,"

and whom in another line he proclaims his beloved master. The two bards arrive at a gate over which appears an inscription admirably appropriate to the entrance of the dread abyss.

Through me men pass to the abode of wo,
Through me they pass to everlasting pain ;
Through me they pass among the ruined race.
Justice inspired my heavenly architect,
'To found me was the work of power divine.
Wisdom supreme and love original.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
Leave every hope ye souls that enter here.

'They enter by a divine permission procured by Beatrice, and penetrate into the dismal sojourn.

Here sobs and lamentations and loud moans
Resounded through that heaven without a star ;
So that even I at the beginning wept.
Here divers tongues and horrid languages,
And shrieks of pain and clamorings of wrath,
Deep cries and hoarse, and sound of smitten hands
Created still a tumult, such as whirls
Forever through that ever darkened air,
As whirls the sand when blows the hurricane.

Any one who reads even these two passages, which I have rapidly translated for the purpose of illustrating the style of

the poet, may readily conjecture at what fountain Milton imbibed his inspiration. The adventurous voyagers cross the Acheron, pass through the crowds of heathen heroes and sages, and encounter the victims of unhappy love. The story of Francesca di Rimini, on which Leigh Hunt has founded his poem, is here told with ineffable grace and delicacy, and with a pathos which thrills every fibre of the heart. From circle to circle the poets still advance on their gloomy path, meeting as they descend victims still more guilty, suffering punishments still more intense. Gluttons are extended on fetid mire and pelted with showers of ice; an offensive slough swallows up those who have given loose to their angry passions; the heresiarchs are enclosed in red hot tombs; tyrants are plunged into a pool of blood; robbers fight with horrid serpents who are themselves transformed banditti, and who achieving the victory, abandon their reptile form to their miserable victims. In the last circle, traitors are entombed in everlasting ice. Here is related that memorable story of Count Ugolino and his children, of which Lord Byron's *Prisoners of Chillon*, though one of the noblest productions of the English bard, is but a feeble imitation. Two heads are seen raised above the frozen surface. One is that of Count Ugolino, who by treason had made himself master of Pisa; the other is that of Archbishop Ruggieri, who, treacherously getting Ugolino and his four children into his power, starved them to death in prison. The Count is gnawing the head of his adversary. The poet inquires into the motive of an enmity so savage. I cannot help attempting to give you a slight idea of the Count's reply through the medium of a hasty translation.

His mouth upraising from that fierce repast,
And grimly wiping it upon the hair
Of that foul skull which he had stripped behind,
'The sinner spake. 'Thou wouldst that I renew

The hopeless grief that wrings my very heart
E'en when I think of it and ere I speak.
But that my words may prove as fruitful seeds
Bringing forth infamy to him I gnaw,
Thou shalt behold me weep and speak at once.
I know not who thou art, nor by what path
Descended hither, but thy speech denotes
'That thou art Florentine. Know then that I
Am the Count Ugolino, and this man
Ruggieri the archbishop. Hear what cause
Has joined me with him. 'That I trusted him,
And in the issue of his foul designs
Was seized and put to death, I need not tell.
But list to what thou canst not yet have heard;
List to the cruel manner of my death,
And judge thou whether he has done me wrong.
A narrow grate in that accursed cell,
Since called from me "of famine," and where yet
Others shall be immured, had shown my eyes
Moon waning after moon, when a dream came
Lifting the veil from what was yet to come.
This wretch appeared as master and as chief,
Chasing a wolf and wolfings to the mount
Which shuts out Lucca from the Pisan's view,
With lean and eager hounds and sharp of scent;
Gualandi and Sismondi and Lanfranchi
Still thrust themselves in front before the rest.
After brief course the sire and sons appeared
Outwearied, and methought I saw their sides
Torn by sharp tusks. Awake before the dawn
I heard my sons (for they were in my cell)
Moaning in sleep, and asking me for bread.
Full cruel art thou if it moves thee not
'To think what this foreboded to my heart:
Ah, if thou weep'st not, what will make thee weep?

Now they were all awake, and now the hour
Of our spare daily meal drew nigh, and each
Was full of dark misgivings from his dream.
I heard the portal of the fearful tower
Locked up below, and looked into the face
Of my beloved sons, nor spake a word,
Nor shed a tear. I seemed of stone. But they
Wept freely; and my little Anselm said,
"Father, what ails thee that thou gazest thus?"
Yet even then I wept not, answered not,
All that day long, nor all the after night.
At last the morrow's sun arose on earth;
And as a feeble gleam of light found way
Into our doleful prison-house, I saw
In those four hapless faces, my own face:
I gnawed, from very anguish, both my hands.
'They, thinking that I did it from desire
Of food, arose, and said with one accord,
"Father, indeed it would afflict us less
If thou would'st feed on us. 'Thou gav'st our frames
This miserable flesh: Strip them again."
Then I refrained, lest they should suffer more.
That day and the succeeding, all were mute.
Ah! why didst thou not open, cruel earth!
But when the fourth day came, my Gaddo cried,
"Father, canst thou not help me?" And he fell
Extended at my feet, and there he died.
I saw them plainly as thou see'st me now;
I saw my three sons perish one by one,
Between the fifth day and the sixth; while I,
Grown blind at last with weakness, groped o'er each,
And called upon the dead for three long days.
Then famine did what sorrow could not do.

I have detained you so long with the *Inferno*, that I can but glance at the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*. In the central abyss of hell, the poet enters a long and gloomy cavern, through which he passes to the antipodes. On issuing into air, he finds himself at the base of an immense cone, divided into compartments. On the top, is the terrestrial paradise, communicating between earth and heaven. To this, Beatrice descends to meet him, and conduct him to the realms of bliss. He is rapt thither by the purity and fervor of his own spiritual aspirations, and visits in turn the various heavens, being nine in number. The *Purgatorio* of Dante is, in some respects, a copy of his own *Inferno*; fainter, of course, than the original. As we enter it, the interest becomes less intense. Hope mingles with every thing around us, and softens, and in some measure tames, the terrible sublimity portrayed in the world below. We know that the sufferings are transitory, and are to end in everlasting joy, and we feel therefore less interested in their detail. The poet seems sensible of the difficulty, and the action is comparatively languid. Nor does he fully recover himself as he approaches heaven. The ineffable splendors of his *Paradiso* are at times fatiguing: the bliss of the just is too contemplative and spiritual to admit the varieties of poetical embellishment: there is sometimes a mysticism about his delineation of the attributes and appearances of the celestial state, which bewilders rather than elevates: and his theological discussions, seemingly introduced for the sake of change and amplification, are not always intelligible even with the explanations of his beloved Beatrice. The *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, however, are not wanting in passages which denote the same master hand that delineated with such matchless sublimity and inimitable pathos the scenes of the *Inferno*.

This great poem, with all its imperfections, could not fail to excite the astonishment of the age in which it appeared.

and to attract the lasting admiration of posterity. It may be compared to an extensive wood, filled with the tallest trees of the forest, covered underneath with a carpet of the richest verdure, and fragrant with the wildest, brightest, sweetest flowers ; but where you are sometimes lost in the darkness of the shades, and often perplexed by the devious and intricate paths. Though Dante cannot, upon the whole, be styled the first of poets, I should be inclined to place him above all others for some of the highest attributes of genius. The conception of his great work is grand, original, sublime. He invented images, he established a language for himself. His style is as peculiar as it is original. Not an unmeaning word weakens its intense energy, not a superfluous ornament impairs its sublime simplicity. He kindles the imagination by a hint ; he rouses the spirit by one trumpet tone ; he affects the heart by one thrilling touch ; he tortures the sense by one appalling image ; and then leaves to the fancy of his reader the labor of development. The reader of Dante should, therefore, himself be a man of genius. Mere taste is not adequate to comprehend him fully, or appreciate him duly. Yet the general and enduring admiration with which his great work is regarded, is a proof how powerfully it addresses itself, in the main, to the universal sympathies of our nature. What most strongly impresses the reader, is the profound solemnity and earnestness with which it is written. The mind of the poet seems full of the remembrance of the unearthly mysteries which had been revealed to him, and not yet recovered from the awe they had inspired. What he writes seems to be dictated by recollection, rather than by invention. He does not seek to embellish, to heighten, to amplify ; he seems to ~~feel~~ that this would be doing sacrilege to his subject ; he ~~appears~~ to aim at communicating in the most concise and direct terms an adequate conception of the images yet vivid in his memory. It is impossible to resist the contagion of that awe by which the mind of the poet is

overwhelmed ; or to refuse, while you read, your assent to the truth and reality of the scenes he describes. You are impressed by the simple, grand, unaffected strains of the Florentine bard, with much the same reverential emotion as when you read the poetry of the Hebrew scriptures.

But to make you more familiar with the genius and character of Dante, it may not be amiss to attempt a brief comparison between him and the English bard, who most nearly resembles him : I mean the great epic poet of our language. Milton and Dante both depict the awful mysteries of heaven and of hell ; but it must not be forgotten that the Tuscan was the precursor. Nor had he any light to guide his path but his own genius. The example of Virgil inspired him to write, but instructed him neither in his matter or his manner. Dante was the first to sing of heaven and of hell, not as the dreams of mythological fiction, but as the objects of a real faith. He was the first who lunched from this promontory on which we stand, into the vast immensity of the universe, traversed the abyss amidst demons and infernal tortures, and mounting afterwards through angelic hosts and undiscovered worlds, gazed with stedfast eye upon the glories of the Highest. Such is the bold and daring course, in which Milton is but his follower. Dante was the Columbus who discovered this new world of poesy : Milton only the Americus Vesputius who pursued his track.

In originality, Dante probably surpassed even Homer himself. We cannot now ascertain how much the Ionian bard was indebted to his predecessors. Time has covered the literary history of that period with utter oblivion. The very perfection of his poems would seem to indicate that he must have derived some aid from the labors and experience of those who had gone before him. It is difficult to suppose that he could so far have approached the creative attributes of the Deity as to form out of the chaos of heroic fable, by the untaught efforts of his own genius, those stupendous and

matured works, which resemble, in their varied magnificence, in the minute regularity of all their parts, in the adaptation of those parts to make one harmonious and glorious whole, "that universe itself whose image they reflect." On the other hand, the very irregularities and imperfections of Dante, are evidence of his originality ; they betray the first, the yet immature efforts of invention.

But, though surpassing the English bard in originality, the gloomy Tuscan was inferior in the perfection of his imagination. He did not conceive an epic poem. Though he had the example of Virgil before his eyes, yet his genius and the times led him to a dramatic narrative, possessing unity indeed in its general plan, yet often fantastic, and not seldom tedious. Milton, on the other hand, though originally inclined to throw his mighty subject into the form of an allegorical masque or mystery, happily gave himself up at length to the inspiration of the epic muse. His creative and comprehensive imagination erected from the materials of his subject a fair and stately edifice, which engrosses and almost overwhelms the mind, and continues to elevate the spirit even when employed in the inspection of the parts. The *Divina Commedia* is like a Gothic cathedral, immense and sublime in its dimensions, vast and irregular in all its parts, wild, rich and picturesque in its ornaments, into whose long and lofty aisles the light streams as if unwillingly, unable to overcome the gloom congenial to the place. The *Paradise Lost* is like the interior of the Pantheon at Rome. The noble breadth of the rotunda, the height of the aspiring dome, the chaste magnificence which pervades the whole, above all, the perfect unity which, admitting no distraction, combines every part into one undivided effect, create an intensity of admiration. There is but one space, and only a single light. The symmetrical, the majestic whole is seen, is felt, at a glance.

There is a resemblance, but at the same time a marked

difference between these great bards in the conduct of their poems. Both are alike distinguished by sublimity. The sublimity of Dante is that of passion ; the sublimity of Milton is that of the imagination. The Italian, by a single master touch, awakens a long train of sensations ; the Englishman accumulates image upon image in magnificent profusion. The Italian moves, the Englishman astonishes. The comparisons of Milton are vague, indefinite, sublime ; those of Dante are precise, brief, energetic. In tenderness, Milton can boast nothing equal to the story of Francesca, nor can he produce a parallel for the terrible pathos of the recital of Ugolino. On the other hand, Dante has conceived no such being as Satan, majestic though fallen, invincible though vanquished, scornful of good though deeply sensible of the consequence of evil ; wielding the powers of the elements, controlling the hosts of hell, deceiving angels, betraying men, and almost dividing the empire of the universe. Upon the whole, therefore, while we recognize in Milton an imagination more contemplative, prolific, lofty, and magnificent, we must assign to the Tuscan bard the palm for originality, passion, and force.

PETRARCH.

In the same year that Dante was banished from Florence, the father of Petrarch incurred a similar calamity. He retired to Arezzo, where the poet was born in 1304. His father urged him to adopt the profession of the law, with a view to retrieve the adverse fortunes of his family ; but nature intended him for letters. His person was comely ; and, for the age, his manners were refined. He was not, like Dante, subjected to the privations of penury ; but was early and through life admitted to the friendship and favor of the

great. For this he was in some measure indebted to Dante himself, whose immortal poem had awakened such a literary enthusiasm in Italy. Perhaps no man of letters, in ancient or modern times, ever received such general and enduring patronage as Petrarch. He was often appointed ambassador from court to court; controversies between different governments were submitted to his arbitrament; and his opinion was almost as authoritative in affairs of state as in those of letters. This patronage of the poet was common to all the states of Italy, and even extended to the sovereigns of the neighboring kingdoms. He was not considered as the subject or citizen of any one government, but all Europe claimed and caressed him as her son. And finally, he was crowned at Rome as the poet laureate of Italy, with all the pomp and magnificence which the age could devise. Having retired to Arquà, in the north of Italy, to close the evening of his life, he there received a visit from his friend Boccaccio, who came as the ambassador of Florence to solicit his acceptance of the confiscated property of his father, and his return to the bosom of his native Tuscany. But the poet conceived himself too old to abandon his accustomed haunts and form a new circle of friends. He died at the age of seventy, ripe in years and fame.

As a poet, he was extolled perhaps above his deserts. At the age of twenty-three he formed a romantic attachment to the celebrated Laura, a woman of virtue and married to a husband whom she loved. This passion unfortunately gave a color to his whole future life. Laura became his muse, when he should have courted a nobler; and Vacluse his Helicon, when he might have drank from a more inspiring fount.

The Italian poetry of Petrarch is of three kinds; sonnets, canzoni, and triumphs. The sonnet is a form of poetry borrowed from the Sicilians; and its constrained measure is adverse to the free range of genius. It is too uncompromising

in its requisitions ; it prescribes a certain number of lines, which the poet must of necessity fill with the expression of a single thought, and beyond which he may not extend it. Besides embarrassing himself with the constrained and laborious measure of the sonnet, it was the error of Petrarch to employ a succession of obscure and unmeaning conceits, alike unworthy of his genius and his taste. He is constantly punning for instance, on the very name of Laura. There is also a wearisome monotony in his Platonic love ; and the nature of his allusions to his mistress exposes him to the charge of affectation. We have, for example, no less than four sonnets on the good fortune he enjoyed in having an opportunity to pick up her glove. There is moreover a continual and far-fetched personification of inanimate things and attributes, and a reiteration of favorite hyperboles, which fatigue the imagination. Yet amid this farrago of trifling conceptions and bad taste, there is occasionally a touch of deep pathos, or gleam of exalted fancy, to vindicate his claim to the character of a true poet. His sonnets upon the death of Laura are probably his best. There, often fastidiousness of expression, metaphysical elevation of thought, affectation of sentiment, Platonic ecstacy, all yield to the violence of genuine grief. His address to the Virgin Mary, imploring that through her assistance he might forget the ashes of one who had filled his life with dangers and with tears, is not surpassed in pathos by any poet of any age.

The Canzoni of Petrarch are a species of odes, the form of which is borrowed from the Provencal. They are divided into stanzas, which have variety both of measure and rhyme, and afford therefore a free scope to lyric enthusiasm. Here nature often asserts her dominion over his heart. His fifth canzone is perhaps the noblest of his effusions, and worthy of comparison with any ode in any language. It is an exhortation to the bishop of Lombez to take up the cross for the delivery of the Holy Land. The Triumphs of Petrarch

are written in *terza rima* upon the model of Dante. They sometimes contain a compression of thought, and an originality of conception, perhaps not to be found in his other works. They are, however, allegories, in which the poet is present in succession at the triumphs of Love, Chastity, Death, Renown, Time, and the Deity ; and, like most allegorical poems, become too often fatiguing in their details. His Latin poems, upon which Petrarch rested his fame, and which of all his works were the most admired by his contemporaries, are inferior to those written in his own language. His epic, styled *Africa*, is frigid and uninteresting. His epistles in verse are generally cold, and sometimes inflated. The same may be said of his philosophical treatises in prose. The letters composing his Latin correspondence, though sometimes formal, throw much light on the age, and are full of interest.

But the great merits of Petrarch are his mastery of the music of his native tongue, his pure and lofty tone of sentiment, and the enthusiastic devotion of his life to the revival and dissemination of ancient learning.

In felicity of expression and harmony of language, he stands without a rival. The music of his verse is enchanting ; there is a fascination in its sound. The most melodious language in the world borrows a new charm from his poetry. He was in the habit of pouring forth his verses to the sound of his lute, to perfect their harmony. This lute he bequeathed to his friend, and it was retained for generations as a precious relic. We may therefore believe Vallani, when he informs us that the musical modulation of the sonnets addressed by Petrarch to Laura was so sweet that it was on the lips of all Italy. Indeed at the present day the music of his verse, and the graces of his phraseology, are appreciated almost to idolatry by his fastidious countrymen.

The purity of sentiment which pervades the writings of Petrarch, is scarcely to be found in any other author. Un-

like the amatory poems of antiquity, even the delineations of his passion for Laura are so intellectual, so pure, so unearthly, so much resembling the sentiment which one aerial being might cherish towards another, as almost to induce the belief that his spirit is not communing with woman, but with the poetical personification of female loveliness. During the twenty years of his acquaintance with her, not a voluptuous, scarcely an aspiring thought escapes his pen ; and when she comes to die, the sentiment seems to ripen into a religious affection. She is treasured in his memory as an emblem of the goodness of God ; her visits to his fancy are those of a messenger from the skies, seeming to diffuse through his bosom all the tenderness and purity of devotion.

But it was the consecration of his life to the revival and dissemination of classic learning, that has chiefly contributed to carry his name down the flood of time as one of the benefactors of his race. The age in which he lived was an age of chivalry and romance ; and those qualities strongly marked his attachment to the literature of the ancients. He loved the remains of ancient genius, not as the modern scholar loves them, but with an enthusiastic and absorbing and inextinguishable devotion peculiar to himself. He traversed all Europe in quest of ancient manuscripts ; his life was a literary pilgrimage. He effected a correspondence and union of effort between the scholars of every country, himself the centre. The writings of Cicero were especially the object of his assiduous research ; he collected and re-united the dispersed fragments, and was himself the discoverer of the valuable Familiar Epistles of the illustrious Roman. It was a grief to Petrarch that he did not understand the Greek language. Twice he had attempted to learn it ; but in one case his teacher had been taken from him by death, and in the other by engagements which he could not control. The hour when, at about the age of fifty, his eye

first lighted upon the works of Homer, was an era in his life. True, the volume was to him a sealed book. He was as blind to it as its immortal author. But the consciousness that it contained the breathing words and burning thoughts of the inspired father of song, was enough to awaken all the sensibilities of the "soft enthusiast;" and his letter of thanks to the friend who had given him the precious treasure is a burst of feeling and of eloquence, which must ever be admired by the classic reader.

BOCCACCIO.

WHILE Dante and Petrarch were thus lighting up the literary horizon, another luminary arose, of a different, though scarce inferior lustre. As they were the creators of Italian verse, so was Boccaccio the founder of Italian prose. Giovanni Boccaccio was born in 1313. He was the natural son of a wealthy citizen of Florence; and, notwithstanding the disadvantage of his birth, received in his youth the best education the age could afford. His father designed him for trade, but his own taste inclined him to study. Being allowed at length to follow the bent of his genius, he repaired to the court of Robert king of Naples, then a distinguished patron of learning. Here he acquired the rudiments of the Greek language. Here also he became acquainted with Petrarch; and the intimacy thus begun, continued during their lives. But his acquaintance with Petrarch was not the only one he formed at Naples. The graces of his person and address introduced him to the notice and the too partial regard of Maria, the natural daughter of king Robert, and the wife of a Neapolitan gentleman. Born in the luxurious

climate and educated in the voluptuous court of Naples, the object of Boccaccio's passion resembled more the Cleopatra of Antony, than the Beatrice of Dante, or the Laura of Petrarch. The illicit intimacy between them was of long duration, and exercised an important influence upon the life and writings of the Tuscan scholar. It was at her request that he wrote the Decameron; and she it was who infused into parts of that celebrated work the insidious poison of her own principles. He died in 1375, at the age of sixty-two.

His Decameron, the work by which he is chiefly known, is a collection of one hundred tales, supposed to be related by a company of ten persons of both sexes, who had retired into the country to avoid the pestilence which ravaged Florence a little before the work was written. The company agree to recite a tale each for ten successive days, thus making the number of one hundred. The days are connected by lively and engaging descriptions of the walks and amusements of the cavaliers and ladies composing the festive group. Here the imagination of the author luxuriates in the scenes of rural beauty which surround the Tuscan capital. His description of the plague at Florence, which forms the introduction to the work, resembles, in distinctness of narrative and vividness of coloring, the account of a like calamity at Athens, by the great Attic historian. And yet Boccaccio was no servile copyist of Thucydides. The resemblance was the result, not of imitation, but of the similarity of the subjects.

The Decameron is a series of original paintings of the human heart, drawn by the hand of a master. To pursue the metaphor, it has all the freedom and force of delineation characteristic of Salvator Rosa, and all the fidelity and richness of coloring which glow in the landscapes of Claude Lorraine. There is a truth, a pathos, a justness of sentiment, about this work, scarcely to be found in any other prose writer. It displays an intuitive knowledge of human

nature, which one, unacquainted with the Italian language, might suppose peculiar to our own Shakspeare. It has beside a polish of diction, a simple elegance and grace of style, that fascinate with the power of sorcery. There is likewise an ingenuity in the stories which has excited the admiration of every age. It is no libel on the tastes of Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Dryden, to say that they have borrowed many of their plots from the rich storehouse of Boccaccio.

But on the other hand, it must be admitted that there is a freedom, and not seldom an impurity, pervading this great work, unbecoming the genius of its author. He never sent it to Petrarch. Considering the long and close intimacy subsisting between these compatriots in the republic of letters, and their habit of reciprocally interchanging their productions with each other, the withholding of the *Decameron* was at once a tribute of veneration to the sanctity of Petrarch's mind, and a confession by Boccaccio that the licentiousness of his work was unworthy of the classic taste of Petrarch's friend. It is a mistaken idea, that disregard of moral restraint is an attribute or a mark of genius. To make that celestial quality, bestowed for the delight and exaltation of our species, a wanton in the service of licentiousness, is an impious abuse of one of the choicest gifts of heaven. No impurity of sentiment or of language blots the pages of Homer, or Virgil, or Dante, or Tasso, or Milton. Even Shakspeare, the free rover through the wide domains of nature, though sometimes tinctured with the grossness and vulgarity of the age in which he lived, is never licentious.

Besides the *Decameron*, Boccaccio wrote two romances, the *Fiammetta* and the *Philocope*. The latter was a romance of chivalry ; the former may be considered as the prototype of modern love romances. It portrays the fervor, the sincerity, the unbounded and almost reckless devotedness of female affection when once strongly fixed on its object, with a power almost peculiar to this great master. He also wrote

two heroic poems, now nearly forgotten, in which the *ottava rima*, afterwards adopted by Ariosto and Tasso, was first employed. The Latin compositions of Boccaccio were voluminous, and remarkable for their learning.

Boccaccio, though less enthusiastic than Petrarch, was perhaps as real an admirer and patron of the learning of the ancients as his illustrious contemporary. He was the first to establish a school at Florence for instruction in the Greek language. This he did at his own expense; and Leo Pilatus, the teacher employed, was received into his own house, and seated at his table. The lecturer had no personal graces to recommend him to so close an intimacy; "he was clothed in the mantle of a mendicant; his countenance was hideous, his face was overshadowed with hair, his beard long and uncombed." These defects of person were attended with a correspondent deformity of temper, and with the most ungracious manners. But he possessed and could impart the hidden treasures of Greek literature; he could speak the language of Homer, of Pindar, and of Euripides; he could utter, however uncouthly, the accents of the great Athenian orator; he could introduce his patron to a more intimate acquaintance with his favorite Thucydides. The school, which was continued for three years, had no inconsiderable effect upon the literary destiny of Florence. Boccaccio spent his last days in lecturing upon the genius and writings of Dante. His lectures remain a monument of his learning and eloquence: but he died before he had finished the *Inferno*.

ITALY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY—SLOW YET REGULAR PROGRESS OF LITERATURE—PATRONAGE OF LETTERS—COSMO DE MEDICI—LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT—ANGELO POLITIANO.

WE have seen that Boccaccio died in 1375: the death of Petrarch was in the preceding year, and that of Dante at an earlier date. Upon the demise of the last of this illustrious triumvirate, Italian literature paused in its hitherto rapid and preternatural advance. These great men had anticipated the resources of their age. Their creative genius and enthusiasm for learning had qualified them for becoming the founders of a new and brilliant era; but their contemporaries were not yet prepared to follow in the career they had opened, with equal steps. Upon the death of these patriarchs of letters, Italy sunk for a century into inaction. Perhaps the dazzling eminence to which they had risen was of itself calculated to discourage, for a time, the aspirations of less daring minds. The matchless flights of Homer seemed forever to close the list of Grecian epics: Shakspeare has not even yet a successor in the English drama; and ages elapsed before a Canova arose, who could grasp with unfaltering hand the chisel of Michael Angelo.

Still the progress of Italian literature continued; though sterile in its effects, it became more widely diffused and more deeply incorporated into the mind of the nation. It was an age of patronage. Italy was divided into many independent states; and at that time, princes and republics vied with each other in the encouragement and reward of literature. They had no colossal armies at their command; the wreath of military fame was not within their grasp; they sought a truer glory in the patronage of letters. The discovery of an ancient manuscript was a subject of public rejoicing; and questions pertaining to the classics created as much interest

as the affairs of state. The dukes of Milan, the last of the Visconti, and even the usurper Sforza, surrounded themselves with learned men. The Gonzagas of Mantua, and the Estes of Ferrara, exhibited the most active zeal in the encouragement of literature. In the south, Alphonso V. vied with his northern neighbors in the promotion of science. To open a school for the illustration of the classics, and to conduct it with ability, was the sure road to fortune and to fame. The princes of the age chose for their ambassadors and chancellors, the same men to whom they entrusted the government of their children. Florence stood foremost in the generous strife. The soil of Tuscany had given birth to Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Florence had rocked the cradle of Italian literature, and she now came forth its most active and liberal patroness. The names of Cosmo de Medici and his descendants are almost synonymous with the restoration of learning. That most illustrious of merchants, who corresponded at once with India and Britain, and was the master of the monied capital of the world, devoted his resources to the munificent encouragement of science and the arts. His agents at the same time purchased merchandise and collected manuscripts; and a cargo of Indian spices and Greek books was often imported in the same vessel. He opened an academy, devoted to instruction in the philosophy of Plato; he established the Laurentian library, which, with subsequent acquisitions, remains to the present day a monument of his munificence, and an ornament to Florence. Even the papal power united in the encouragement of letters. The popes, who in preceding times had turned the whole weight of superstition against study, became in the fifteenth century its zealous patrons. Nicholas V. at one time the librarian of Cosmo, raised himself by his virtues and his learning to the papal chair. He had been the friend of men of letters, he now became their patron. His influence pervaded Christendom; and that influence was exerted in recovering, even from

the remotest monasteries, the scattered and mouldering manuscripts of antiquity. The Vatican was daily enriched with the precious acquisitions; and in his reign of eight years he collected a library of five thousand volumes.

About the middle of this century, Constantinople fell beneath the power of the Turk. Many of the dispersed Greek scholars sought refuge in Italy. Each fugitive brought with him some wreck of a Byzantine library, and made it his occupation and his glory to illustrate the treasures of his native language. Thus was Italy a second time indebted for improvement to Grecian masters, and to Grecian arts. About this time, too, the art of printing was discovered and introduced into Italy. This was indeed the lever of Archimedes, in the world of letters. Each classic manuscript could be multiplied into ten thousand copies, and each copy made fairer than the original. Homer might be read at Florence, with a facility unknown at Athens; and Virgil reappeared at Rome in an attire upon which the Augustan age would have gazed with admiration.

Yet with all these excitements before and around her, the muse of Italy suffered years to elapse before she resumed her onward, upward, flight. This phenomenon may, I think, be explained upon another principle besides the one before suggested. The mind became actually oppressed with the weight which it was called upon thus suddenly to sustain; it was for a time dazzled and bewildered in its admiration of the treasures of antiquity. With the scholars of this age, we accordingly find that originality was not attempted. They sought to be the imitators of Plato and Tully, rather than the rivals of Dante and Petrarch. Forsaking even their mother tongue, they adopted that of the ancients; they feared to write in the language which Boccaccio had ripened for their use, lest it should impair the chasteness of their Latinity. Not content to banquet in the halls of Darius, they also assumed the Persian garb.

Yet is posterity under a debt of lasting gratitude to the Italian scholars of this period. They arranged the works, they multiplied the copies, they expounded the obscurities, they expatiated on the beauties, of the ancient classics. Antiquity was unveiled in its sublimity of genius, its depth of research, its lofty poesy, its profound philosophy, its overwhelming eloquence. If the genius of Italy appeared to be slumbering for a time, it was but gathering resources for the next generation. It was the seed-time in the literary world. The waste places had been reclaimed, and saturated with celestial dew; and now, in a soil mellowed by culture, the precious seed was deposited. The winter, indeed, was long; but the spring came at last with its verdure and its flowers; and a summer succeeded, rich in its landscape and sky, richer in its glorious harvest.

The period of Italian literature, commencing with the elevation of Lorenzo de Medici to the government of Florence, is one upon which the scholar loves to dwell. The grandson of Cosimo, he assumed the reins of government in 1469. He was himself a scholar and a poet. His beautiful poems, in his native tongue, were the admiration of the age; and he was thought scarcely inferior to Petrarch in brilliancy of fancy, depth of feeling, and purity of style. Yet poetry only occupied his hours of relaxation. He was a consummate statesman. Without the title or attributes of royalty, he ruled Florence with kingly power, and was the master-spirit in the councils of Italy: his was the sway of intellectual and moral greatness over ordinary minds. But it was his patronage of literature and the arts that chiefly gained him his well-earned title of Lorenzo the Magnificent. He was the centre of attraction to the scholars and poets, the architects, sculptors, and painters of his day; his house, his gardens, his fortune, his person, were theirs. He restored the language in which the strains of Ariosto and of Tasso were so soon to flow, and cheered and encouraged the aspiring

boyhood of Michael Angelo. He died in 1492; but his mantle descended to his son Giovanni, afterwards so endeared to the arts under the title of Leo X.; whose pontificate for a time restored to Italy the splendors of the Augustan age.

The most remarkable scholar and poet who flourished in the fifteenth century, was Angelo Politiano, the friend and companion of Lorenzo. He was born in 1454, and died at the age of forty. At thirteen, he attracted attention by some Latin verses; and at the age of fourteen, composed his great poem in the Italian language, called *Giostra*, or the Joust. Its professed object was to celebrate a tournament, in which Julian, the younger brother of Lorenzo, had distinguished himself. Though extended to about fourteen hundred lines, it breaks off even before the tournament begins. This poem is not excelled in richness of fancy, vivacity of narrative, and variety of description, even by the older masters of the art. It is only a fragment; but, considered as the production of a child of fourteen, it is perhaps the greatest curiosity in the cabinet of letters. The poem is a perfect frolic of the fancy. It introduces Julian, young, beautiful, and brave, but proudly steeling his heart against the assaults of love. He rouses his companions to the chase, himself the foremost in the pursuit. The fleetest animals of the forest are overtaken and slain. Here the imagination of the inspired boy luxuriates and revels in glowing descriptions of that spirited amusement, which has been called the image of war. Cupid, meantime, knowing himself defied, and feeling himself insulted, sends a snow-white hind, which, presenting itself to the impetuous hunter, and then fleeing, but not out of sight, lures him from his companions and from the chase, to a flowery meadow, where the hind vanishes, and the nymph Simonetta is seen radiant with celestial beauty. The heart of Julian is moved with a new and strange delight; his resolutions are forgotten; she speaks, and the sound of her voice completes her triumph. He returns home

alone, and pensive. Meanwhile, the god of love, in haste to report his achievement, repairs to the mansion of his mother. The picture of her habitation in the isle of Cyprus, drawn with a richness of coloring and freedom of invention never surpassed by any effort of the poetic pencil, has been copied by Ariosto and Tasso in their great poems. To enhance the value of her conquest, the queen of beauty determines that her new subject shall distinguish himself at a tournament. At night, Julian sleeps, and the image of the beautiful Simonetta, clad in the panoply of Minerva, is despatched to visit his dreams. She reminds him that the smile of beauty is the reward of valor, and of valor only ; and the enamored youth, on awaking, finds his passion strengthened by being blended with the thirst of martial renown. And now the tournament is announced ; the lists are prepared ; and the whole band of loves and graces descend upon the hills of Tuscany to animate and enjoy the scene. But here the narrative is suddenly interrupted, and never again resumed. Such was the genius of Angelo Politiano ; a genius afterwards wasted on Latin verse, and learned controversies now forgotten. We contemplate this misapplication of talent with a melancholy feeling, similar to that with which we regard the early death of a Kirke White or a Chatterton.

ARIOSTO.

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO, the bard of chivalry, is one of the authors who have given immortality to the Italian literature of the sixteenth century. He was born in Lombardy, in 1474. At a very early age he evinced his poetic inclination by a drama on the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, which was acted by his little brothers and sisters. Like many other

Italian poets, he was intended by his father for the study of jurisprudence ; but nature would have its course ; and after five years unprofitably spent in that study, he was released to the guidance of his own taste and genius. When Ariosto was about twenty-four, his father died, leaving him in embarrassed circumstances. His family being allied to the Dukes of Ferrara, the young poet was invited to that court, and received under the patronage of Cardinal Ippolito, son of the reigning duke, Alphonso I. About the year 1505, he began the composition of his *Orlando Furioso*. Upon the death of the Cardinal, Alphonso took him under his own auspices ; and during the remainder of his life liberally provided for his wants. He died at Ferrara in 1533, at the age of fifty-nine years. Though the most gorgeous of poets, Ariosto was the plainest of men ; though his fancy delighted in the most magnificent and voluptuous imagery, in visions of splendor and luxury, yet he used to say of himself that he ought to have lived in the age of acorns. When asked why, instead of his plain house, he had not built one of those sumptuous palaces described in his immortal poem, he replied with the simplicity of an ancient Roman, that " words were combined together with less expense than stones or marble." Yet avarice was not the cause of the poet's plain and frugal habits. His charity was exemplary ; and to his indigent mother he was the kindest and most bountiful of sons.

Ariosto wrote satires, dramas, sonnets, and songs ; but his fame rests on his *Orlando Furioso*. This poem was, on its first publication, received in Italy with unbounded enthusiasm. Perhaps no work ever excited so much contemporaneous applause. It was approved by the learned, and admired by the ignorant : even those who could not read it, listened to its recital with untired and rapt attention. In that age, the man of letters, and even the poet, was often employed in civil and military offices. Ariosto himself was, on one occa-

sion, commissioned with a small party to quell a band of robbers, who infested the neighboring Apennines. The poet was not backward in meeting the foe ; but at the first onset his cowardly followers fled, and left him alone in the hands of the outlaws. He might have perished there, had not his genius inspired him to proclaim himself the author of *Orlando Furioso*. The name was a charm to these wild and excited spirits : they threw themselves at his feet, and conducted him in safety and in triumph to his home. The fabled lyre of Orpheus is said to have softened rocks : the effect of the strains of Ariosto on the hearts of these fierce outlaws almost realizes the prodigy of the ancient fable.

Yet his great work cannot for a moment stand the test of criticism. He was the poet of chivalry ; and the wildest freaks of knight errantry were not more lawless or irregular than his muse. His poem is a tissue of adventures in love and arms, in no case well compacted, and oftentimes wholly disconnected ; with all the enchantments, transformations, giants, fairies, and other unreal events and beings ever conceived in the dreams of a wild and credulous age. It has no connecting point ; and even to this day it is a matter of learned discussion who is its real hero. Though it derives its name from the madness of Orlando, it is in fact a narrative of all the loves and adventures of all the paladins of Charlemagne during the fabulous wars of that emperor with the Moors. It is full of satire, and frequently diversified by grotesque descriptions and ludicrous adventures. Its tragic and comic scenes, its serious and burlesque, are mixed up in strange confusion ; and the transitions from the one to the other are often immediate. It were in vain to attempt an analysis of the poem ; this were to re-write it ; indeed, its contents are generally known, at least through the medium of translations. The poet takes up the subject and the heroes just where they were left by Boiardo, and commences in the midst of combats and universal confusion. By and

by some hero darts off to pursue his separate adventures. No sooner has he got into an embarrassing and interesting situation, than the author forsakes him for some other personage, whom in turn he treats in a similar manner. New characters are introduced near the end of the poem; new hosts issue from unknown deserts; and, as the poem commenced without a beginning, so it ends without a termination. We cannot, indeed, wonder that when Ariosto first presented his work to his friend and patron, Cardinal Ippolito, the latter abruptly demanded of the author, "where he had found so many pieces of folly?"

Nevertheless, the creative power, the boundless variety, the wonderful facility, the profusion of true poetical beauties, which distinguish this poem, have ever rendered it a most attractive work. Many grave critics are indeed inclined to prefer its wild charms to the more regular beauties of Tasso. Its adventures are forever varied and forever interesting. They transport us into a world entirely imaginary; yet such is the poetic enthusiasm which hurries us along, that we suffer not our own judgment to question the reality of its existence. In his battles and combats, without the truth or probability of Homer, he has even more fire and animation; he absolutely intoxicates us with the sense of valor and the admiration of enterprise. The dignity, the delicacy, and the grace, of chivalry; the high honor, the noble generosity, the exalted gallantry, of her knights; are depicted in all their splendor. In pathos, none have surpassed him; in description, few have equalled him. His landscapes have all the glow and truth of the pictures of Claude, while his inventions rise before us as if palpably produced by the wand of a fairy. The madness of Orlando, the desertion of Olympia, the death of Zerbino, are above all praise. In the distinction of character, Ariosto fails. Neither does he attempt the higher flights of sublimity. Though sometimes negligent, his very negligence has the appearance of facility and

grace. His versification possesses exceeding sweetness, and wonderful variety of modulation. Upon the whole, if we lay out of consideration the two points I have just mentioned, in which his genius was deficient, he resembles more than any other continental writer, our own unrivalled Shakspeare. In his contempt for, or rather superiority to, the rules of art ; in his mixture of the comic with the serious, so like the real history of life ; in the inexhaustible treasures of his invention, the unbounded riches and variety of his fancy, he does not yield even to the great English dramatist. If the end and merit of poetry are to please, then has the Orlando Furioso the highest claims. The same popularity which greeted its first appearance in Italy, has followed it for three hundred years in all its translations into all the languages of Europe. The child has listened to it as he would listen to the witchery of an Arabian tale ; old age has sought it as one of its most varied and richest sources of entertainment ; the philosopher has read it, and, while his judgment may have condemned its reckless disregard of prescribed rules, his imagination and his heart have yielded to the mysterious charm that fascinates on every page. Ariosto is in his descriptions sometimes gross and not seldom indelicate. Yet can the poet of impure passion scarcely plead the authority of his great name ; his offences are much oftener against the delicacy of taste, than that of morals.

When we read the Orlando Furioso, and regard its carelessness of plan and execution, its seemingly unsought and artless beauties, we are apt to believe the fairy production the sudden sport of the fancy, a spontaneous burst of poetic inspiration. Yet was it in fact the result of ten years toil, and was not seldom lighted by the midnight lamp. So assiduous indeed was the application of the bard, that he often rose at one or two o'clock in the morning to resume his poetic labors. He was fond of reciting his own poetry, and did it with inimitable grace, pathos, and effect. To

hear others recite it in an incorrect or ungraceful manner, would produce in him a kind of nervous excitement. As he was one day passing a pottery, while his master was singing a stanza of his poem out of all tune, he rushed into the shop, and in the frenzy of the moment broke some articles of his ware. Upon the owner's remonstrating, he passionately exclaimed, "I have broken indeed some of your worthless clay, but you have murdered my inspired verse." Ariosto had been advised to write in the Latin tongue; but happily for his own fame, and that of his country, he rejected the counsel; replying that he preferred belonging to the first class of poets in the Italian language, rather than to the second or third class in the Latin.

TASSO.

TORQUATO TASSO, a name so dear to the scholar and the man of taste, is one which, though covered with imperishable renown, is yet "ever to be remembered with a sigh." His personal misfortunes were only surpassed by his poetic fame. He was born at Sorrento in the kingdom of Naples, in 1544. It is said that almost in infancy his unrivalled genius began to display itself. He was carefully educated by his father, who was himself a man of letters and a poet; and his youthful mind was richly stored with all the treasures of classic learning. His father designed him for the study of the law; but that Being, who had breathed into him a spark of his own celestial fire, ordained him for a higher destiny. At the age of nineteen his genius had already broken loose from the fetters of legal science, and displayed itself in his chivalric poem of *Rinaldo*, in twelve cantos. It celebrates the loves and adventures of *Rinaldo*,

the ancestor of the house of Este, which it treats in the manner of Ariosto. It was dedicated to the Cardinal d'Este, the nephew of Ariosto's patron, and the brother of Alphonso II., the then reigning duke of Ferrara. Alphonso invited the young poet to his court, lodged him in his palace, and assigned him an ample pension. There, at twenty-one, he commenced his *Jerusalem Delivered*, which he completed in the thirtieth year of his age. At the age of twenty-seven he accompanied the Cardinal d'Este to Paris, where he was favorably received by the French king, Charles IX. Here occurred an instance of that sentiment of piety, which pervaded his life, and is often displayed in his writings. Being asked by the king one day whom he judged superior to all others in happiness, he answered God. Being further asked by the weak monarch who, of all that he knew among men, most nearly resembled God in his happiness; the poet, even in the presence of royalty, answered calmly, the man who most nearly resembles God in doing good.

About six years after Tasso's return from Paris to Ferrara, the misfortunes of his life began. Alphonso, his patron and sovereign, was weak, vain, and arrogant; the poet himself had all the irritable delicacy and morbid sensibility, as well as the inspiration, of genius. It would seem that he had indulged a presumptuous attachment to Leonora, the sister of the duke; and that he had entrusted the secret of his love to a courtier, who had betrayed it. Irritated to frenzy, Tasso attacked him with his sword, in the palace of the duke; and when his adversary with his three brothers all drew at the same time in return, the poet maintained the unequal fight with a chivalrous courage worthy of the heroic ages. He wounded two of his antagonists; and it became a sort of proverb with the common people, that "nothing but Tasso's sword could equal Tasso's pen." The duke caused the four brothers to be banished; and put Tasso under arrest, upon pretence of securing him from the future

attempts of his enemies. In this situation he was disturbed by the terrors which his active and morbid imagination continually magnified, and after a year's confinement he found means to escape. He now travelled all over Italy without money, without a passport, without attendants, in a state of increasing agitation ; complaining of the cruelty of Alphonso and his own luckless fate ; wandering at one time, as far north as Turin, and finally reaching, in disguise, his native Sorrento, where the assiduities of sisterly affection were for a time successful in soothing his wounded spirit.

Tired at length of the retirement of his sister's house, and pining to behold the object of his romantic love, he returned to Ferrara. He had, besides, another motive ; he desired to recover possession of his works, which were detained in that capital, and parts of which had been published without his consent, from imperfect copies. The duke received him with seeming kindness ; but refused to give him his manuscripts, alleging that the state of his health was such as to render it improper for him to resume his studies. Meantime all access to the princess was denied him ; and his too sensitive imagination thought it perceived in the courtiers and domestics, traces of distrust and contempt. Abandoning himself to his resentment and his melancholy, he wandered to Mantua, Padua, and Venice ; but finding the unseen influence constantly exerted upon his heart too strong to be resisted, he again repaired to Ferrara, in 1579, in a state of increased excitement. Here the duke shut him up in the hospital of St. Anne, as a lunatic ; and his imprisonment there was continued for seven years. Historians differ as to the real motives of this measure. But whatever might be the reason originally, the length of the confinement was no doubt occasioned by the policy of Alphonso. That ostentatious prince was not willing that a man of so much celebrity, whom he had now irreconcilably offended, should publish his oppressive conduct to the general ear of Italy. The

temperament of the poet gave too much countenance to the pretence of insanity ; and his imprisonment operated to produce the very malady for which he was confined. At one time he imagined himself poisoned, at another enchanted ; by day, he accused himself of crimes which he had never committed ; and by night, terrific apparitions haunted his sleepless couch.

The derangement of Tasso was, however, only partial. His *Jerusalem Delivered* had been printed from an imperfect copy, without his permission. Editions had been multiplied, and all Italy was divided by controversies upon the respective merits of Tasso and Ariosto. Tasso defended himself, from his prison, with ingenuity and spirit. His enemies, however, prevailed ; and the Academy della Crusca declared itself against him. After seven long years of confinement, Tasso, at the age of forty-six, obtained his liberty, through the intercession of the young prince of Mantua, his passionate admirer. He went to Mantua with his deliverer, and there remained a short time in peace and comfort. Weary, however, of a state of dependence, he resolved to retire to Naples and resume his pen ; but being overtaken by indisposition on the way, this noblest son of Italy was obliged, from want of means, to pause at Loretto, and send to a friend to solicit funds for the completion of his journey. Stung by the criticisms of his adversaries, he undertook at Naples the revisal of his poem ; enlarged it by four cantos ; omitted the episode of Olindo and Sophronia ; gave it the new title of *Jerusalem Conquered* ; changed the name of Rinaldo, the ancestor of the house of Este, to that of Ricardo, a Norman knight ; and tamed his immortal work into a mere shadow of itself. The manuscript remains in the library of Vienna, a melancholy monument of intellectual greatness depressed by misfortune. He caused it to be published ; but it is now, I believe, happily out of print. The poet lingered until 1595, poor and unhappy. In the spring of that year he

went to Rome, whither he had been called by Pope Clement VIII. to be crowned, like Petrarch, in the capitol. He went with reluctance, at the urgent importunity of his friend Cardinal Cynthio, the Pope's nephew, who had entreated him not to refuse that token of regard procured by his intercession. A secret presage accompanied him to Rome that it would be his last earthly journey. He expired in the convent of St. Onofrio, the very evening before the ceremony was to have taken place ; and the crown intended for his head was placed on his bier. The plain and cheerful chamber where he closed his life of many sufferings, is still shown to the stranger. I entered this last asylum of persecuted genius with a feeling of sympathy, which brought before me its once illustrious occupant in the last days of his decline, cheered by the soothing voice of friendship, sustained by the holy consolations of religion, and most happy to lay down that life which to him had been indeed a burden. I followed to the tomb in the adjoining chapel. A small marble tablet in its pavement marks the spot beneath which the bones of the poet repose in peace. A simple inscription indicates its hallowed purpose. "*Torquati Tassi, ossa hic jacent.*" I thought within myself, it is fortunate that the record of his immortality is written in more glowing words, even in his own immortalizing verse.

To the consideration of that verse, it is now time to turn. For the subject of his poem, he chose the greatest that could inspire a modern bard, the mighty contest between the Christians and the Saracens, the Gospel and the Koran. It was peculiarly adapted to poetry. The deep devotion, the high-souled generosity, the romantic courage of the crusaders, constitute them the most interesting class of heroes ever celebrated in poetic fiction. The supernatural, moreover, is admitted without hesitation in the poetic annals of that age. Both parties in the contest were fond of the marvellous, and believed in magic, and in the direct interposition both

of heaven and hell in the affairs of men. The very scene where the poem is laid appeals to higher associations than even those of a classic character. It is Judea, the chosen seat of the only true God, the field of the labors and the sufferings of a God incarnate. The author does not undertake the history of the whole of the first crusade : he enters on the action when the war had already begun. His whole poem comprises only the campaign of 1099. The first canto opens in the plain of Tortosa, where the Christian army assembled in the spring, after having taken Antioch the preceding year ; and the twentieth concludes with the capture of Jerusalem. The unity of the action is preserved throughout, while its interest is sustained by frequent and well arranged episodes.

The characters of the poem are admirably varied. The generous and warlike Clorinda, the tender and disinterested Sophronia, the timid and love-lorn Erminia, the accomplished, passionate, voluptuous Armida, display in the most animating, the most alluring, the most touching traits, all the modifications of the female character. The sage and pious Godfrey, the experienced Raymond, the fierce Argante, the politic Aladin, the lion-hearted Rinaldo, and the gallant, the generous, the feeling Tancred, are true to nature and to the parts assigned them by the poet. In sublimity, Tasso, as well as Dante, has been the prototype of Milton. The assembling of the infernal gods, to advise on the means of preventing the success of the Christians, the portrait of the ruler of hell, the gloomy eloquence of his address, are among the highest efforts of genius. In pathos, he surpasses all epic poets. The generous contest between Olindo and Sophronia, each seeking death to save the life of the other ; the tearful catastrophe of Clorinda, who falls, unknown, by the hand of her lover, and the touching remembrance of her fate, which throughout the poem oppresses with melancholy the noble Tancred ; attract with all the force of tragedy the sympathy

of the reader. In description, Tasso is at once accurate and eloquent. The effects of the burning rays of the dog-star on the Christian army, the pastoral retreat of Erminia, and the enchanted gardens of Armida, display a richness of fancy and variety of invention never equalled unless by his Italian rival. His battles are more true, but less animated, than those of Ariosto. Still, they exhibit an epic dignity and pomp, united with a chivalrous and romantic enthusiasm, which render them equal to those of any other poet. A principal charm of the work lies in the wonderful narrative talent with which it is constructed. There are no fatiguing displays of sentiment : the descriptions are skilfully diversified with action, and never tediously elaborated : the grand, the beautiful, the pathetic, are intermingled and relieve each other in such a manner as to produce the most enchanting effect, and carry the reader to the conclusion with untired and increasing interest. The style of Tasso copies the majesty, and his versification the melody, of Virgil, whom in general, of all the epic poets, he most nearly resembled. The *Jerusalem Delivered* has been objected to on various accounts, both in former ages and in this ; but I leave to others the task of finding fault with the most perfect poem of Italy, the most complete of modern epics. Upon the whole, I should place Tasso next to Homer in the line of epic poets. He exceeds all the rest in the dramatic distinction of character, in variety, in pathos, and in interest. To these excellences, the Roman majesty of Virgil, and the sombre sublimity of Milton, may appear to some a sufficient counterpoise. I leave such to the unquestionable freedom of their own opinion.

Tasso composed a multitude of other works. His *Amynta*, like Milton's mask of *Comus*, is alone sufficient for the fame of a poet. It is indeed only a series of pastorals, connected without skill, by a kind of dramatic plot, the action of which passes off the stage, and is tediously explained by the dialogue

and chorus. The richness and sweetness of the poetry, however, the passion that breathes in every line, and the spirit of love and innocence that pervades the whole Arcadian scene, conspire to render this the most fascinating production of its kind. It is written in an irregular measure, composed of blank verse, with an occasional intermixture of short lines and rhyme, admirably adapted to the lyric character of the piece. Tasso wrote a comedy, called *Gli Intrighi d'Amore*, an undertaking for which his melancholy temperament peculiarly disqualified him. His tragedy, *Il Torrismondo*, though the action passes off the stage, is more successful. Some of the scenes are beautifully wrought, and the chorusses are truly lyric. I shall venture upon a translation of the final chorus of the *Torrismondo*, in which I have imitated as closely as possible the measure and spirit of the original. It is peculiarly touching, as the poet no doubt applied it to himself, and to those illusions of glory which at almost every period of his life seemed to disappoint his grasp and fade from before his eyes.

As mountain torrent, rushing past,
As lightning seen
In night serene,
As sudden arrow, smoke, or blast,
So pass our names—our honors seem
A flower, a dream.

What more to hope? For ever fled
The triumph and the palm!
Instead of peaceful calm,
Grief and laments and tears succeed.
Can love, can friendship bring relief?
All, all is grief.

Spenser, the great English bard of fairy land, early studied Italian poetry, and became deeply enamored of its beauties. From Ariosto he caught that wildness of romance and enthusiasm of valor which pervade his work, and charm us upon every page. But Tasso was peculiarly the object of his admiration, which was carried so far that he often thought in Tasso's thoughts, and sometimes clothed them almost in Tasso's words. I am not willing to accuse of plagiarism one of the venerable fathers of English verse. He who had such free access to the fountains of nature, had no need to borrow of man. Perhaps the English enthusiast had so early transplanted into his memory some of the favorite beauties of the Italian bard, and had cherished them there so long and so fondly, as in truth to forget that they were not the offspring of his own imagination. Be this as it may, the coincidences present a fact of some interest in literary history, and at least show the exalted estimation in which the great Italian was held by one of the best judges of poetic excellence. I shall, therefore, not deem it foreign to our subject, in concluding my notice of the life and writings of Tasso, to lay before you, as a specimen of the coincidences alluded to, my own translation of the celebrated passage where he compares human life to a rose, which I have made as literal as possible, preserving the stanza of the original; and shall afterwards present to you the passage from Spenser embodying the same idea.

Ah look, he sang, behold the budding rose

Peep from beneath its modest mantling green,
Half hide its virgin beauties, half disclose,

By all admired the more the less 'tis seen.

Behold it now, far bolder grown, expose

Its naked bosom and forsake its screen;

Lo, now it fades and seems no more the same,

Once so desired by loving youth and dame.

Thus passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the verdure and the flower ;
Nor, though return the blooming fields of May,
Can it recover back its vernal hour.
Ah, cull we then the rose, without delay,
Ere clouds on this auspicious morning lour,
Cull we the rose of love. Ah love we then,
When loving it may chance we shall be loved again.

The passage from Spenser follows.

“ The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay—
Ah ! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day.
Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth in bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her may.
Lo ! see soon after how more bold and free,
Her bared bosom she doth broad display,
Lo ! see soon after how she fades and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower ;
Nor more doth flourish, after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady and many a paramour.
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet in prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflower.
Gather the rose of love whilst yet in time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.”

METASTASIO.

AMONG those who aided in rescuing Italian literature from the degradation into which it had sunk during the seventeenth century, Metastasio holds a conspicuous place. Pietro Metastasio was born at Rome, in 1698, of humble parents by the name of Trapassi, who earned a scanty living by selling flour, pastry, and similar articles. Before reaching the age of ten, Pietro evinced a passion for poetry, and an extraordinary faculty for making verses extempore on any given subject. This faculty he was wont to display in his father's shop, and crowds would collect to listen to the effusions of the infant bard. On one of these tuneful occasions, Gravina, the celebrated civilian, who happened to be passing by, was attracted by the sweetness of the child's voice; and when he came to discover that the verses were original, his delight was changed into admiration. He begged the child of his parents, and promised to adopt it as his own. They could not refuse an offer so generous; and the beautiful plant, that penury might have blasted, was now transferred into a more genial soil. Gravina, who was a scholar as well as civilian, and almost as great an admirer of the literature of Greece as of the code of Justinian, translated the name of the child from Italian into Greek, substituting for the humble appellation of Trapassi, the more classic one of Metastasio. Well did this generous patron perform the promise which he had made to the parents of his adopted child. He perfected his education under the care of the best masters, and wished to bring him up to his own profession. But Gravina could not make a lawyer of one whom nature had made a poet. Unable or unwilling to counteract his instinctive passion for poetry, the civilian soon gave him over to the inspiration of the muse. At fourteen, he composed a tragedy,

which, though an indifferent production in itself, gave promise of his future eminence in the dramatic art. When about thirty years old he was invited to Vienna, as the imperial laureate, and there spent the remainder of his long life. He died in 1782, at the age of eighty-four, retaining his faculties and health almost to the last.

Metastasio is the great poet of the opera. The musical drama originated at Florence, at the close of the sixteenth century. During the seventeenth century, it spread itself throughout Italy, and made some little progress in improvement. But it required the genius of Metastasio to breathe into it the breath of life, and animate it with a living soul. Metastasio made the opera the most fascinating entertainment in Europe, and the opera gave to Metastasio a fame as extensive and enduring as itself. The opera is a drama wholly set to music; in which, however, the dialogue, though not declaimed without music, is not sung in measure, but recited in simple musical tones. These tones, though different from ordinary speech, do not amount to singing. It was probably not known to the ancients. True, they had their bards, their rhapsodists, and their chorusses; but not their recitative or dramatic melody. The ancient dramas made music the handmaid of poetry; the opera has made it her sister. The opera, though a modern discovery, is founded on the inherent principles of our nature. It appeals to the love of show, the love of melody, and the love of poetry; all of them congenial to the human breast. Its component parts are the poem, the music, and the decorations—and it aims at once to charm the eye, delight the ear, and captivate the heart. It is an harmonious combination of three of the fine arts, painting, music, and poetry, to produce a pleasing and elevating effect.

Perhaps a genius never existed better calculated to give perfection to the opera than Metastasio. He had vivacity of fancy, refinement of feeling, and the most exquisite taste in versification. His fertile imagination accumulates beauties

upon beauties ; his delicate sensibility conceives and touchingly describes the most affecting incidents. His copious powers of expression, assisted by his fine sense of sound, pour forth a never-ending yet ever-varied flood of rich, and soothing, and subduing harmony. Yet was not his genius of the highest order. Original and vigorous conception, the loftier efforts of sublimity, were beyond his reach. His ambition was to become the first poet of the opera ; and this was the sphere for which nature designed him. Perhaps, indeed, higher talents might have been less suited to that sphere. The impetuosity of bold, original, irregular genius might impair the harmonious union between the two sisters. Poetry glowing with bold metaphor and bursts of impassioned eloquence, might be enfeebled by music ; or the soft flow of melody ruffled and disturbed by the rude intermixture of passion and strength.

Metastasio generally subjects himself to the unity of time, but rejects the unity of place as limiting the field for that brilliant display of scenic variety so necessary to the success of the opera. In the delineation of characters he is not sufficiently varied, and the same charge of uniformity applies to his plots. Perhaps, however, this is owing, not to the want of fertility of genius, but to the intrinsic difficulty of accommodating music to all the varieties of character and situation. His pieces almost always end happily. The deep pathos of tragedy was not suited to his taste or his genius. He has been called the poet of love. Into this sentiment, indeed, he resolves every thing noble, pure, and heroic. The very atmosphere of his ideal creations breathes the inspiration of the tender passion. But though his delineations of this sentiment are romantic and unreal, they do not transgress, either in expression or thought, the limits of delicacy. His operas are not only sung, but read ; his moral maxims are daily cited ; and his verse has a charm for youth or age, for the gay voluptuary or the grave philosopher.

ALFIERI.

UNTIL the eighteenth century, Italy had produced no tragic poet. With a language alike suited to develop the terrible pathos of Dante, or to flow in the harmonious and plaintive strains of Tasso, and with a climate and a landscape well calculated to feed the "luxury of tender thought," Italy had not yet felt the inspiration of the tragic muse. Even the ancient Romans had scarcely heard her genuine accents in their native tongue. Though their history was fruitful in examples of the loftiest magnanimity and the deepest pathos, and filled with the names of Lucretia and Virginia, of Coriolanus and Brutus, and others of equal interest; they had never learned to combine and arrange these rich materials of dramatic poetry. But in the eighteenth century, a tragic poet appeared in Italy, no less extraordinary in his personal than in his dramatic character.

Vittorio Alfieri, the creator of Italian tragedy, was born in 1749 at Asti in Piedmont, of rich and noble, but illiterate parents. His early education was neglected; and he spent nearly the first half of his life in the most frivolous, wild and riotous dissipation. His favorite companions were his horses; and it was the height of his ambition to be the fleetest rider in Piedmont. He became at length the victim of ennui; and like Byron, whom he resembled in character and genius, traversed Europe to escape from himself. The novelty of the scenes in England gave new zest to his morbid and dissipated taste; and the people of London little dreamed that in him whom they saw in their streets the coachman's rival, and in their courts of law the convicted adulterer, they beheld the future *Æschylus* of Italy. Such was the youth and early manhood of Alfieri: marked with a wild and fierce impatience of character, a recklessness of moral re-

straint, a melancholy agitation of spirit, a bitter hatred of oppression, a haughty contempt of his species. The eccentricity of his conduct seemed often to wear a tint of insanity ; yet the close observer might have perceived in the moody and irregular development of his wayward mind, the impetuosity, the morbidness, the ardor, the cold exterior and inward fire of genius.

Returning to his native country tired of the world and of himself, he sought at the age of twenty-five, as his last resource, to distinguish himself as a tragic poet. But he had yet the very language of poetry to learn : his mother tongue was a mixed and barbarous dialect ; his early Latin he had forgotten ; the Greek he had never acquired ; with the Tuscan, in which he intended to prefer his claim for immortality, he was not familiar. He shut himself up for months, causing himself to be tied to his chair, with the early Italian classics for his only companions. He despised the effeminate sweetness of Metastasio ; he drank his inspiration at the fountain head of Dante. At length the genius of this wayward and impetuous child of nature burst upon the world with a torrent's force ; but at first too with a torrent's roughness. The four earliest of his tragedies were absolutely harsh, and still retain that feature though afterwards polished by their author ; the six succeeding are improved, but still in their style hard and abrupt ; the nine last, produced at a subsequent period, are in their kind perfect specimens of the Tuscan tongue. His tragedies, in the simplicity of the plot, the limited number of the characters, the directness of the action, and the austere gravity of the composition, are noble imitations of the Greek model. The soft Italian exhibits on the stage the hardy features of antiquity ; and the reckless libertine of London and Paris is seen at Florence transformed to a dramatic Cato.

Alfieri has been called "the poet of freedom." We would prefer to call him the poet of passion. True, he hated

tyrants, and whatever he hated he detested. But, though he composed odes on the American independence, we doubt whether the haughty Italian count could have lived in the atmosphere of a republic, unless indeed it had been a republic like that of Rome, divided into patricians and plebeians, and assigning to himself a place in the former class. So his writings breathe rather the execration of despotism, than the genuine spirit of calm and rational liberty. The vital, the governing principle of his character was passion; passion deep, lofty, indomitable, ruled his life, and burns in every page of his tragedies. Its elements had been fermenting in his bosom from infancy; it is poured forth in concentrated, sublimated energy in his verse. Perhaps no author ever availed himself so little of adventitious circumstances. He cares not whether his plot be new or trite; whether it be consistent or inconsistent with nature or history. Indeed his aspiring and overbearing genius loves to grapple with and overcome difficulties. In the tragedy of *Myrrha*, which he himself seemed to consider his best, he makes his heroine burn with an unholy passion for her own father, lighted up by Venus, who is piqued because her mother had boasted that the daughter surpassed the goddess in charms. Yet even against the current of our faith and of nature, his mighty genius carries us along, subdues the inherent horrors of his plot, and irresistibly commends his lost one rather to our sympathy than our blame. Against the well known truth of history, he makes his Brutus, in his tragedy on that Roman story, the son of Cæsar, and though present at the assassination, not himself using the dagger; and yet we are beguiled for a moment of our faith in the Roman historian, by the overpowering sorcery of the Italian poet.

His tragedies are in a true Spartan spirit: plain, terse, condensed, disdaining ornaments, without excursions or digressions, proceeding directly onward to the catastrophe, with no reliance but on their own inherent interest. In

dramatic as in real life, the object that possessed him possessed him wholly ; and the irrepressible vehemence of passion carries him straight forward to the end. Yet the passion of his dramas is rather deep than loud. It deals in no aspiring elevation of sentiment, no frenzy of feeling, no explosion of irregular eloquence. He has scrupulously adhered to the unity of time and place, and, above all other poets, to the unity of action. Each of his dramas represents but one action, but a single passion. Every thing is discarded not absolutely essential to the development of the plot : even the office of the confidant is filled by soliloquies. So sparing is he in the number of his personages, that those who speak rarely amount to more than four ; and so brief in his discussions, that his tragedies seldom exceed fourteen hundred lines in length. He has rejected all the commonplace and conventional incidents of the drama ; he has no eaves-droppers, no ghosts, no thunder, no confessions, no wonderful discoveries, no celestial interferences.

By this means, however, he loses in illusion what he gains in vigor. His plots are admirably developed ; his dialogue is progressive and energetic ; but the fable is too simple, and the incidents too limited. There is no back-ground in his pictures ; his personages are brought boldly out, but the canvas around is naked. His anxiety to keep clear of figures of mere ostentation, and to exclude all parade of declamatory eloquence, has sometimes betrayed him into a diction too strained and sententious. He is therefore rather eloquent than poetic ; but his eloquence is that of sublime and concentrated energy. His laconic brevity, however, sometimes degenerates into affectation. Though always forcible, it is not always natural to the character and situation. Indeed in variety of character, it must be confessed that Alfieri fails. His own impetuous and overbearing spirit would not permit him for a moment, and in fancy only, to assume the situation and feelings and language of an ima-

ginary personage. It is the author who speaks in all ; the children of his creation are always the images of himself. We recognise throughout that foe of despots, that scourge of corruption, that contemner of established forms, that spirit full of noble though irregular aspirations after all that is great and lofty in human nature. Yet would we hardly complain of this as a fault. The infusion of his own energetic character into the breasts of his actors, though it may have taken from the variety, has added unspeakably to the interest of his dramas. The very bitterness with which he detests all tyrants, has made his character of Philip II. one of the sublimest conceptions of the tragic art. His Saul is the impress of a genius, energetic, passionate, profound ; depending for its interest, not so much on action, as on the display of human nature in its highest excitements. As a tragic poet, Alfieri is worthy of a place by the side of those few who maintain an undisputed pre-eminence, Sophocles and Euripides, Corneille and Racine, Shakspeare and Otway. He is without a doubt the greatest of his own country, and, as I think, with equal certainty the greatest of his age. He died in 1803, at the age of fifty-five.

THE PRESENT STATE OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.

IN concluding my brief sketch of Italian literature, would it were in my power to give you a favorable view of its present state and of its future prospects. Not twenty years ago, under the comparatively free and animating influence of French administration, a new and brilliant era of science and of letters seemed opening upon that long oppressed and degraded country. A liberal and elevated policy encouraged institutions of learning, restrained but little the free exercise

of opinion, distinguished and promoted native merit. Since then the Austrian power has unfortunately been restored, and now reigns predominant, either directly or in its malign influence, throughout the whole of the peninsula. Legions of transalpine barbarians enforce political subjection ; reams of prohibitory decrees, whose observance is watched by hosts of perfidious spies, ensure intellectual subserviency. Alfieri himself is banished by proscription from the stage, as if to annihilate even the after-existence of departed genius. All places of power and of trust are filled or controlled by the detested Germans ; and the youth of Italy, maddened and despairing, have returned again to indolence and sensuality. Meantime the only hope that remains is, that tyranny cannot last forever. Our sole present consolation is, that the beautiful language of Italy still resolves itself into verse in the mouths of her improvisatori ; and that nothing human can deprive her children of that glowing climate, that magnificent landscape, those proud and interesting associations, which infuse the spirit of poetry into their bosoms even at the moment of their birth. So long as the language of Italy survives, so long as she herself renews the native genius of her people, she may afford to wait, though not with patience, yet at least with hope, for the slow but sure approach of better, happier times.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

TO THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

CHAUCER.

THE literature of England must be allowed to have derived its origin from a Norman source. The Saxons were a dull and barbarous people, notwithstanding the exertions of their most patriotic princes, especially the great Alfred, himself a man of taste and learning, to inspire them with a love of letters. The Normans were a chivalrous and enterprising race; and, comparatively speaking, courteous, enlightened, and refined. Their hostile invasion of the shores of England was marked in the outset by a circumstance which seemed a presage of their influence upon the literature of the country. On the fatal field of Hastings the Norman host was preceded by a minstrel, who, singing the songs of Roland and of Charlemagne, threw himself into the midst of the opposing foes, and perished in the conflict. In succeeding times, those magnificent creations, the romances of the Norman tongue, if not composed, were at least perused and admired at the English court; and their authors loved to dwell on English subjects; on Arthur and his round table, on Lisuarte and his knights. From the court and the camp, a poetic taste spread of course to the cottage and the fields. The early ballads of English minstrelsy in the mixed dialect which began to assume a definite shape about the time of Henry II. are highly praised by those who understand them;

and the metrical chronicles of Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne, though prosaic and tiresome, approach the form and regularity of classic verse. It was not, however, until the time of Edward III. who mounted the throne in 1327, that the English language was fully subjected to Norman cultivation. Under this sovereign, English became once more the language of the enlightened and the noble, though not, we believe, to the exclusion of its more courtly rival. The court of England was at that time the most splendid in Europe. The triumphs and the conquests of its sovereign had made it the seat of wealth and honor ; captive monarchs swelled the train of their victor, and gallant nobles thronged the halls of their prince. His own personal character and that of his heroic son were well calculated to dignify a scene so splendid. With them, "high thoughts" were indeed enthroned "in hearts of courtesy." The romantic and elevated spirit of the age was, besides, well attuned to the lofty strains of poetry. The lives of those brave and devoted chevaliers were themselves "poetry in action." The brightest ornament, even of an age so brilliant in achievement and in shining characters, was the immortal Chaucer.

Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English song, was born in 1328, at the city of London ; and though in narrow circumstances, seems to have studied in both the universities and at the temple, and to have travelled early for instruction through France and the Low Countries. Having tried the professions of a lawyer and a soldier, he finally sought promotion at court, and obtained the post of yeoman to Edward III. He attached himself particularly to John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, and married the sister of Lady Catharine Swynford, at first the mistress and afterwards the wife of his patron. This event procured him rapid advancement. He received the grant of a house contiguous to the royal palace at Woodstock, was gratified by an ample pension, and appointed gentleman to the king's privy chamber. In 1372

he was sent on an embassy into Italy, and afterwards into France. On his return, he was appointed to several lucrative posts, among others that of comptroller of the customs. He followed his patron, the Duke of Lancaster, in embracing the doctrines of Wickliffe; and in the reign of Richard II. was imprisoned on that account five years in the tower, where he witnessed many bloody executions. But Chaucer had not a martyr's spirit, nor could he aspire to a martyr's fame. He obtained his release by meanly betraying the designs of his associates. Shortly afterwards, he sold his pensions, and retired to his house at Woodstock. He lived to see the son of his patron, the aspiring Bolingbroke, mount the throne of England, and to receive in his old age the bounty of the usurper. But not a line of congratulation escaped the favored bard. He died in 1400, at the age of seventy-two, at Westminster, whither his affairs had called him. His bones still rest deposited in the transept of Westminster Abbey. The earliest of English poets was also the first of that illustrious band, whose sacred dust is preserved beneath the pavement of that venerable pile.

The works of Chaucer are exceedingly voluminous. Born a poet, he early began to write; and even amid the intrigues of a court and the labors of office, never ceased to cultivate the muses. His personal character and habits communicated an extraordinary richness and variety to his works. A student, a traveller, a courtier, a man of business, and a man of the world, he had enjoyed uncommon opportunities for observing nature, life, and manners; while the misfortunes of his own lot taught him sensibility, and elevated him into a moralist and philosopher. In the earlier part of his career, he was too much devoted to the imitation of the French poets of the day, whose brilliant, but affected and tasteless allegories commanded almost exclusively the public applause. He sported long among the emblems and the flowers of that visionary school, and wasted his fine

powers upon allegorical romances, more mystical and fantastic than the wildest dreams of elder chivalry. Yet even here the idolator of nature sometimes relapses into the expression of that true devotion which was ever at his heart. The House of Fame, and the Flower and Leaf, will ever be read with pleasure for the bursts of genuine poetry which they contain. The opening of the latter, in particular, affords a most luxuriant description of the season of spring, and the scenery and music of the woods. The genius of this great poet however, was not doomed throughout life to be enslaved by the bad taste of a neighboring nation. His visit to Italy released him from its thralldom. The nobler accents of the Tuscan muse here broke on his astonished senses, and made of him a willing convert. Dante was dead ; but, like the setting sun, had left behind him a rich and brilliant illumination. Petrarch and Boccaccio were both alive, and in the height of their renown. Though himself a poet, Chaucer seems to have been most deeply affected by the prose of Boccaccio. The variety, the wit, the pathos, the knowledge of life and character, displayed by that wonderful man, were exactly adapted to the genius and taste of the English bard.

At the advanced age of sixty, Chaucer began his great work, the Canterbury Tales. This is a fact perhaps unexampled in the history of mind. At the age of threescore, when most persons seek repose ; when in ordinary cases the frost of age has not only whitened the head but chilled the imagination ; when the flowers of spring and the rich foliage of summer have usually faded and fallen from the mental landscape, and been succeeded by the leafless desolation of autumn ; did this extraordinary man commence his great poem, marked throughout with the most vigorous powers of meridian manhood, and animated with all the frolic play of youthful fancy. The work is on the model of Boccaccio's Decameron, from which also he borrowed not a few of his narratives. A company of pilgrims, twenty-nine

in number besides the author, happened to meet at the Tabard inn at Southwark, on their way to the shrine of Thomas a Becket, at Canterbury. After they have all been duly characterized by the author, mine host, a busy, bustling, self-important personage, proposes,

"That each of you, to shorten with your way
In this viage should tellen tales tway;
To Canterbury ward I mean it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two."

In addition, the host proposed, with a shrewd eye to his own profit, that he who should tell the best story, should be rewarded on his return by a supper at the expense of the company, to be given at the Tabard; and finally, that he himself should go along as guide. All his proposals are accepted, and he is appointed governor and judge. The next morning the company set off in high spirits, and the narratives commence. As we might readily conjecture from the variety of personages by whom they are told, the tales are various; by turns heroic and romantic, or humorous, satiric, and moral. The measure principally employed is the heroic couplet of ten syllables, which Chaucer either invented or introduced. The stanza of seven lines is, however, frequently used, and even the stanza of eight lines, though it does not seem to have been a favorite with the poet. The prologue of the Canterbury Tales is one of the finest pieces of moral painting extant in any language. Each of the narrators of the poem is there introduced, and delineated with life and spirit. We are furnished not only with exquisitely drawn specimens of human nature in general, but of human nature as it was modified by the manners and customs of the fourteenth century. A living picture of the age is presented before us. The personages, from "the very parfit gentle knight," the "curteis, lowly and servisable squire," the tender-hearted prioress, the luxurious monk, the

merry friar, the worthy merchant, the benign and conscientious "persone of a town," the poor but learned student, the shrewd sergeant, the hospitable country gentleman, down to the stalwart yeoman, the pretending tradesman, the reckless piratical sailor, the doctor who dealt in magic, the notable and talkative wife of Bath, the athletic miller, and the vagabond pardoner, stand out from the canvas with all the reality of life. The tales themselves embody the romantic fictions, the superstitious traditions, the broad jokes of the day: they often reach the source of laughter, or touch the chords of sympathy; and are frequently interspersed with touching and noble sentiments, and fresh and luxuriant descriptions of external nature. There is an individuality and verisimilitude in his delineations of character seldom equalled. In his descriptions of natural scenery, the objects are made almost tangible; they have a sort of local freshness about them, which seems to bear along with it the very chilliness or warmth of the air, the fragrance of the rose, the tremulous light of the moonbeam. On the other hand however, the tales are sometimes tedious, and not seldom grossly indelicate. The offences against delicacy in his writings affected the author on his death-bed, with deep regret. It was during his last illness that he composed those beautiful and affecting lines, that dying legacy, which he called, "Good counsail of Chaucer;" and which he intended no doubt as an antidote against the poison. The vanity of the English critics has compared Chaucer with Dante; and has justly awarded him the palm in knowledge of human nature and variety of talent. To pronounce him equal with Dante however, in any of the higher attributes of genius, is the very presumption of British criticism. Still there are many degrees of inferiority below the lofty pinnacle on which Dante stands, the attainment of which is sufficient to constitute a great poet. This rank we cannot, we would not, deny to Chaucer; the man whom Spenser chose for

his master, and whom Milton acknowledged as his honored predecessor.

Such was the day-spring of English literature. And never had the literature of any nation a more glorious dawn. Chaucer had opened the living fountain of poetry ; Bracton had risen up, the Justinian of English law ; the true spirit of philosophy had revealed itself to the waking visions of Roger Bacon ; Wyckliffe had kindled the torch of the reformation. But soon the morning lowered, and the heavens were overcast. The religious persecutions permitted by Henry IV. and V. checked the range of free inquiry ; the constant wars carried on by those monarchs were unfavorable to the development of the human mind, and interrupted the cultivation of letters. The bloody contests between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, which commenced in the reign of Henry VI. and ended only with the accession of the Tudors, raged with an inveteracy of spirit, and for a length of time, which banished at once the law and the muses, and threw England back into her ancient barbarism.

AGE OF ELIZABETH.—SPENSER.

FROM an arid waste, where only a single plant arose here and there, to show that the power of vegetation was not extinct in the soil, we enter suddenly upon a region of the most luxuriant fertility. The very ground upon which we tread is alive with verdure ; the fairest flowers bloom around our path ; on every hand springs up the richest shrubbery ; and whithersoever we turn our eyes the tallest children of the forest are seen arranged in pleasing groups, or towering aloft in majestic loneliness. The age of Elizabeth overflows with the

most beautiful, the most graceful, the most sublime literature of our language. Relieved from the tyrant Henry and the bigoted and bloody Mary, the English mind received under the vigorous and absolute, yet mild and just and peaceful sway of their successor, an impulse which urged it forward in every pursuit that could yield instruction or delight, in every career where wealth was to be gained or honor won. One rushed into mercantile enterprises; another plunged into predatory warfare against the detested Spaniards; a third sought, in the far-off region of the west, some fairer, better, undiscovered clime. One warred a volunteer against the Irish Kerne; while another gathered laurels on the blood-stained fields of France or Belgium. The establishment of a pure religion awakened men to the contemplation and discussion of subjects the most grave and important which can agitate the human mind. The benumbing influence of Romish superstition, always more oppressive in England than in Italy—that intellectual frost, more chilling at the extremities than at the heart—had given place to a free and liberal faith, stirring to thought and action by every motive that can operate on an intellectual, an immortal being. It was not to be expected that literature alone should lose the influence of the general activity. A female reign, moreover, and especially the reign of such a female as Elizabeth, tended to refine the manners, to soften the intercourse of life, to cherish noble sentiments, to foster a pure ambition. The spirit of chivalry yet lingered, as if to pay its parting homage to a virgin queen. Her gay and gallant courtiers preserved the untarnished honor, the magnanimous valor, the gracious spirit of protection, that distinguished the ancient knights; and added to these high qualities, those intellectual accomplishments which might find them favor in the eyes of a learned princess, the universal object of their loyal vows.

Every thing was favorable to a new era in letters. The soil of English literature, not exhausted by too much culture,

retained all its native strength and fertility ; the English mind was young, fresh, and vigorous. The realms of nature were new to the explorer ; few of her varied beauties had yet been culled by the British muse. Antiquity had just opened her ample treasury ; the spoils of chivalry glittered before the eye of fancy. Whatever in nature there is of the beautiful, the graceful, or the majestic ; whatever in ancient learning there is of the profound, the tender, or the sublime ; whatever in the imposing ruins of the vast Gothic system, there is of the wild, the picturesque, the gloomy, or the grand ; were presented at once to the emancipated and inquiring mind, the excited imagination of the age. From these causes naturally arose that varied literature, distinguished alike for its originality, its profoundness, and its rich luxuriance, which renders the century that elapsed between the coronation of Elizabeth and the restoration of Charles II., the Augustan age of English letters. We shall find about the intellect and the imagination of this age, a combination of qualities, a freshness, a simplicity, a vigor at once bold and excursive yet ever true to nature, which may be looked for in vain in the subsequent history of English mind. In this age nature preserved all her rights ; in subsequent ones they have been abridged by art. In this age the muse of England spoke in her native tongue, and breathed forth her native aspirations of virtue and faith ; in later periods she has been sent abroad to acquire foreign idioms and foreign morals.

Edmund Spenser, the early bard of this golden age, was born at London about the year 1553, of an ancient and respectable family. After finishing his education at Cambridge, he went into the north of England, where he resided with his relations for several years. There he conceived a romantic passion for his Rosalind, who, like most of the objects of poetical attachment, deceived his hopes. Love and retirement produced the first effusion of his verse, under the title

of the Shepherd's Calendar, which procured him the patronage of Sir Philip Sidney, to whom it was dedicated. His patron was equally distinguished as a scholar and as a man. He was one upon whose like we seldom look; of whose great qualities humanity has reason to be proud. The advantages of education and of foreign travel had furnished him with every accomplishment, both mental and personal; fortunately without affecting that noble simplicity of character, and that christian purity of morals, which made him the delight of his contemporaries, and a model for every succeeding age. The Shepherd's Calendar, though popular in its day, did not afford promise of that elevated genius which the poet afterwards exhibited. It is a pastoral divided into twelve eclogues, named after the months of the year. No eclogue however contains any thing peculiar to the month after which it is named. The variety of seasons and the scenery of nature claim but little notice from the poet. His shepherds are love-sick swains, panegyrists of the queen, and accurate theologians. The only thing rural about the pastorals is the affected rustic dialect, which required a glossary even on their first publication. By Sir Philip Sydney, Spenser was introduced to his uncle, the earl of Leicester, who conferred on the poet some important favors. He spent several years at court, laboring under the constant antipathy of Lord Burleigh, and suffering the various disappointments incident to a courtier's life. In this interval he probably composed his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*; for although it was not published until a few years before his death, he speaks of it as written "in the raw conceit of his youth." This original and singular production purports to be one of a series of tales related to the author by his friends, to beguile a season of sickness. It describes the adventures of a discontented fox and ape, who set forth on an expedition to seek their fortune. They assume in turn the characters of beggar, soldier, priest, and courtier. The narrative is ani-

mated ; and the moral and satirical descriptions full of feeling and of force.

At about the age of thirty-four he retired to Ireland ; where, with occasional visits to England, he resided about twelve years, and where he wrote the greater part of the six books that have come down to us of his immortal work. That country, where the earth is so green, and the heart so warm, and the imagination so fervid, and which, though not prolific in poetry, has been ever fruitful in the birth of poets, and of orators imbued with all the poet's fire, Spenser found not unfavorable to the cultivation of his muse. Ireland was the birth-place of the Fairy Queen. His retreat too was remarkably beautiful and picturesque. It was at the castle of Kilcolman on the banks of the river Mulla, which he has made to flow so sweetly in his verse. There he was visited by the accomplished Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he celebrates in a poem as the Shepherd of the Ocean. In Ireland he formed a new attachment, which he portrays in a series of sonnets ; some of which are exceedingly beautiful, though the greater part are affected and pedantic. His *Epithalamium* on his marriage with the object of his affection, is written in a variety of measure imitated from the Italian *Canzoni* ; and contains passages of extraordinary richness and beauty. From his pleasant retreat he was at length compelled to fly by the bursting of one of those political volcanoes with which Ireland has been so often overwhelmed. His house was burned by the insurgents ; and his flight was so hurried that he left behind him his infant child, who was consumed in the flames. It is said also that he lost the remaining books of his *Fairy Queen*. Whether this be so or not, whether the missing books perished or were never composed ; the loss of his property and his child were too much for the sensitive poet. He proceeded to London, where he died of a broken heart at about the age of forty-

six. He was buried near Chaucer at Westminster Abbey. He was the first of England's long list of laureates.

I have purposely commented on the principal of his minor poems in giving the history of the poet's life. It now remains to speak of his *Fairy Queen*, the work by which he is best known and most distinguished. The poem was intended to occupy twelve books; only six books however have come down to us, each containing twelve cantos, and two cantos of the seventh book. The measure is a stanza of nine lines invented by Spenser, and since employed by the most eminent poets, Lord Byron among the number. The poet explains his design in his own letter on the subject addressed to Sir Walter Raleigh. He says; "I devise that the *Fairy Queen* kept her annual feaste twelve days; upon which twelve days the occasions of the twelve several adventures happened; which being undertaken by the twelve knights are in these twelve books severally handled." He has chosen prince Arthur for his hero, in whom he supposes all the virtues to be combined. For the sake of variety, however, each particular virtue has its peculiar knight, by whose deeds and adventures it is especially illustrated. Each virtue occupies a whole book; which of itself would constitute a separate poem, but that prince Arthur appears in all and forms a link of connexion. In the personage who gives her name to the poem, the *Fairy Queen*, of whom Arthur had become enamored in a dream, the poet means to designate the general abstract idea of glory, and also the particular living person of Queen Elizabeth; having what he terms a general and particular intention. The *Fairy Queen* is the origin of all the adventures of the poem, though she never appears in the part which has come down to us. He had intended to set forth in the twelfth book what he should have done in the first; how on a certain day the *Fairy Queen* held a court, to which the knights came in search of adventures; and how the adventures previously recited were

undertaken at her command. What renders the plan more involved, is that the knights are continually meeting with emblematical persons, who prove friendly or hostile as they represent a virtue or the opposite vice ; and thus the mind is apt to be distracted between the ingenuity of the allegory and the interest of the story. With its allegorical character, the poem unites all the splendid imagery, the fantastic and brilliant creations, of chivalrous romance.

To judge rightly of the *Fairy Queen*, we must regard it as a Gothic poem. Like some vast and irregular, and picturesque and dimly lighted Gothic structure, it is not to be judged of by Grecian rules. It is of an order of poetic architecture different from that of the classic models, and we must expect to find in it different beauties and different defects. It is deeply tinctured with the character and spirit of the times in which the poet lived. Spenser stood on an isthmus, separating the darkness of the age that had just gone by, from the growing light of that which was coming. In the skirts of the horizon, the spectres of superstitious tradition, the phantoms of allegory, and the fairies and giants of chivalry, still peered forth from behind the retreating obscurity. Dimly perceptible to the mental vision of the ordinary observer, they were vividly so to the fancy of the poet. They haunted his bed by night ; they lived in his morning dreams ; they became the inmates of his imagination, almost the objects of his faith. They must needs therefore transfuse, as it were, their very being into his verse ; and give to his numbers their own shadowy attributes, their own wild and fantastic forms. I would advise every one in reading the *Fairy Queen* to forget its mystical plan ; to attend only to its most obvious personifications ; to consider it in short as a set of connected chivalrous romances. Happily this is easily practicable ; and it is only when the reader views it in this light that he is enabled to perceive and feel the full glories of the work. Then can he best admire that rich invention

which crowds adventure on adventure, combat upon combat, enchantment upon enchantment, in an ever varied and interesting succession. 'Then only can he fully appreciate those fertile powers of description which transport the reader from the voluptuous gardens of Acrasia to the black abyss of Hell; from the house of Morpheus to the abode of Night; from the hermitage of Contemplation to the dwelling of Holiness; communicating to every scene in the boundless regions of the poet's fancy a verisimilitude that, while we read, almost convinces us of its reality. If Shakspeare is the sculptor of human and external nature, Spenser is no less its painter. His representations, left distinct indeed, and not always as true to the original as those of his great rival, have nevertheless about them a variety, a richness, a vividness of coloring, never surpassed by the poetic pencil. In the exquisite grace and melody of his versification, he is not excelled by any poet of any age or nation; and is perhaps unequalled in the loftiness, fertility and compass of his fancy. The fault of his imagination is its exuberance. Majestic and flowing as the Nile, it often, like the eldest of the rivers, disdains the confinement of its banks, and spreads around a luxuriance of soil alike productive of the flower and of the weed.

Spenser has been called a "sacred poet." Though undeserving, perhaps, of so high a title, his verse is generally devoted to the cause of virtue; though sometimes free, it is never seductive. If he has written some things, which, "dying he might wish to blot," his poetry is on the whole a rich moral legacy to mankind. He himself says, and truly too, that the end of his *Fairy Queen* is "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." His imitation of Italian poets I have noticed in our review of Italian literature. Upon the whole, Spenser is justly ranked in the first class of poets; his works are replete with moral and poetic beauties; a rich treasury of thought and imagery.

It is to be regretted, that of late years he is seen oftener on the shelf than on the table. I would, however, advise any one professing to be acquainted with English literature, not to profess too loudly until he has, not only read but pondered the works of the great bard of fairyland. Their apparent obscurity is rather in the spelling than in the style or in the matter. A little familiarity will do it away. It is but a veil which hangs before a masterpiece of art ; it is but a cloud, which will pass of itself from the face of the sun.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE name of William Shakspeare, though to each of us familiar as his own, is one which we can never pronounce without a feeling of profound veneration. Upon the events of his life, it would be useless for me to dwell ; they are familiar to the recollection of every scholar. He was born in 1564, at Stratford upon Avon ; his circumstances were narrow, and his education was neglected. He spent the meridian of his life at London, sometimes acting as well as writing for the stage. At about the age of fifty he retired to his native Stratford, where he died, and where his bones still repose. This was as it should have been. Shakspeare followed nature in all things, and not the least so in choosing the place of his retirement and death. There is something soothing in the thought of passing the second childhood of our lives amidst the scenes endeared to us by our boyish recollections ; of drawing our last breath where we drew our first ; of having our funeral rites performed in the same church with our baptismal ones ; of reposing in the sepulchre of our fathers. A plain monument, raised by the affection of

his daughter, indicates to the stranger the narrow house of the deathless poet. Here his mortal remains repose in their own majesty. Westminster Abbey could confer on them no honors; they would lose by communion even with "hero dust."

Shakspeare seems to have been the most unassuming of men, and to have possessed, in a peculiar degree, the modesty and self-diffidence characteristic of true genius. It was the dying request, both of Virgil and Tasso, that their works should be consigned to the flames. Shakspeare appears to have thought his scarcely worth the pains of being burned. Though he retired before he had "declined into the vale of years," and had leisure, and at that time ample means, he made no compilation of his works: not one of his dramas was ever printed under his own auspices. The thought of posthumous fame seems not to have visited even his dreams. The epitaph inscribed on his tombstone, and supposed to have been written by himself, was such as he would have composed for the humblest peasant. Could the curtain of futurity have been lifted before his eyes; had the unaspiring recluse of Avon been permitted to witness the name of Shakspeare after the lapse of centuries, the praise of every tongue, the pride of his country, the ornament of his species, perhaps the brightest name on the scroll of fame; his senses must have been lost in amazement, and his modesty would scarcely have dared to claim it as his own.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for the development of Shakspeare's powers, that he was the untutored child of nature. The young eagle commenced his flight with an untired eye, and with unencumbered pinions. Had he been more learned, his modest self-reliance might have been lost in a servile imitation of the imposing models of antiquity. As it was, he poised himself on his own native resources; he communed with his own spirit alone; like Prometheus, he borrowed his fire only from heaven. Accordingly, the first

characteristic of his genius is its originality. This quality he has stamped on all his works. The creatures of his fancy pass in review before us, like the ranks of the animal creation before our common ancestor, fresh and original from the hands of their Maker. No other poetical personification ever loved as Romeo, or hated as Shylock ; was jealous like Othello, or crazed like Lear. Nor can the prototypes be found of his ghosts, his witches, his fairies. As Shakspeare never borrowed of others, so he was not the imitator even of himself. This is a striking peculiarity. Painters, even of the best taste and genius, have been frequently so enamored of their own creations, as to repeat them often on their canvas, with perhaps some trifling alterations. The same error is the besetting sin of authors. The characters of Ariosto are alike : those of Virgil too often resemble each other. Homer is more fortunate in his discriminations ; but even he must yield, in this respect, to the bard of Avon. The Scottish novelist of the present day, the immortal Shakspeare of prose, notwithstanding his creative fancy and graphic power of delineation, is betrayed not seldom into the common fault of multiplying the copies of his own favorite characters. Into this error the great English poet never fell. He has but one Othello, one Shylock, one Falstaff ; even of his Richard there is no duplicate ; Macbeth, though of the same family, is a distinct individual. The children of his fancy respectively, live and move and have their being ; and then he seems to have forgotten that such things were. Nor are his creations more remarkable for their originality, than for their verisimilitude. He peoples the world of nature with fancied beings exactly resembling her own ; and he even carries nature along with him in his wildest excursions into the unreal world of the imagination. Were there in truth an Ariel, we should expect the reality to be identified with the creature of the elements drawn by Shakspeare ; and should nature in some freak create a Caliban, it would

disappoint us if she did not copy precisely after his model. In all his characters, whether fanciful or intended to personify actual beings, not a feature or a line is misplaced ; not a tint of the complexion, or a hair of the head, should be either added or retrenched. Nor is he less true in his representations of inanimate objects. He paints the rainbow and the rose with nature's own pencil ; and echoes in his verse, "sometimes the music, and sometimes the thunder of the spheres."

Another trait in the genius of Shakspeare is its universality. Other writers are only fitted for particular departments of intellect or imagination ; his genius seems capable of pervading the whole range of thought, the illimitable regions of fancy. While unsurpassed in the variety and magnificence of his poetic creations, he thinks with a precision, a depth, a comprehensive and intuitive power, seldom equalled. Human nature he learned, not from study, but by observation and intuition. "He needed not," says Dryden, "the spectacles of books to read nature ; he looked inward and found her there." By a species of untaught anatomy, he lays bare to our view our intellectual and moral frame, every nerve, and pulse, and artery which sustains its being, and enables it to act and feel. He reads the human heart with a discernment almost omniscient ; he rules over it with a sway seemingly little less than omnipotent. Which of its most hidden recesses can escape his eye ? Where is the secret spring of feeling or action of which he has not the key ? Which of the passions can resist his call ? Surpassing Molière in humor, and Racine in tenderness, Shakspeare can by a single touch of his magic wand, either leave us the subdued and powerless victims of laughter, or reaching within us the hidden fountains of sympathy, dissolve our hearts in streams of irrepressible grief. He is at once the Aristophanes and the Euripides of the drama ; and we are sometimes at a loss which to admire most, his comic or his tragic powers.

Most dramatic writers have devoted themselves chiefly to delineating the passion of love. The raptures of lovers, their embarrassments, their final triumph or death, have been the pervading, the almost exclusive, subject of their writings. Shakspeare knew that love, though a passion, was not the only passion of the heart ; that ambition, and avarice, and hatred, and revenge, and melancholy, and misanthropy, were also qualities of our nature. He has, accordingly, instead of confining his delineations to a single passion, extended them to almost all the distinguishing affections and attributes of man. He may be justly called the poet of human nature. Other dramatic writers have been engrossed chiefly with the manners and customs and peculiar sentiments of the age and country in which they lived. Even the Greek dramatists dwelt almost exclusively on Greek subjects, Greek usages, Greek heroes, Greek mythology. They are writers for a particular era, and have about them a sort of national and local character. Shakspeare, on the contrary, was not the poet of one age only, but of time itself ; not of one nation only, but of the world at large. The manners and customs of his age, its peculiarities, its jokes, its conceits, and its puns, have long since passed away : they are now but the blemishes of his works, the spots upon the disk of the luminary : they serve only to tarnish the fine gold, to incrust the precious diamond. But the true and living sentiments which pervade his verse ; its wit sparkling from its own intrinsic brilliancy ; its bursts of genuine pathos ; its portraitures of men, not as the creatures of a day or of a nation, but as the members of our common family ; its beautiful and sublime descriptions of external nature ; have endured, and will still endure, in all their youthful freshness, so long as the human race exists, so long as there shall be verdure on the earth or terror in the storm. The flight of years, which has obliterated other names, has only brightened the lustre of his. He is the admiration, not of England

merely, but of the civilized world, excepting prejudiced France alone. He has as devout worshippers at Berlin and Weimar as at London ; and his warmest and ablest eulogists will be found in Schlegel and Goethe. To say that Shakspeare has no faults, would be saying that he was not human : his blemishes are those of his age, his beauties are his own.

In comedy, Shakspeare draws only from the true fountains of mirth. Though born in an unpolished age, his wit does not, like that of the Greek and of the Roman, descend to personal scurrility or personal defects. It has no malice : he loves the gentle virtues : at the follies of our nature he only laughs : his scorpion scourge is reserved for vice. Though sometimes vulgar, his grossness is rather offensive than corrupting : his muse is not licentious, except perhaps in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he wrote, not to please himself, but the grosser taste of the *Virgin Queen*. The love-scenes of most writers are insipid, and sometimes sickening ; but how beautiful is the courtship of Olivia ! how touching the tenderness, the innocence, the suspected fame of Hero ! Most dramatic poets become languid in their moral discussions. How eloquent, on the contrary, are the sentiments of the chaste Diana ; the exhortations of the reformed shrew ; the reflections of the solitary Jaques ; the living oracles of wisdom which abound in the *Merchant of Venice* ! His occasional introduction of supernatural machinery in his comedies, is offensive to the fastidious taste of French criticism. Perhaps, indeed, it is not reconcilable with the precepts of art. But the dramas to which this objection is chiefly applicable, are above and beyond the rules of criticism. They are like those beautiful and extraordinary phenomena of nature, whose very irregularity constitutes a portion of the interest with which they are beheld ; and which appear to be subjected to no rule except that of being always beautiful. *The Tempest* and the *Midsummer*

Night's Dream are among the most splendid monuments of Shakspeare's genius. The new realms which he opens to our view, and the fanciful beings with which he peoples them, evince a stretch of creative power of which humanity can perhaps afford no parallel. Yet the truth and consistency of dramatic nature are wonderfully preserved. Caliban even speaks a language of his own ; Puck is endowed with a mischievous contempt for mortals, and an active bustling disposition, admirably adapted to a fairy busy-body ; Ariel floats along on airs of gentle music ; and Titania holds her court by moonlight, surrounded by the most exquisitely fantastic beings, herself the queen of fancy as well as of fairy-land.

The tragedies of Shakspeare are, upon the whole, the noblest of his productions. He was mightiest in the highest branch of the dramatic art. He reads nature in her most stormy agitations, and in her deepest impulses ; and displays them with a truth to convince and an eloquence to overpower the coldest imagination. He is emphatically the poet of the deeper passions. They are his ministers ; they come and go at his bidding, like his "spirits from the vasty deep." Under his creative touch, they cease to be abstract images of the mind ; they spring into life ; they assume real, almost tangible forms ; they breathe, they feel, they speak. The heaving bosom, the streaming eyes, the broken heart, the despairing cry, are manifest to our organs of sense : we see them, we hear them. Nor is it in one stage of their being only that the passions are thus presented to our view. Through all the nicely varying shades of their development, from their inception to their maturity, they are progressively displayed with a vivid, often appalling accuracy. We see the very food on which jealousy feeds, and mark her gradual, portentous growth. The insidious movements of hatred in the inmost recesses of the heart, from her incipient broodings until she sharpens her knife for her pound of flesh, are un-

veiled before us. The first hesitating aspirations of ambition, her now bolder resolves, her final defiance of earth and heaven and hell, are successively bodied forth to the life, with all their appropriate varieties of form and feature, of thought and speech. His delineations of the sentiment of love breathe a tenderness, a purity, a disinterestedness, and self-abandonment, which find an echo in every ingenuous bosom. In his pictures of the hopeless agony, the reckless despair of bereaved affection, he shows himself a master of the tender as well as the more stormy passions ; and I know of nothing from the uninspired pen that makes its way so directly to the heart as the tearful catastrophe of *Romeo and Juliet*. The maladies of the mind, the musings of melancholy, the wanderings of a disordered intellect, are presented with a truth and a pathos perhaps peculiar to the author of *Hamlet* and of *Lear*.

But here again the complaint of criticism is heard. The poet has intermingled, in the same drama, tragic and comic scenes. That the complaint is true in fact, cannot be denied ; indeed, Shakspeare has few, if any, unmixed tragedies. But its foundation in nature will not be so readily conceded. The drama professes to be a picture of human life. Now we know, we feel, that life is a checkered scene ; its sunshine and showers, its tears and smiles, chase each other in quick succession, and are oftentimes intermingled. Can we then wonder that he who depicts nature with such unrivalled accuracy, should display this striking characteristic of the original in his faithful copies ? But in his delineations of the tender and sportive passions, the individuality and appropriate bearing of each are always preserved. Grief never lays aside her dignity, nor is mirth ever permitted to become irreverent in her venerable presence. And whenever the tender and sportive passions are blended on the same canvas, it will be found that the inimitable artist has so grouped

them that they only relieve each other, and are in fact but the appropriate parts of one harmonious whole.

The weightiest complaint which criticism has ever made against Shakspeare, is his disregard of the unities of time and place. This, especially, is the often repeated objection of the French school against the English dramatist. The complaint is doubtless correct in point of fact. Though Shakspeare adhered to the unity of action, he disregarded those of time and place : his fancy kept no hourglass, was confined to no geographical limits. Weeks, months, and sometimes years pass away, under the enchantment of his verse ; and he transports us, at his pleasure, from town to country, and even from kingdom to kingdom. But has the complaint a foundation in nature ? The strict ancient rules as to the unities of time and place, require that the time represented should be no longer than the two or three hours occupied in the exhibition of the play, and that the place should remain unchanged. The reason assigned for exacting these unities, is their supposed influence in promoting the impression of probability, so necessary to the success of the drama. The dramatic illusion, it is said, is gone when hours are made to represent weeks or months ; and the spectator must needs awake from his trance, when transported from place to place. But on the other hand, is the dramatic credibility enhanced by crowding into the space of two or three hours, complicated events which in the course of nature should have occupied in their actual occurrence as many weeks or months ? Does it render the illusion more perfect that all those events, however different in their nature, and however diverse the personages concerned in them, should be represented as occurring in the one identical spot which the poet must choose at his peril, and from which he may never vary ; that princes should fall upon their knees and make love in the street ; or that statesmen should hold cabinet councils in a lady's chamber ? The French critics them-

selves, aware of the severity of the ancient rules when applied to modern usage and taste, have extended the dramatic time to twenty-four hours, and allow between the acts a change of scene. But if the rules of the unities may be once broken with impunity, they thenceforth cease to be rules. If a departure from them be allowable at all, the extent of that departure becomes a matter of sound discretion and good taste. If French discretion and taste may enlarge them by hours, why might not the freer discretion and taste of the English bard be permitted, when the occasion requires it, to enlarge them by weeks or months? If the French disciples of art can transport their hearers to a different place in the same town or city without waking them from their trance, why might not the great poet of nature venture upon transporting his auditors even to a different province or kingdom?

But the reason upon which these unities rest, is an unfounded one. There is in fact, there can be, no illusion of the kind supposed. The visitant at the theatre does not go there to witness a reality. He goes there to listen to an interesting narrative of events, and display of sentiments; to enjoy good writing enforced by good acting; to study nature and himself; to see character displayed in its nicely varying shades; to witness the mysterious workings of human passion, in all its moods, deep or stormy, fierce or gentle. But the idea of its being a reality never enters his mind; that is only the critic's dream. Does not every man know, while sitting in a theatre, that the scene before him is not a palace, a grove, or a garden; that the personages before him are neither nobles, princes, lovers, nor heroes; that the sentiments which he hears from the actors are not the effusions of their minds and hearts, but are conned and learned by rote? Is not every individual conscious that, upon the supposition of its being a reality, he would himself have no business to be there, prying into secrets of state, overhearing

devices of conspiracy, listening to the whispered tales of lovers, intruding into the courts of princes, and mingling, without arms and without danger, in the tumult of the fight ?

The unities of time and place then are the creations of art ; venerable indeed for their antiquity, and hallowed by the sanction of exalted names. The father of the English drama, however, had no mistress but nature ; and it was enough for him that he violated none of her precepts, when, slighting the difficulty which embarrassed the ancient dramatists, he opened to himself a field for the full display of his matchless powers. By this emancipation, his action is rendered more free ; it is represented entire, instead of depending on those artificial expedients of the soliloquy where the speaker is introduced declaiming to the winds to clear up the obscurities of the plot ; his personages enter naturally upon the scene and move in their ordinary sphere. The prolonged time affords room for the development of the passions ; and the full exhibition of those workings of the soul, those gradual advances towards a final purpose, which can alone display the emotions and affections as they really exist. By diversifying the time and place, the great poet has gained an opportunity to indulge in the portraiture of external nature ; an occupation in which he delights above all dramatic writers, in which he shines perhaps above all writers whatsoever. Nothing, for instance, would tempt me to yield to the pruning knife of criticism the exquisite pastoral scenes of the *Winter's Tale* ; the rich sylvan foliage and refreshing shades of *As You Like It* ; the delicious soothing moonlight of the *Merchant of Venice*. Upon the whole then, what shall we say of Shakspeare ? Eulogy has no language adequate to the praise of his perfection, detraction has no breath which can sully the brightness of his excellence. He stands alone upon a summit unattained before, and inacces-

sible to all that follow ; above the elemental strife of criticism, smiling at the thunders which roll beneath his feet, and unobscured by the clouds that gather only round the base of that proud eminence.

JONSON, HEYWOOD, MIDDLETON, FLETCHER AND
BEAUMONT, MASSINGER, FORD.

THE colossal greatness of Shakspeare has made posterity too unmindful of his dramatic contemporaries. Yet were they men of no ordinary dimensions. There were "giants in those days." Shakspeare was indeed the tallest and mightiest of his race ; but his aspiring brethren approached, though they could not equal him in height or strength. It is wonderful to observe the propensity that prevailed at a certain period to undervalue the classics of the Elizabethan age. Even the acute and judicious Hume condemns them almost in a mass : Spenser he consigns to sleep upon the shelf ; Shakspeare he speaks of as one whom we are apt to overrate, "in the same manner as bodies often appear more gigantic, on account of their being disproportioned or misshapen ;" and again, he says that Shakspeare and Jonson "were equally deficient in taste and elegance, in harmony and correctness." It is one of the most hopeful traits in the taste of the present day, that it has gone back to a true relish for the rich and varied literature of that unri-
valled age.

Jonson, usually known by the appellation of Ben Jonson, was only ten years younger than Shakspeare, having been born at Westminster in 1574. He early and long enjoyed the advantages of education at Westminster school, under the learned Camden. His mother, however, having mar-

ried a bricklayer, he was taken away from school and engaged in the ungenial and laborious occupation of his new father. Not relishing the change, he absconded, enlisted as a common soldier, and served for some time in the Netherlands. On his return from the wars, he employed his pay to support him at St. John's college, Cambridge. His funds, however, did not long hold out, and he was thrown again upon the wide world for subsistence. He adopted the profession of an actor ; but not succeeding in this, undertook the more arduous task of dramatic writing. His first piece, *Every Man in his Humor*, was represented in 1598. It is related of this comedy, that it was about to be rejected by the managers, when it fell into the hands of Shakspeare, who read, approved, and introduced it. For five or six years he furnished a play yearly. On the accession of King James, he was employed to write the masques intended to celebrate that event. He continued to write for the court and the stage until 1629, when one of his comedies was hissed off the boards. Owing to his carelessness and his convivial habits, he had fallen into necessitous circumstances, notwithstanding the pension which he received of one hundred pounds yearly as poet-laureate. His health and his mental powers declined with his fortunes, and his latter productions were merely mendicant poems, addressed to various patrons. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, with the quaint inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson !" His powers of conversation were great and acknowledged ; he was known among the wits of his age by the title of "Father Ben." His popularity as a comic writer, transcended in his own day, we need not say unjustly, that of Shakspeare himself.

Jonson was learned, and proud of his attainments. To the imitation of the ancients we may attribute his adherence to the unities and the skilful management of his plot. He was a man of strong sense, acute observation, caustic wit,

a rich poetic vein, and high honesty of feeling. He was endowed with a masculine vigor which worked out an idea until he made it appear even painfully accurate; with a power of portraiture which described character in all its details and preserved an accurate consistency throughout: with an imagination which accumulated image upon image and revelled amid an almost cumbrous magnificence. Exactitude is more aimed at by him than effect: every lineament is marked with a distinctness and minuteness at times fatiguing, as some of the painters of the Dutch School, in the laborious accuracy of their representations, are apt to become rather the drudges than the free imitators of nature. Though rich in thought and profuse in imagery, his style is often dry and cramped. His characters are too apt to describe, not the passions and affections, but the mere humors and fashions of men. They are not so much the personifications of the attributes of our common nature, known and familiar alike to every age and country, as the representations of the peculiar manners and customs of the age and country in which the poet lived; he is the faithful historian, not so much of the workings of the human heart, as of the English dress, customs, and modes of thought speech and action, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. His jests are frequently worn thread bare; his satirical descriptions seldom stop short of the offensive point; and his personages are generally low and uninteresting. The fault of Jonson is that he is too true, too matter of fact, too just to the viler parts of human nature. One of his finest plays is the *Silent Woman*; founded upon the following supposition. An old gentleman named Morose, disliking noise exceedingly, marries a supposed young lady of the name of Epicene, for her marvellous faculty of silence, in order to disinherit his nephew, who had laughed at his infirmity. She turns out to be a very shrew, and throws his whole house into confusion. The distracted uncle offers his nephew any terms to get rid of her, which the nephew

accomplishes by showing that she is a boy dressed up to cozen him. There is great humor in the leading character of the piece, and in several of the subordinates. Sir Amorous La Foole and Sir John Daw are drawn into a predicament similar to that of Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Shakespeare*. Their cowardice and the various shifts to which they resort, are very laughable; but are, perhaps, exaggerated. The women of the piece deserve the biting satire which, throughout the play, is directed against the whole sex. A comedy, better known in the present time, as it still appears occasionally on the stage, is the *Every Man in his Humor*. The real hero of the piece, the illustrious Bobadil, whose proposal for the pacification of Europe is in every one's memory, is certainly one of the finest characters of his kind in comedy, worthy to belong to the same regiment with Pistol and Parolles, and in rank, perhaps, to be placed over their heads. The tragedies of Jonson are learned and correct, but want the inspiration of feeling. His masques on the other hand, though overloaded with conceits, are ingenious in conception and gorgeous in execution.

Thomas Heywood was a native of Lincolnshire, a graduate of Cambridge, and commenced writing for the stage so early as 1596. His powers of production seem to have been unlimited; for besides attending to the business of an actor, he had, as he himself informs us in the preface to his *English Traveller*, "an entire hand, or at least a main finger, in two hundred and twenty plays." Of these, only twenty-three remain, owing chiefly to the modesty of the author, who in general withheld his productions from the press. In the plays that have come down to us, there is a great inequality; so great, indeed, as to lead to the suspicion that the inferior ones were only altered from the works of obscurer authors, a practice common in that day. Heywood's better comedies, such as the *Fair Maid of the West*, are distinguished by a tone peculiarly gentlemanly and refined. His

heroes are, like the cavaliers of that golden age, men of lofty courtesy, incorruptible integrity, and chivalrous honor; somewhat exaggerated, it is true, yet always interesting. The character of Geraldine, in the *English Traveller*, is one of the most attractive, beautiful, and eloquent ever drawn by the hand of genius. The *Challenge for Beauty* is full of action and interest, possessing a great variety of well distinguished characters, and a dialogue of much vivacity and wit. The *Helena* of this piece resembles the *Helena* of *All's Well that ends Well*. The tragedies of Heywood are various in character. The two most striking, are the *Rape of Lucrece*, and the *Woman Killed with Kindness*. The *Rape of Lucrece* is a strange, irregular production, which, amidst much that is inappropriate and absurd, contains scenes of the most striking sublimity and the most affecting pathos. The pause of Sextus, as he approaches the commission of his crime, may compare in sublimity and truth even with the hesitation of *Macbeth*. Indeed, it is not improbable, from the allusion to Tarquin in the soliloquy of Duncan's murderer, that Shakspeare had the play of Heywood in his eye, while composing that inimitable scene. The agony of the Roman matron after her pollution, is delicately, and at the same time most powerfully wrought. Had Heywood never written more than these two scenes, it had been enough for immortality. The *Woman Killed with Kindness*, is a domestic tragedy, of the most pathetic and overwhelming kind. The subject is the conjugal infidelity of Mrs. Frankford, a woman once pure and good, misled for a time by an artful seducer, but returning to the paths of virtue with a remorse which racks her frame, and, combined with the unmerited kindness of her injured husband, reduces her to the grave. The agonizing reproaches of her husband on the discovery of her guilt; his desolation in that solitary home from which he has banished her, with every thing that could remind him of her; his anguish on

observing her lute left behind by accident ; her melancholy and distraction on receiving it when sent after her ; and finally, her death-scene in the manor-house to which she had retired by his permission, in which she receives his pardon, and is allowed by him once more to wear the titles of wife and mother ; are not surpassed in deep tenderness and affecting pathos by any dramatic writer whatsoever. Heywood was indeed worthy to be the contemporary of Shakspeare, whom he survived a number of years, dying about the commencement of the reign of Charles I.

Middleton was the contemporary of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. In what year he was born and in what year he died, we are absolutely ignorant. Besides assisting many of his friends in their works, he left sixteen or eighteen plays and four pageants of great merit. He is the author of the *Witch*, from which Shakspeare is said to have imitated his weird sisters in *Macbeth*. For the sake of our great dramatist's originality, however, it should be stated that, although in one scene some ideas and even several lines are borrowed, yet that the two creations are essentially distinct. The witches of *Macbeth* are altogether unearthly, unsexed, and nameless ; they are found only on the blasted heath, or in the gloomy cavern ; their influence is over the moral powers of their victim, and they control them with the force of fate. The witches of Middleton have names, houses, children ; they are " of the earth, earthy ;" and their power is chiefly exercised on matter. Yet are they fine creations. One of the scenes in which they are exhibited, that in which they set out on their nocturnal journey, and are heard calling to each other in the air, may boast a wild beauty of conception and an appropriateness of ideas and language which can compare even with Shakspeare. A sentiment in this play,

———"Nothing lives
But has joy in somewhat,"

is probably the origin of one of the most beautiful passages of Lord Byron's works. The heroines of *Middleton*, especially, and frequently his heroes, are the worst specimens of humanity. They commit murder, adultery, and breach of faith, without scruple and without remorse. The tragedy of *Women beware of Women*, is conspicuous for this fault; but is, nevertheless, one of the best of his works. It is full of action, has great variety of character, exhibits much animation of dialogue, and eloquence of reproach and entreaty, and the plot is developed with great dramatic skill and knowledge of human nature. The beauty of its ideas and its felicity of expression are frequently so great as to remind us of the poet of *Avon*.

Fletcher was but two years younger than Ben Jonson. He was born in 1576, being the son of the bishop of London. It does not appear that he ever followed any profession except that of a poet. He died of the plague, in 1625, and was buried in the church of St. Mary Overy. Such are the scanty annals of the life of one whose genius was as fertile as it was eminent. Of the history of his coadjutor, Beaumont, little more is known. He was born of an honorable family, in Leicestershire, in 1586, and educated at Cambridge, and afterwards at the Inner Temple. He died at the age of twenty-nine, in 1615. It is impossible at this period of time to assign to each his proper part in the many tragedies and comedies published under the joint names of Beaumont and Fletcher. It would appear, however, from the testimony of contemporaries, that Beaumont shared in the composition of only a few pieces. This seems probable also, from his youth and early death, and from the inferiority of his separate production, the *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn*, to Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, also an undoubtedly separate work. The part which he did take, notwithstanding his youth, lay chiefly in pruning the superfluities of Fletcher's imagination and wit. Such indeed was even Ben Jonson's

respect for his judgment, that he submitted all his own works to the censure of his youthful friend. While, therefore, we lament the premature death of Beaumont, we must assign the greater part of the merit of their joint works to his elder coadjutor. In tragedy, they are far superior to Jonson. Their blank verse, though destitute of the universal facility, grace, and force of Shakspeare, exhibits very frequently a peculiar felicity of construction. Their simplicity and pathos are often touching. They describe passion with great power; but in its extremes, not in its gradations. Hence their chief fault, a frequent want of accurate conformity in their delineations to the progressive workings of nature; and hence they often fail to command the sympathy of the reader. The madness of the jailer's daughter, however, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, approaches the manner and style of Shakspeare. The *Philaster* has many tender and eloquent scenes; and the incidents of the *Bloody Brother* are contrived and managed with great skill and dramatic effect. The comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher are better known to the modern reader. The *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* is one of the best comedies in any language. Its plot is ingenious, and most strikingly developed. Its characters are powerfully drawn. The separate work of Fletcher, his *Faithful Shepherdess*, breathes a pure pathetic spirit, and overflows with the ornaments of a rich and tender imagination. It is imitated from the pastoral drama of Italy, and has itself found an imitator in Milton, who borrows from it freely in his noble *Masque of Comus*. The masques of Fletcher are exuberant in the brightest, sweetest flowers of poesy; mingled, it is true, with grass and nettles, which spring alike from the luxuriance of the soil, yet neither overtopped nor hidden from the view.

Massinger's name is rendered familiar to us through a modern edition of his works. He was born in 1584, and educated in the family of the Earl of Pembroke, to which

his father was attached. He studied also at Oxford, though he never attained a degree. He began early to write for the stage, but published no production under his own name until the *Virgin Martyr*, in 1622. Even in this he was assisted by Decker. He died as he had lived, in indigence, in 1640. He wrote tragedies and comedies, thirty-eight in number; seventeen only of which are preserved even in the most complete edition of his works. He was more distinguished in tragedy than in comedy; though one of his comedies is the only one of his plays that has kept possession of the stage. It is obvious, however, that in the *New Way to pay Old Debts*, the comedy to which I allude, the most striking character, Sir Giles Overreach, is of a powerfully tragic cast. The comedies of Massinger are deficient in wit. His tragedies are alike wanting in propriety. Horror is accumulated upon horror, and improbability upon improbability. Yet amidst all the havoc in which he deals, though he occasionally harrows up the soul by a terrific sublimity, he seldom excites compassion, and never "opes the sacred source of sympathetic tears." His muse looks coldly on, with tearless eye and unbeating heart, seemingly petrified at the butchery which she herself has made. The talents of Massinger have been justly said to be better adapted to heroic than to dramatic writing. Though unable to give appropriate language to character and passion, he describes both with skill. He excels in dignified and terrific scenes. He is eloquent in every species of painting or narrative. His versification is remarkably flowing, stately, and harmonious; a model, indeed, both for its elevation and its sweetness. He deserves infinite credit also for the purity of his taste, and his comparative freedom from the conceits of his time.

Ford, whose plays, as well as those of Massinger, have been introduced to the modern public in a recent edition, was born about 1586 of a good family in Devonshire. He was liberally educated, and entered at the temple in 1602.

In 1606 he published a poem of much promise on the life and death of the earl of Devonshire, entitled *Fame's Memorial*. Shortly after he appears to have gone abroad. Ford abstained from the press from 1606 to 1629, though he probably wrote earlier for the stage. In 1629 he published his tragi-comedy, the *Lover's Melancholy*, which was rapidly followed by his other plays until 1639. He then ceased writing, and it is probable died shortly after. The genius of Ford was better adapted to tragedy than to comedy; though the comedy of the *Lady's Trial* possesses singular merit. His master-piece is the tragedy of the *Broken Heart*. With manifold improprieties, it is still a noble creation of genius. One tragic incident is accumulated upon another until the last act, which closes with a sublime climax of grief. The heroine, Calantha princess of Sparta, is present and presiding at a marriage. The sacred dance has scarce begun when a messenger enters and whispers the death of her father. She does not interrupt the festivities. Shortly one follows to announce the decease of her friend. Still she dances on. A third secretly communicates the murder of her lover. She calls for a livelier strain. The revels concluded, she is proclaimed queen. She calmly orders the execution of her lover's murderer, makes testamentary dispositions in favor of her friends under color of conditions of marriage with the prince of Argos; and having thus fulfilled all her duties, turns to the corpse of her destined husband, and permits her heart at last to break.

"Now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord! bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest.
Thus I new marry him whose wife I am:
Death shall not separate us. Oh! my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antic gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,
Of death, and death, and death; still I danced forward;

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Such be mere women who, with shrieks and outcries,
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,—
Yet live to vow new pleasures and outlive them.
They are the silent griefs that cut the heart strings—
Let me die smiling."

The native genius of Ford was not exuberant and universal like that of Shakspeare and Fletcher; nor is the march of his verse so stately and imposing as that of Massinger; nor is his pathos so delicate and tender as that of Heywood. His plots besides are too full of horror; and his poetry is sometimes pedantic and obscure. Yet is there a heroism of grief in the character of Calantha which redeems a thousand faults. His versification besides is in general easy and harmonious; his style is always elegant and often elevated; his conceptions of character are never tame, and generally just as well as poetic.

BACON.

THE Elizabethan age, which may be considered as comprising not only the reign of the princess after whom it is named, but also that of her successor James, was essentially poetical. It is the natural course of literature that verse should precede prose; that in nations, as well as in individuals, the imagination should develop itself before the reasoning powers. Homer and Pindar were earlier than Aristotle or Zeno; and the first fruits of the age of Elizabeth were its immortal bards. But nevertheless its prose literature was not neglected. Among the prose writers of the age, the greatest, though as we have seen not the earliest, was Lord Bacon. The name of Bacon necessarily brings

to the recollection of the scholar the graphic delineation of his character by one of the popular poets of our language—
He was indeed

“The wisest, brightest, meanest, of mankind.”

The personal and literary character of Bacon are so dissimilar, that it is difficult to realize their belonging to the same individual. His personal character was marked with ingratitude, sycophancy, profusion, and corruption; his literary character has shed a lustre upon his name rarely surpassed in the annals of letters.

Francis Bacon, son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who had been lord keeper during the early part of Elizabeth's reign, was born in 1561. The queen, no less distinguished for her discernment of talents than for her political sagacity, discovered even in his childhood that young Bacon was born for distinction. She used frequently to converse with the aspiring boy in the most familiar manner; and was in the habit of calling him her young Lord Keeper. He was graduated at Cambridge at the age of sixteen, where he had already evinced his dissatisfaction with the scholastic philosophy of the day. Upon leaving the university, he was sent to Paris in the suite of the English Ambassador; and at the age of nineteen published his treatise upon the state of Europe, which displayed profound observation and judgment. The death of his father compelled him to resort to some lucrative profession for a support. He chose the law; and pursued it with such success that, at the age of twenty-eight, he was made one of the queen's counsel. By his partiality to the earl of Essex, he lost the friendship of his own relation, the lord treasurer Burleigh; but the generous earl remunerated him for the loss by a donation of real estate to the value of near two thousand pounds, a large sum for that age. Yet, when shortly afterwards Essex was arraigned

and tried for high-treason, Bacon came forward as counsel against him ; and added to his ingratitude by producing evidence against the prisoner from his own confidential letters. Essex was condemned and executed ; and a weight of public indignation rested upon Bacon, from which he could not relieve himself during the remainder of the reign.

Upon the accession of James, Bacon became an assiduous and successful courtier. His literary attainments, no less than his subservient manners, commended him to the favor of the pedant king. His promotion was rapid ; he was knighted, and advanced successively to the posts of solicitor general, attorney general, and member of the privy council. Anticipating the death of the lord chancellor, Bacon petitioned the king for that high office, when it should become vacant ; and to further his suit, not only sought the friendship of the favorite Buckingham, by the most crouching adulation, but traduced the character of those who were likely to be his competitors, and promised that, in case of his success, he would use his influence with the parliament, to further, on all occasions, the royal prerogative. He was successful. At the age of fifty-seven, he was appointed lord chancellor of England, with the title of Baron Verulam, which he exchanged the year following for that of Viscount St. Albans. But from this proud eminence he was soon to be hurled by his own criminal indiscretions. Notwithstanding his ample income, his profusion made him necessitous ; and his necessities induced him, on various occasions, to accept, from suitors in his court, bribes, under the name of presents, to a large amount. The complaints soon reached the House of Commons, who sent up an impeachment against him to the Peers. He was there convicted, on his own confession, of twenty-eight instances of bribery. His sentence was, that he should be forever disfranchised, should pay a fine of forty thousand pounds, and be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure. Accordingly, we find

this distinguished man, at the age of sixty-one, a fellow prisoner with traitors, loaded with public scorn, and the heavier weight of self-reproach, for acknowledged crimes against his integrity as a man, his honor as a lawyer, his oath as a judge. His royal master, who, with all his faults, loved learning and learned men, remitted his fine, released him from the Tower, and did all that kindness could do to soothe him in that retirement to which he was now doomed. From the world, Bacon betook himself to philosophy ; apostrophizing her in the language of Cicero: "To thee I fly ; from thee I seek support ; to thee I devote myself, as formerly in part, so now unreservedly and altogether." He survived for five years ; his genius rising from his ruins with renovated vigor. His death was occasioned by exposure to noxious effluvia, while making philosophical experiments on the preservation of bodies.

From this humiliating review of the private character of Bacon, the transition is grateful to the lofty eminence of his literary fame. His mind possessed a penetration which no depth could elude, or subtilty evade ; a compass that knew no bounds, but those of the universe ; an elasticity which no weight could depress ; a retentiveness from whose grasp nothing could escape. To these qualities he added an enthusiasm in the cause of letters, which the cares of business could not distract, nor the lures of dissipation beguile, nor the anguish of a breaking heart overpower ; which animated him through all the vicissitudes of life, and to which he finally, like the elder Pliny, became a martyr. His soul too panted with unceasing aspirations for posthumous renown. Perhaps no writer has oftener referred to posterity in his works. Though, as a man, he seems practically to have adopted the ignoble maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die ;" yet, as a scholar, he kept his eye stedfastly fixed on an immortality of fame. It was with posterity that the spirit of Bacon communed ; for posterity he toiled ; for

posterity he died. Nor has posterity been ungrateful to his merits; it has dropped a tear over his failings; it has awarded him the immortality for which he sighed.

The great work of Bacon, on which his fame chiefly depends, is the *Instauration of the Sciences*, divided into six capital parts. The first part is the admirable treatise entitled the *Advancement of Learning*, in which he considers the state of learning as it existed in his time, dividing it into its various branches, history, poetry, and philosophy, according to the three faculties of the mind, memory, fancy, and understanding; and subjoining a chart, in which he marks the several tracts of science that lay neglected or unknown. The second and most important part, is the *Novum Organum*, or new method of employing the reasoning faculties in search of truth. This method he explains at length, and urges with great force and eloquence. These two parts were published by themselves: the *Advancement of Learning* in 1605, and the *Novum Organum* in 1620. The third part is the *Sylva Sylvarum*, or *History of Nature*; valuable as a collection of facts, but more so as an illustration of his principles. The fourth part is the *Scala Intellectus*; setting forth minutely the series of steps by which the understanding may ascend in its philosophical researches. The fifth and sixth parts were never completed. They were designed to contain—the former, suggestions to aid future philosophical discoveries, and the latter a perfect system of natural knowledge. His *History of Henry VII.* though partial to Henry, with a view to flatter his relative James, is animated in language and vigorous in ideas. His *Wisdom of the Ancients*, in which he endeavors to unveil the hidden meaning of the fables of classic mythology, is perhaps more ingenious than just. His *Moral Essays* have at this day a wider popularity than any of his works; and will, to use the prophetic words of their author, “last as long as books last.” They are a collection, within a narrow compass, of brilliant thoughts

and oracular maxims, carried "home to men's business and bosoms" with surpassing force ; rare and precious treasures, selected by the author from the spoils of time, or gathered, through a long and eventful life, from the rich storehouse of his own experience and reflection.

The imaginative powers of Bacon were only inferior to his reasoning ones ; but his fancy, brilliant and glowing as it was, submitted itself to his absorbing conviction of the magnitude of his philosophic works. Perhaps no other case can be found where so vivid an imagination has been content to play a secondary part in the operations of the mind ; to become so patient and faithful a handmaid to the understanding. Thus subdued and controlled, his fancy has aided him immeasurably in his philosophical elucidations. It has enlivened and lighted up subjects in themselves often uninteresting ; it has scattered every where, through the waste places he had to traverse, spots of recreating green, and limpid and sparkling and exhilarating fountains. He has clothed philosophy, as became the dignity of her person, in habiliments rich yet not gaudy, brilliant yet not fantastic. If his wit, as asserted by Hume, does not always seem to spring spontaneously from his subject, yet when produced, like the diamond brought from the depths of the mine, it never fails to sparkle from its own intrinsic brilliancy. It is no disparagement to the mind of Bacon, to say that it bore a striking affinity to that of our own Franklin. Both were original, independent, practical thinkers, and both possessed a vivid and vigorous imagination, regulated however by the higher attribute of the understanding ; both had great compression of thought united to a wide comprehensiveness of intellectual vision ; both were ardent worshippers of philosophic truth, and alike resolute and steady in its pursuit, by the nearest and most direct course ; both were men of business and of the world, and carried their practical habits along with them into literature ; both erected their speculations,

not on the emptiness of theory, but on the adamantine foundation of facts.

But in order duly to appreciate the weight of obligation that posterity owes to Bacon, it is necessary to recur to the state of philosophy in the age when he lived. At that period the authority of Aristotle was absolute. The empire which that Greek philosopher had established by his pen, surpassed in extent and duration any ever erected by the sword. It embraced within its ample bounds the civilized regions of Europe and of Asia ; and ruled with an absolute sceptre the disciples of the cross and the champions of the crescent. While other empires had successively crumbled into dust, that of the Stagyrice defied the ravages of time, and had been only cemented and consolidated by the lapse of near two thousand years. During all those centuries, there had been no general advance in the knowledge of nature. She had indeed, been carrying on her experiments in the grand laboratory of the universe : she had, it is true, been performing in majestic solitude her mighty revolutions : but, with the exception of a few persecuted individuals, there had been no mortal eye to wonder and to adore. Under the administration of the scholastic philosophers of the middle ages, the Aristotelian empire had become one of words and notions, and mysticism : freedom of inquiry and independence of thought were shackled ; the world of nature was excluded, and a world of metaphysical chaos substituted in its stead. The scholastics obscured the meaning, and rendered still more intricate the subtilties of the Greek metaphysician ; they elevated him from the rank of a philosopher to that of a demi-god ; they styled him " the secretary of nature," and gave to his original text, confused and confounded by their own commentaries, the authority of a sort of secondary revelation. They entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the mystical theology of the day ; and founded a kind of intellectual superstition as oppressive and intolerant

as the spiritual one exercised by the Roman pontiff, or the Arabian impostor. Man might indeed think, but he must think according to the syllogistic art ; reduced to a reasoning machine, he could move only according to its mechanical rules. The scholastic logic differed from the genuine art of reasoning as much as dross from pure gold ; it sought not truth but controversial victory ; it dealt not in thought but in senseless words. An intellectual reformation was as necessary to the age, as the moral one just before achieved by Luther. This second reformation, scarcely less glorious than the first, was the immortal work of Bacon. He found man alert and vigorous, it is true, yet lost and bewildered in an enchanted wood of abstract conceptions and subtle distinctions. It was his mighty genius that, like the sword of Rinaldo, dissolved the enchantment forever.

The grand principle of Bacon's system was to substitute induction for syllogism, fact for theory, practical experiment for abstract speculation. In short it was his object to introduce man into the presence of Nature face to face ; to transplant him from a world of abstractions into one of real existences ; to transform him from an artificial to a thinking practical being. His fundamental maxim was, that "knowledge is power." He believed that man was ordained to be the lord of this lower universe ; that it stood ready to obey him if he would but command its resources ; and that knowledge was to be the sceptre of his dominion. By enlarging the bounds of human knowledge, he aimed at "a restitution of man to the sovereignty of nature ;" and taught that this knowledge was to be enlarged, not by mystical speculation, but by observation and experience. This is the lever, simple in its principle yet potent in its application, with which Bacon moved the intellectual world. But a complete revolution was not to be achieved in a day ; even Bacon could not work miracles. The span of human life was too short to accomplish all that his vast genius had conceived. This he

well knew ; and hence, throughout his works, and even in his last will, his eye was constantly cast forward to succeeding generations. He laid the foundations deep and strong ; but left the finishing of the magnificent edifice to the architects of after ages. He taught with oracular wisdom the true modes of philosophizing ; he drew a chart of nature ; he laid down all the roads by which her wide domains were to be explored : to posterity he bequeathed the no longer difficult, the now safe and sure, the delightful and glorious task of traversing them. To borrow the figure of an early poet, he led forth his countrymen from the wilderness ; he pointed out to them the promised land : from Pisgah's height he himself saw it afar off, "flowing with milk and honey ;" and the sight satisfied and gladdened his dying eyes.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

THE translation of the Bible into the English tongue had an influence upon the genius and learning of the Elizabethan age, too important to be omitted in a literary course. The principal versions were that of Tindal in 1526 ; that of Coverdale in 1535 ; that of Cranmer in 1539 ; that of Taverner in the same year ; that of Geneva made by the English reformers who had gone abroad in 1557 ; and the Bishops' bible established by authority in 1568, and used until a new translation was proposed by the puritans at the conference of Hampton Court in 1603 under James I. That learned monarch, well calculated to preside over such a work, gave orders for a new translation, and appointed fifty-four of the most learned men in the kingdom, at the universities and elsewhere, to undertake the enterprise. Their labors were not actually commenced until 1607. The mode in which

they proceeded was well adapted to produce the greatest possible accuracy and elegance. The whole number was divided into six classes ; and to each class was assigned a portion of the scripture. Of this portion each individual made his own translation ; which was compared from time to time with those of his associates, and the result of the whole adopted by the class. Cases of difficulty were referred to a general meeting of all the translators. After three years of incessant labor and toilsome comparison, the great work was completed ; and was then again revised by six of the most eminent translators. Nor was it committed to the press in 1611, without an additional review by two of the most learned of the bishops. It surpassed, however, but little in elegance the versions which immediately preceded it. Even the early one of Tindal has a polish and purity of language seen in no other works of its day. Thus the opportunities given to the scriptures for influencing, through their translations, the literature as well as the religion of the age, were most ample. For though the early version of Tindal was condemned and burned, a marked change took place on the breach of Henry with the pope and the establishment of the king's supremacy in the church in 1534. Thenceforward the influence of Cranmer procured the royal countenance for the multiplication of versions and editions, and more than one ordinance commanding that a bible in the common tongue should be placed in every church in the kingdom, and expounded when required to the people. Under Edward VI. laws were passed commanding that a chapter should be read aloud morning and evening on every Sunday and holiday. With the slight interruption of the reign of Mary, the familiarity of the people with the scriptures was from that time forward more and more encouraged. Thus the diffusion of the bible became universal. Formerly it had been concealed in an unknown tongue : now like the natural

light, its faint emblem, it shone upon every eye, and enlightened every cottage.

The candid mind, whatever may be its religious bias, must admit the favorable influence of this diffusion of the bible upon the literature of the age. We know from history that the daybreak of letters was coeval with the dawn of the reformation; that the moral and the literary heavens were lighted up at the same time; that the sun of righteousness and of science arose together. It could scarcely have been otherwise. There is a dignity, a majesty, a power, in revealed religion, coming as it does from the fountain of knowledge, clothed as it is in the attributes of divinity, which must needs have expanded and ennobled the mind once emancipated from the fetters of superstition. Its sublime doctrines, its pure and lofty precepts, imposing as they then were from their novelty as well as from their grandeur, could not fail to have taken the strongest hold upon the intellect, the imagination, and the heart, upon every faculty and every affection of our nature. Nor was there any thing of literary deficiency in the scriptures, to diminish the force of the impression. On the contrary, where shall we find a history so simple, so pathetic, so true to nature; a philosophy at once so sublime and so familiar, so lofty in its flights, yet so practical in its influence; an eloquence so direct, so convincing, so authoritative? The bible too opened a poetic fountain, more exhilarating than any at which the Grecian muse ever drank. Where else shall we find a poetry by turns so rich, so tender, so sublime? In the pastoral lives of the early patriarchs, in the melodious strains of Israel's royal bard, in the inspired rhapsodies of prophecy, there is a simplicity, a pathos, a grandeur, unmatched even by classic antiquity. The whole story of redeeming love, the life and death of Christ, the unimagined terrors of hell, the ineffable glories of heaven, are replete with poetic, as well as with evangelical inspiration. It was this living spring, "above

the Aonian mount," at which Dante and Milton drank their copious draughts of unearthly sublimity.

The style of the translations, chaste and simple, yet rich and copious, is worthy of the subject ; and they have ever been regarded almost as much the standard of language as of faith. It would seem as if Divine Providence had been specially careful in the superintendence of these important works ; as if a sort of secondary inspiration had been breathed into the minds of the translators of God's holy word. It would be unpardonable here to omit the subsidiary influence of that inimitable liturgy, which, established under Edward VI. and afterwards amended and reestablished under Elizabeth, has continued ever since the pride and bulwark of the church of England. In purity of language, in elevation, dignity, and elegance of style, it has never been surpassed. Its beauties as a composition accord well with its soothing and animating effect as a religious exercise ; and it has ever been a subject of admiration to the scholar, as well as to the christian. Its effect upon the age is obvious. Men easily acquire the language, in which from infancy they are accustomed to address their prayers to God. Its benign influence extended through the whole domain of literature.

CONCLUSION.

WE have thus traced the rise of English literature, and its progress to the reign of Charles II. Here we are compelled by the approaching vacation, and the examinations that precede it, to pause in our course. You must by this time have perceived, that the last century of our review, comprising the period between the accession of Elizabeth and the restoration of Charles, is indeed the golden age of

English letters. In poetry, it produced, among others, the great names of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. In prose, though less prolific, its literature was rich, varied, and original. Theology laid its foundations deep, broad, and firm, in the translation of the Bible, illustrated by two of its greatest disciples, the profound Hooker and the eloquent Taylor. The law of England received from the hand of Coke its arrangement, its consolidation, the illustration of its principles. Philosophy was gifted by the mind of Bacon with that *No-vum Organum*, that new instrument, with which she has since wrought all her miracles. History, if not furnished with a perfect model, has yet learned much from Knolles and Clarendon; and criticism will ever boast the offering which Sidney laid upon her shrine.

To this period we must also trace the rise of British eloquence. I need not inform you, that under the Tudors, freedom of discussion had never been allowed even in the House of Commons, the boasted citadel of English liberty. With those despotic sovereigns, parliament was merely the instrument of taxation, and seldom aspired to a loftier function. If ever they did interfere in higher concerns, they were coolly directed not to meddle with the king's prerogative. If any member resisted the arbitrary mandate, he was punished for his contumacious obstinacy by imprisonment and fine. It required, however, all the vigor of Elizabeth's administration, all her policy and all her economy, and above all, her strong hold on the affections of her people, to sustain, even in her reign, a system which the nation began to perceive was inconsistent with their happiness and chartered rights. James found, on his accession, argument where he had looked only for assent, and resistance where he had expected tame submission. Though not remarkable for a profound political sagacity, even he had penetration enough to see that the dragon's teeth were sown, which by and by would spring up armed men. This portentous harvest did

not, however, shoot until the days of his successor: then, indeed, it ripened with the suddenness of a polar summer. Charles, unfortunately, was thrown on evil times, without the qualities necessary to exercise a controlling influence. He inherited from his predecessors arbitrary practices and institutions; an ecclesiastical court, scarce inferior in its authority to the inquisition itself; a star-chamber, as absolute in its proceedings as the divan of an eastern monarch; a power of granting monopolies adequate to the destruction of commerce; and a habit of appealing by force to the benevolence of his subjects. All these he was determined to maintain, by fallacious views of his own convenience, by high hereditary notions of prerogative, and conscientious attachment to the church. He carried along with him in this determination all who were attached by interest to the court; all who took a pride in the splendor of their sovereign; all to whom the very name of king was a spell; all, and these were not a few, who loved their monarch for his own lofty and amiable qualities. On the other side were arrayed the friends of freedom, and the enemies of the episcopal establishment. The former felt their oppressions and knew their rights. They were men of pure minds and determined purpose, who felt for their country and for posterity as well as for themselves. The latter groaned beneath a burthened conscience, and were fired with a fanatic zeal. The hand of heaven seemed to their inflamed imaginations to beckon them onwards, and to be prepared to interpose in their behalf. On one side, the watchword was loyalty; on the other, freedom. These cried, God and the king; those, God and the country.

The scene upon which these mighty principles met and struggled, though finally the field of battle, was at first the floor of the senate. A superabundance of talent always exists in the world, which is called forth only upon great emergencies. Such an emergency was the present. Ac-

cordingly, freedom of debate having been once established by the determined will of a few earnest patriots, who in sight of their great objects scorned the idea of fear or danger, a scene opened in Westminster Hall, to which the world had been hitherto a stranger; to which Greece can furnish no equal, and Rome no parallel. But partial records remain to us of those interesting debates; still, enough is left to lead us deeply to regret their loss. We would fain trace more fully the ingenious range of argument, the deep and matured sagacity of Pym; the temper and eloquence of the daring Hampden; the dark, ardent, and dangerous spirit of St. John; the sincere impetuosity of Hollis; the enthusiastic and eccentric genius of the younger Vane, pursuing even chimeras by means the most profoundly calculated. We would fain observe more closely the animation of the noble Digby; the modesty of the loyal Falkland; the firmness of the gallant Capel; the wit and elegance and fire of the versatile Waller; the gravity, dignity, and force of the murdered Strafford: all the friends of freedom, but not the enemies of monarchy. The pressure of these times awoke the parliament of England from an ignoble silence, and for ever consecrated Westminster Hall to be the temple of eloquence.

DISSERTATIONS,

WRITTEN

WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS A STUDENT AT THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

THE PROOF OF THE GENUINENESS OF THE GOSPEL, DERIVED FROM ITS EARLY PROMULGATION.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

SHORTLY after the ascension of our Lord, his apostles were summoned to appear before the Jewish sanhedrim, and answer for their boldness in proclaiming salvation through his name. It was upon this occasion, that one of the wisest of the assembled conclave addressed that memorable advice to his countrymen: "Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men: refrain from them and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." Gamaliel began to be astonished at the progress of the new religion. The day of Pentecost had already introduced three thousand converts into the bosom of the church, the temple itself had become the scene of the proclamation of the gospel, and multitudes were hanging upon the accents of its preachers with all that.

anxious expectation which the importance of the subject would demand. Unwilling to admit, and yet unable to deny, the divine origin of christianity, the teacher of St. Paul refers his opinion upon this point to the decision of time. Had his life been prolonged only for thirty years, he might have enjoyed an opportunity of applying his test. He might then have seen the gospel successfully promulgated not only through Judea, Asia Minor, and Greece; not only in the imperial city, in the very household of Cæsar, and throughout the empire; but in climes where the Roman eagle had never spread his pinions, in regions where the Macedonian lion had never left the traces of his footsteps. Had Gamaliel survived until the last days of the last apostle, he might have seen the Jewish worship banished from its ancient temple, and a christian church established on Mount Zion, within sight of those monuments of nature which had witnessed the ignominious sufferings and agonizing death of the author of christianity; he might have seen the gospel spreading its influence to such an extent in every quarter of the Roman world, as to threaten with extinction the superstitions of the heathen, in spite of the most active and violent opposition, both of popular hostility and governmental policy. Could he have survived until this period, he must have acknowledged, according to his own previous admission, that the new religion was indeed of God, because it could not have been so successfully propagated by any human means, and least of all by those means, merely human, which were employed in its promulgation. This had been evidence sufficient for any reasonable and candid mind. But when we contemplate the further progress of this religion in the succeeding centuries; when we behold it, without any external assistance and in spite of opposition, continuing steadily to advance for more than two hundred years longer, until it had reduced to the obedience of Christ a vast majority of the inhabitants of the Roman world, and then receiving into its

bosom the imperial acolyte, grasping in its unarmed hand the sceptre of dominion, and setting its sandalled foot upon the war-surrounded throne of the Cæsars, the evidence becomes overwhelming in its character.

It will be the object of this essay to show from the number and magnitude of the obstacles opposed to the reception of christianity, and from the feebleness of the means employed in its diffusion, that its success must be attributed to a miraculous interference of the Deity, and hence that the religion is itself divine.

First. It will be necessary, in pursuing this subject, to inquire into the religious condition of the world at the time of the promulgation of christianity. And here I would admit as a fact, all that can be alleged of the corruption which pervaded every system of faith in every country on the habitable globe. But I would deny the inference sometimes drawn from this circumstance, that the state of mankind was therefore so much the better adapted to the easy substitution of a new belief.

We are all acquainted with the fact, that no period of the Jewish history can be mentioned, in which the religion of that people had reached a greater degree of corruption and debasement, than the one in question. The Pharisees, on the one hand, had destroyed the spirit of the Mosaic economy, and perverted the institutions of the law : the Sadducees, on the other, denied the doctrine of future existence, and resembled in their conduct, as well as their belief, that disgrace of heathen philosophy, "the herd of Epicurus." The multitude, following in the train of the rich and the learned, employed themselves, as inclination or opinion might direct, in the observance of unmeaning ceremonies, or the indulgence of sensual appetites. All, however, entertained one opinion, over which they brooded with delightful anticipations. They dreamed that the Messiah, promised to their fathers, was now about to come as a temporal deliverer ; that he would free

them from the hated supremacy of Rome, establish his throne upon the ruins of the empire, and exalt their nation to such a height of glory and dominion, as David and Solomon had never seen, except in the ecstasies of prophetic vision. These magnificent illusions were not easily to be dispelled. To their indulgence the people were driven by the real misery which surrounded and oppressed them. Their national pride, increased by an erroneous persuasion of the peculiar favor of Jehovah; the recollections of former independence; the fervent aspirations of ambition; the venerated traditions of the elders; the more sacred sanctions of mistaken prophecy, all combined to cherish in their bosoms these delusive expectations. It were an idle task to attempt to demonstrate the attachment of the Jews to the ancient system of Moses. It is attested in every page of the gospel history; it is exhibited in every transaction of that period; it was fearfully exemplified in the midst of blood, famine, and desolation, at the siege of Jerusalem; nor could the feeling be extirpated when the walls of their holy city were levelled with the ground; nor could it be buried beneath the smoking ruins of their consecrated temple.

With respect to the other nations of the Roman world, there prevails, I know not wherefore, a general idea, that as every modification of paganism is false, and in a high degree absurd, therefore these nations were but slightly attached to their respective systems of belief. In order to exhibit the falsity of this opinion, let us briefly consider the religion of the city of Rome, and the surrounding regions of Italy, as a fair specimen of the various superstitions then existing in the heathen world. The religion of the ancient Romans, at the period of which we are speaking, was closely connected with every transaction of their lives, public or private. If success attended the arms of the Republic, the Senate decreed a thanksgiving to the gods: if calamity impended over the state, the people humbled themselves in a general supplica-

tion. No election could be held, no magistrate installed, no war proclaimed, no peace determined, no triumph celebrated, without the sanctions of augury, and the solemnities of sacrifice. The household gods, the lares and penates, presided over the domestic interests of every family, and prayers and vows and adoration were offered constantly before their shrines. The offices of pontiff and of flamen were eagerly sought by the most distinguished and venerable citizens. The solemn festivals occurred more frequently than even the Jewish Sabbaths, and were celebrated with an hilarity and pomp well calculated to attract the admiration and fix the affections of the people. Sacrifices were offered with a solemnity and splendor, not surpassed even by the gorgeous ceremonies of the temple of Solomon. The games of the circus, the sports of the arena, and the entertainments of the theatre, were all exhibited under the authority of religion, and in honor of the gods. When in addition to all this, we consider that poetry had covered with her glittering mantle the naked deformity of their fabulous mythology, and that her sister art had adorned the temples of the gods with the embodied ideas of divinity and beauty ; when we reflect that patriotism had hallowed as the objects of their worship those deities, beneath whose fostering care Rome had become a queen among the cities and mistress of the world ; and that tradition had handed down their system of belief through a long succession of ages, sanctioned by a line of victorious and renowned ancestors ; we shall be ready to acknowledge that the religion of the ancient Romans was one well calculated to overpower the imagination, to interest the passions, and to blind the eyes of the understanding to the light of truth.

This religion had been guarded, and its uniformity carefully preserved, for a period of more than seven hundred years. The gods who were principally worshipped by the Romans of the age of Tiberius, were those of the very founders of the city ; nor had others ever been admitted to share

an equality of reverence. The augurs still maintained the same sanctity of character, the same extent of influence, as in the days of Romulus; the chief pontiffs had succeeded one another in an almost unbroken line since the time of Pompilius; the sacred fire still burned upon the altar of Vesta; the mystic *ancile* was still regarded as the palladium of Rome; the sibylline books were still consulted as the oracles of the state; sacrifices were still offered with the same solemnities as in the remotest periods of their history; and though to the conquered deities of subjugated nations, had sometimes been assigned the empty honors of a statue and an altar, yet the most jealous care had hitherto been exercised that no adoration should be paid to that statue, and no victim offered on that altar; that no foreign rite should be suffered to intrude within the sacred precincts of a Roman temple. Such was the religion of the ancient Romans; vague it is true in its principles, yet precise in its practice, and attractive in its external observances; and therefore admirably calculated to enslave in the grossest superstition all, save a few of the most enlightened and most impious, of the people by whom it was professed. I do not mean to say, that much, if any, of the real feeling of piety existed among them, or indeed among the contemporary Jews. I would only assert that from other and powerful causes, which I have mentioned, they were both attached, in a singular degree, to their respective systems of religion.

Secondly. Since then such was the condition of the world, there seems to have been little prospect of success in the introduction of any new system of faith. But when we consider the peculiar nature of christianity, the obstacles to its success, by any human means, will appear totally insurmountable. To the Jews, it spoke the abrogation of the ceremonial law, and the disappointment of all their fondly cherished hopes, with regard to the promised Messiah. To the Gentiles, it addressed a language still more severe. It

broadly proclaimed that every act of their adoration was idolatry and crime ; it pointedly denounced their oracles and auguries as the fruits of imposture and the instruments of fraud ; it unreservedly condemned their mythology as absurd and unworthy of belief ; nay, it menaced the very existence of the deities of that mythology, and disguised not its intention to hurl them from the seats which they had usurped too long, to the destruction of mankind. What must have been the feelings of the people at such an unsparing attack upon their dearest prejudices ? Must they not have naturally been in the highest degree indignant at so bold an innovation on the traditionary usages and long established faith of all the world ? Consider further the character of this innovating system. It was opposed not only generally, but particularly, to the prejudices and opinions of mankind ; and in many instances promulgated doctrines beyond the reach of human reason to explain or to comprehend. It came preaching the unity of God. But how could the heathen believe in the oneness of that Essence, which they had been accustomed from the cradle to contemplate as belonging to so many ? A supreme Jupiter with his subordinate divinities, was more consonant to their ideas of government, and nearer the comprehension of the multitude, than a spiritual Being existing alone in unapproachable supremacy, and acting on the material and intellectual universe by the mere impulse of his almighty will. The gospel came teaching the incarnation and crucifixion of the son of God. A God incarnate ! A God crucified ! How inconsistent with the idea just before inculcated of the spirituality of the Divine Essence ! It is true the deities of the heathen had been supposed to descend sometimes in a corporeal form ; but then they were not in their nature so purely spiritual ; and besides, they had never wandered about in penury and suffering ; they had never borne the stripes of a slave ; they had never been executed upon an ignominious cross.

But there are principles in human nature, stronger than even the intellectual, to which christianity appeared in a guise still more decidedly inimical. It opposed itself directly to the pride of man, by declaring, in terms the most unreserved, the universal corruption and degradation of his nature. It proclaimed itself the only way of salvation ; yet it never held out a hope to those who should embrace it, that they would even then be able to obtain felicity as the reward of their own merit, but only through the grace of God, and the merits of the sacrifice of Christ. In seeming contradiction to these doctrines, it required of its professors the most rigid adherence to the moral requisitions of the gospel. Many of these requisitions must have appeared novel and extraordinary to the heathen world. That charity which not only abstains from doing harm, but is constantly in search for opportunities of doing good ; that meekness which endures in silence injury and insult ; that magnanimity which returns good for evil ; that self-denial which prefers the welfare of mankind and the glory of God to all the pleasures of the world, the gratification of ambition, and even the indulgence of the most innocent affections ;—these pure and high principles had never found admittance into the code of heathen morals. Even though they had been discussed in the schools, they had ever been regarded by the philosophers themselves, as precepts of a sublime and impracticable virtue ; the proper object, it is true, of speculative admiration, yet ill adapted to the state of society and the present condition of man. They were not therefore familiar to the actions or thoughts of the most enlightened ; and by the multitude they had never perhaps been heard of, certainly never habitually practised. Their novelty however did not constitute the principal obstacle to the reception of the moral requisitions of the gospel. They formed a system true and consistent indeed, but nevertheless most oppressive to the weakness, and most hostile to the wickedness of human nature.

Let me not be told that the holy severity and heavenly purity which characterize the christian system of morals, would have been favorable to the progress of the religion. I would ask, could the raving bacchanal, or the sensual devotee of Venus, have been arrested in the practice of his abominable rites, and convinced by any process of reasoning that, what he observed as a religious ceremonial in honor of the gods, was in fact only a succession of crimes of the blackest enormity? Could the Roman legionary, burning for revenge and thirsting for civil blood, have been made to comprehend and feel the excellency of the doctrines of passive fortitude and forgiveness of injuries? Could the rich men of Rome and its provinces, whose luxurious vices it required the concentrated energy of a Juvenal to delineate; could they have been persuaded of the necessity of self-denial—of taking up their cross? Could the common people, with such examples before and amongst them—examples enforced by the influence of station and the sanctions of religion—with their own loose habits and corrupt propensities, and without any fixed law of morality—could they have been induced by any human means to acknowledge and adopt a system of purity, which embraced every department of life, public or private, social or solitary; which afforded no pretext for vicious indulgence, and which extended to the feelings as well as to the actions, to the will as well as the deed, to the purpose as well as the performance? If any one should assert that they could have been so convinced and persuaded by the mere force of reason and the excellency of the system presented for their acceptance, I would say to him—go to the Indian of our western forests, and teach him by force of reason, if you can, to forgive his enemies; explain to him the relations of man to his neighbor, springing from his relation to his God; call on him to spare those children of his foe—to unloose that captive from the stake. While you are speaking, the children are dashed against the wall, the

faggots are blazing around their smothering victim. Learn then how difficult it is to subdue the heart or the understanding of man to those sublime and recondite maxims of morality, which oppose themselves directly to his passions on the one hand, and his prejudices on the other.

The author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, after a long search for something in christianity which might seem to favor some feeling of human nature, and thus conduce to the advancement of the religion, at length fastens upon the immortality of the soul, as being peculiarly flattering to the pride of man. It is true, it is so: the immortality of the soul is one of the proudest and most valuable distinctions between him and the brute creation—betwixt his nobler spirit and the gross material substances around him. But is the christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul a flattering one to the pride of human nature, when connected with its inseparable concomitant, the universal exposure of our race to everlasting shame and contempt? Would it have been likely to attract the affections or belief of those, who, if we may trust the evidence of Cicero, regarded the doctrine of future punishment as an old woman's fable, and supposed that, act as they would, they were only fulfilling the end of their creation and the decrees of fate? Would even the heaven it offered have held out a single charm to the pagan, who had not been previously convinced of the truth of the religion, and sanctified by its influence? Besides, it was connected with the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, a thing impossible in the eyes of the heathen, and detracting from the purity in which they supposed that spirits, once disembodied, should exist. Nor was the doctrine of the immortality of the soul by any means new, or peculiar to christianity. On the contrary, it was familiar both to the philosophy and the religion of the ancient heathen. Cicero, in his treatise on old age, anticipated, in a burst of eloquence which all must admire, and in which

the christian need not be ashamed to sympathize, that glorious day when he should join the divine assembly of spirits, in which were numbered the beloved and the illustrious who had gone before him. The common people too were permitted to look forward to the Elysian fields so beautifully described by the heathen poets, as a place where the atmosphere is purer and the fields more verdant; where another sun and other and brighter stars illuminate a scene devoted to perpetual enjoyment and undisturbed repose. Upon the whole then, the christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul, connected as it is with the doctrines of the resurrection of the body, an eternal hell to which all men are exposed, a heaven not in unison with the corrupt desires and propensities of our nature, seems to have been more likely to retard, than to advance, the propagation of the gospel.

Thirdly. There were other obstacles to the progress of the christian religion, besides those immediately arising from the attachment of the people to their ancient superstitions, and the peculiar nature of the religion itself.

The Roman government, which wielded the power of all the world, was decidedly and uniformly hostile to the propagation of the new belief. In the reign of the first emperor, we hear a statesman of profound wisdom, a scholar of enlightened understanding; the patron of Virgil and of Horace, and the chief adviser of the great and politic Augustus, a man too who seems to have been of a humane and gentle disposition; we hear him deliberately and earnestly advising his imperial master to "worship the gods himself according to the established form, to compel all others to honor them, and to haste and punish those who should introduce any innovation in religion." This we find to have been almost the uniform policy of the Roman state. The cruel Nero and the merciful Trajan, the madman Domitian and the philosopher Antoninus, the crafty Severus and the tyrannic and brutal Maximin, however they might differ in temper and

disposition, or in the general character of their administration, all agreed in supporting the religion of the state and resisting innovation even at the expense of injustice, violence and blood. Could we stand before the tribunal of a Roman magistrate and behold the christians dragged into his presence, and hear the execrations of the savage populace; could we behold them, on a confession of their faith, now tortured on the rack to induce them to apostatize, now led away to immediate execution; could we follow to the place of death and look through the enclosure, or stand beside the stake; we should receive a practical lesson that would overturn every speculative notion of what is called by Mr. Gibbon "the universal toleration of polytheism and the mild indifference" of the Roman government.

It is to be borne in mind that the great body of the people for many years went along with the government, in its attempt to suppress christianity. They yielded, indeed, not only a hearty but an active concurrence in the measures of the magistrate, busying themselves in presenting accusations, in procuring information of the lurking places of their victims, in hunting them out from the "dens and caves of the earth," and dragging them to trial and execution. The zeal of the populace did not always wait even for the forms of justice. They frequently rose in tumult, and murdered in the heat of seditious fury all who were suspected of favoring the new religion. Nay, even when the remonstrances of humane magistrates, or the appeals of christian apologists, had procured a brief pause in the onset of persecution, and a partial protection for liberty of conscience,—even then the populace did not abstain from violence and bloodshed. On one occasion when the public games were celebrating, and all should have been festivity and joy, they suddenly demanded permission of the magistrates for a general massacre of the hated sect, and enforced their demands by threats of sedition and rebellion. On another oc-

casion, when famine and earthquakes had desolated the cities of Asia, the populace added to the horrors of nature the darker horrors of human malignity, and, attributing their calamities to the anger of their gods at the permitted impiety of those who blasphemed their divinity, wreaked their vengeance upon the innocent and unresisting christians. Thus were the whole power of the Roman state, and the whole force of vindictive and tumultuous passion almost uniformly, though at different times with different degrees of violence, directed to the suppression of christianity.

Nor was violence the only weapon which the people wielded to destroy the new religion. Public opinion, at once the judge and executioner of its victims, at whose frown virtue is often obliged to shrink within herself, and before whose dread inquisition even brazen-fronted vice flies dismayed,—that public opinion raised its voice against christianity, and affixed indelible disgrace to the act of its profession. The sneers of the learned, and the calumnies of the vulgar, were constantly at work to increase the general detestation of the christian name. The former seized upon every point in the religion which was open to argument, or subject to difficulty, and urged their objections against it with all the ingenuity of controversy, and all the energy of despair. The multitude converted the doctrines of christianity, and the ceremonial of its worship, into the most horrid imputations on the principles and conduct of its professors. Their freedom from idolatry was reviled as atheism; their custom of partaking in the eucharist of the symbols of the body and blood of Christ, was construed into a habit of feeding on human flesh; their quiet abstinence from politics was interpreted as disaffection to the Roman government; and their custom of bestowing the title of king on their risen Redeemer, was charged upon them as treason against the authority of the emperor. No wonder then that the convert to christianity was universally regarded with contemptuous hatred; that he was looked

upon as one who bore about with him a moral pestilence, which threatened no less than the corruption of every established principle in religion, morality, and politics, and against the loathsome and deadly contagion of which it was both the duty and interest of every citizen to guard. No wonder that by the dreadful sentence of public opinion, he was excluded from all the delights of social intercourse, and even from the decent reciprocities of human fellowship. No wonder that friends refused to acknowledge the claims of affection, and relatives to recognize the ties of kindred. No wonder that the pagan father closed his door upon his christian offspring, or dragged them himself before the tribunal of the magistrate, and, like another Brutus, sacrificed their lives to the imagined welfare of his country.

It is worthy of remark, that these sufferings of every sort not only actually befell the first converts to christianity for a long series of years, but that the religion itself contained prophetic declarations that such calamities would occur. Would it not then be with the greatest difficulty that men could be persuaded to embrace a religion, which offered nothing so evidently to their reception as persecution and infamy? It is true, no doubt, that christianity held out promises of divine consolation, which should more than compensate for every external suffering. But these consolations were not evident, and could not have been experienced by any, previous to embracing the christian religion; whereas the sufferings of the converts were not only foretold in the religion itself, but were actually evident to the eyes of all men, and presented an obstacle to the progress of the new belief which no human efforts, one would think, could have enabled it to surmount.

Fourthly. Let us consider what were the means employed in the propagation of the gospel. The founder of christianity was himself of humble origin: his twelve apostles were men selected from the lower orders of the people. And

would the haughty pharisee or the learned scribe condescend to receive instruction from these ignorant and presuming men? Would even the Jewish populace stand tamely by and look unconcerned upon their arrogant attempts to abrogate the law, to abolish the worship of the temple, to remove the altar from its place, to rend the veil from the holy of holies, and expose to view profane the ancient dwelling-place of the Shechinali? Nay, could they have gained by their own authority alone, a single proselyte, a single auxiliary, in attempts apparently so impious? And how would these obscure adventurers have been received among the gentiles? In an enlightened period, when the horizon of the literary world was still on fire with the departing glories of the Augustan era; when the schools of heathen philosophy were more frequented than ever; when the cultivation of the arts and the study of the sciences were widely prevalent through Egypt, Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, twelve members of an ignorant and despised community came teaching a new and unpopular system of religion. Under such circumstances, to what shall we attribute their success? To their authority? Alas! the influence of all the wise and the learned, the rich and the powerful, was directly adverse to that of these fishermen of Galilee. To their learning? They had never frequented the grove of Academus, nor trodden the gardens of the Lyceum: they preached at Athens a strange doctrine, and an unknown God. To their exemplary manner of life? Alas! it could not shield them from reproach and calumny, it could not protect them from violence and death. To their laborious, or, as it is called by Mr. Gibbon, their intolerant zeal? This would have been but the more likely to inflame the opposition of their adversaries, while it could not alone have gained a single adherent. For men are not accustomed to resign long seated prejudices and long cherished opinions; to abandon the principles on which they long have acted, and the

objects to which they have long aspired ; to change, indeed, the whole course of their lives ; to expose themselves to loss of fortune, to infamy and death, at the mere call of an insane enthusiasm.

But it may be said, and with justice, that the promulgators of the gospel founded their doctrines, not upon their own authority, but on the authority of God. They presented themselves as witnesses of a revelation from above. What ! they the witnesses of a revelation from above ! They the chosen vessels of divine illumination ! When Socrates, though aided by his demon, had been able to throw so little light upon the destinies of man ; when Plato had failed of gaining any definite idea of the nature of the Deity ; when Aristotle, and Zeno, and all their sects, had lost themselves in a labyrinth to which they could find no clue ; could it have been given to these unlettered vagrants to explain the relation and duties of man to his Maker,—to unfold the schemes of Providence,—to lay open to human view the unsearchable mysteries of the Godhead, the resplendent glories of redeeming love ? When did they enjoy the opportunity of learning these sublime and incomprehensible truths ? It is true that Paul of Tarsus, the tent-maker of Corinth, asserted that he had been caught up into the third heavens, and there had heard unspeakable words, which it was not lawful for a man to utter. But where was the proof of his assertion ? Where was the proof of the inspiration of any of the apostles ? A thing so rarely occurring in the history of the world, and never witnessed by the generation then existing, required surely some proof, some attestation, besides the mere assertion of those claiming to possess it. It is impossible that any man should have believed without it. Yet the infidel asserts that no such proof was given. Our Lord and his apostles must therefore have appeared in the eyes of all the world as madmen or impostors ; and this conclusion must have been drawn, under the circumstances supposed,

not from mere prejudice against their doctrines or opposition to their precepts, but from the unerring dictates of experience and the plain rules of reason.

Still the infidel will persist in his assertion, that they promulgated their religion by merely human means. He will tell us, that although the nations of the world were warmly attached to their various superstitions; that although christianity was in some of its doctrines incomprehensible, in others hard to be understood, and in most directly opposed to the established opinions of all the world; that although its moral requisitions were severe and uncompromising beyond a parallel; that although its progress was opposed by the whole power of the Roman state, the vindictive passions of the people, the sneers of the learned, and the calumnies of the vulgar; that although the founder and his apostles, the individuals upon whose authority it rested, must have appeared to the eyes of all men, not only as ignorant and presumptuous innovators, but as madmen or impostors; that notwithstanding all these circumstances, they succeeded in establishing, by the mere force of persuasion, a religion, which still remains after a lapse of eighteen hundred years, the comfort of the ignorant and the delight of the learned; which has survived the attacks of its enemies, and the divisions of its friends, through periods of alternate luxury and barbarism, through changes and revolutions, through the decay of dynasties and the fall of empires, itself alone unshaken; through the discoveries of science and the improvements of art, itself alone incapable of improvement. This were of itself a miracle, an effect of supernatural power, as valuable and great as that effort of Divine Omnipotence which fixed the sun in the firmament of heaven, and poured its flood of radiance upon the yet unpeopled regions of the earth. But if we turn to the scriptural account of the propagation of the gospel, we shall find this grand miracle explained in a satisfactory manner. We shall find that its

propagation was brought to pass by means of subordinate miracles, the gift of which was entrusted to the apostles, as the evidence of their authority and the instrument of their success.

Fifthly. It has ever been a favorite argument with the infidel, to adduce other instances in which new systems of faith have gained an ascendancy in the world, and thence to infer that christianity might have been propagated by merely human means. But it will be found that every such instance differs widely from the early progress of christianity, and only tends to strengthen the argument derived from its promulgation.

Will it be said, for instance, that the success of the Jesuits among the heathen of more modern times is parallel to that of the apostles? To this I might reply, where are now the fruits of their labors? A few obscure monasteries in India, a few dilapidated churches in America, a few superstitious and ill-instructed converts, are all that remain to tell of their sacrifices, sufferings, and success. But I will not so reply. I cannot triumph over the decay of those magnificent and philanthropic establishments, which extended the civilizing, if not the sanctifying influence of christianity over so many tribes of savage barbarians. But I would say, that the Jesuits taught a system far more relaxed and accommodated to the infirmities and vices of human nature than the primitive religion of the gospel; that they were protected and encouraged by the civil power in their attempts to propagate christianity; that their worship was gorgeous and attractive; that their offers of temporal advantage were large and likely to be realized. I would say, that the Jesuits were men of deep acquaintance with human nature, and of profound learning; men who, while by their influence they wielded the destinies of civilized Europe, seem to have been admirably calculated, by the possession of every accomplishment, and every art, to win upon the affections and control the

convictions of the ignorant inhabitants of India, and the savage aborigines of America.

Will it be said, that the reformation of christianity in Germany was similar to its introduction into the world? Let it be remembered that the Bible, equally acknowledged by all as the standard of faith, was the guide of the reformers; that no new mysteries were promulgated, but many pretended mysteries, and real absurdities, done away. Let it be remembered that the Romish religion, in the opinion of many of its professors, had arrived at that crisis of corruption which required the decisive use of the knife and the cautery to save the whole body of the church from mortification and death. Besides, the reformation was protected at its very commencement by a powerful prince; shortly after, by a formidable league, which threatened for a while to overwhelm the gigantic power of the emperor. Nor was it finally allowed free course in the high road to success, nor were the protestant liberties of Europe finally established, until a confederacy of sovereigns had lent their aid, until the field of Lutzen had drunk the life-blood of the immortal Swede, and the plains and cities of Germany had been ravaged and desolated, during thirty successive years, by all the horrors of civil discord and foreign invasion.

Will any compare the reception of the Mahometan religion to that of the gospel of Christ? A brief review of the means by which this imposture was propagated, will show that no analogy exists between its progress and that of christianity. Though there was no established religion in Arabia at the time of its first promulgation, and though Mahometanism was a cunning mixture of all the various systems there prevailing; though the pretended prophet was of an illustrious family, and had associated with himself most of the influential citizens of Mecca, yet it seems probable that, had he always remained a preacher, we should not at this day have heard of his religion. It had probably been lost to fame, and

remained undistinguished from those frequent ebullitions of imposture or enthusiasm, which from time to time have arisen upon the surface of society, and, like the bubble they resembled, burst and disappeared a moment after. But the results of his preaching did not suit the active and aspiring mind of the Arabian adventurer. Having assembled all whom the interest of his family or of his associates could summon to his standard, all whom the visions of ambition or the anticipations of sensual enjoyment could influence, all whom the hope of plunder, the love of action, or the rude spirit of military glory could affect, he easily conquered or conciliated the petty tribes of Arabia, dispersed and divided as they were ; and collecting from these various streams a mighty flood, he burst from his native peninsula, with impetuous force and overpowering weight, upon the undefended provinces of the Eastern empire. To the conquered idolater he offered no terms but Mahometanism or death : to the Christian captive no option but the Koran, the tribute, or the sword. And is he who had it in his power to influence all the evil passions of our nature to the performance of his purposes ; at whose command a host of captives might have been murdered in cold blood, a city razed to its foundation, a country ravaged with fire and sword until not a living thing, or a blade of green grass, was to be found within its confines ; is he, who was ready as well as able, to proceed to these extremities, in the propagation of his faith, to be compared to those twelve fishermen of Galilee, clad in pilgrim's weeds, and wandering alone through deserts and through cities, alike unknown in both ? Is not their success beyond comparison more marvellous than his ? Must we not return to our previous conclusion, that their success is in itself a miracle ?

For my own part, I regard this second creation of the moral world, this renovation of the face of intellectual and spiritual nature, this resurrection of mankind from the death

of pagan ignorance, as great a deviation from the customary order of events, as great an exertion of supernatural power, as was displayed when our Saviour stood by the sepulchre of Bethany, and Lazarus came forth at his bidding, wrapped in the cerements of the grave. I regard this victory over the tumult of human passion, and the storm of persecution, as a more striking instance of the submission of nature to the word of Almighty power, than when our Lord, sailing on the sea of Galilee, said to the raging tempest and the boiling waters, "peace, be still," and the winds and the waves obeyed him.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

EVEN in the first and golden age of christianity, there were to be found men whom not the nature of the gospel revelation, nor the authority of the apostolic commission, nor the evidence of contemporary miracles, could withhold from the perversion of the truth. It would seem from the epistle to the Galatians that, though converted by the preaching of Paul himself, and afterwards partaking largely of his pastoral care, their system of faith had not remained secure from the inroads of innovation and error. On the contrary, the false teachers who at that time infested the church, had succeeded in shaking to its foundation their belief in the doctrines committed to them by their spiritual father. The apostle of the Gentiles writes to them in vindication of the message which he had delivered; and as the first efficient argument pronounces the solemn attestation, "but I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached by me is not after man; for I neither received it of man, nor was I

taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." This fact he confirms by a brief allusion to his former manner of life, the mode of his conversion, and his subsequent conduct. It is proposed in the present essay to illustrate more fully the argument of the apostle, and thus to demonstrate his divine commission, and the consequent truth of that religion of which he was so eminent a teacher.

If we consider his former character and manner of life, the moral phenomenon of his change will appear scarcely less striking than the circumstances which accompanied it. Saul of Tarsus was a Jew ; an Hebrew of the Hebrews ; proud of his descent from that ancient and peculiar people, who had enjoyed so long the favors of Jehovah. He was a Roman citizen ; conscious no doubt of the value of that distinction, which even princes and kings had coveted, to throw a brighter lustre round the royal state. He was a Pharisee, and imbued with all the erroneous learning of his sect. He was a devotee, and strongly tinctured with that spiritual pride which always attends a mind occupied exclusively by ceremonial observances. He was a persecutor : he had pledged himself as an auxiliary to the enemies of christianity, and had sealed the covenant in blood. Thus was the miserable necessity of maintaining the consistency of his character, superadded to those numerous causes which rendered him most hostile to the Christian faith. Where shall we find one more unlikely to embrace that faith ? Not among those who conspired against the life of its author ; not among those who cried aloud to crucify him, and imprecated his blood upon themselves and upon their children ; not in him who sat upon the judgment-seat and gave sentence against Jesus. If it was unlikely that the representative of Cæsar should lay aside the ensigns of authority and kneel in homage to his humble and insulted captive, or that Caiaphas should strip himself of his priestly tiara and sacerdotal robe, and lay these symbols of his sacred office at the feet of his

hated victim : equally unlikely was it that Saul of Tarsus should sheath his blood-stained sword, uplifted for the blow, and turn at once his energy and his zeal to the propagation of that religion which he had sought to extirpate. Yet that he did so, is beyond a doubt. He left Jerusalem glowing with the zeal of persecution, and entered Damascus an humbled and obedient Christian. Some powerful and most extraordinary cause must have operated in producing so remarkable a change. This conclusion naturally leads us to an examination of St. Paul's conversion, as described in his own most eloquent language. He says : " Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me : And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, who art thou, Lord ? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest : but rise, stand upon thy feet ; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear unto thee."

In perusing the account of this stupendous instance of the goodness and omnipotence of God, the spirit of scepticism which lurks about the human heart, may, perhaps, suggest the inquiries whether Paul might not have been deceived ; and if not, whether he was not a deceiver. I shall briefly answer both of these inquiries.

First. St. Paul could not have been deceived. That he was deceived by others, is an hypothesis too absurd to detain us for a moment. No one will venture to contend that any imposition or contrivance, by the new sect, could have produced that transcendent light or that supernatural voice.

But as it has been supposed by infidels, with a greater show of plausibility, that he was self-deceived, let us for a few moments consider the probability of such a supposition. Under this head, I would observe, that the character of St. Paul was as far removed as possible from that of an enthusiast. His mind was not only capable of flights, the sublimity of which has extorted universal admiration, but was also adapted to the close and patient investigation of a subject, and its full development in clear and luminous order. Nor had his mind been left uncultivated. The endowments of the learned Pharisee, and the lighter graces of Grecian literature, together with considerable experience in active life, had contributed to form in him a character peculiarly inaccessible to delusions of the imagination. His epistles alone display a profundity of thought, and a clearness of exposition, indicative of a powerful mind, possessed of the healthful vigor of all its faculties.

But the very circumstances of his conversion demonstrate the impossibility of any self-deception. What, I would ask, should have suggested to him such a vision as he saw on his way from Jerusalem to Damascus? Were there any relents in his heart towards the hated heretics? Did he really begin to entertain the idea that Jesus was indeed the Christ, the son of God? There is no evidence whatever that such was the condition of his mind. On the contrary, he was at this very moment actually and voluntarily engaged in a mission of persecution; and his busy thoughts were probably contemplating scenes of torture and blood, or exulting in the triumphant vindication of that ancient system which he revered and loved. If therefore his glowing fancy could have represented any vision to his senses, one would naturally suppose that it had been a vision of Moses, not of Christ; and that the command had been given, not for the propagation, but for the extermination of the gospel. But it would have been utterly impossible that he could have

even so deceived himself. The darkness of midnight, and not the blaze of noonday, is the season for the tricks of the imagination. The retired and gloomy cell, and not the open canopy of heaven, is the place for superstitious visitations. The solitude of the desert, and not the attendance of a troop of friends, is a fit incentive to the exercises of a distempered fancy. Yet under the brightness of a noon-day sun, surrounded by numerous associates, with all the excitement of air and exercise, glowing with the proud consciousness of authority, Saul of Tarsus is suddenly overtaken in his journey by a light which so far surpasses the brightness of the sun, that it prostrates him on the earth with his face in the dust to avoid the splendor of its beams. It is absurd to suppose that a light whose intensity is incomprehensible to our imaginations, should have been the creation of his ; or that his companions should have seen the same appearance and been affected in the same manner, unless it had been a reality. An appeal is made to another of his senses. He hears a voice speaking articulately, addressing him by name, and again replying at considerable length to his interrogations. When the voice has ceased he rises from the earth ; and though we are assured that his eyes remain open, finds himself blind, and continues so no less than three days. Upon the miraculous recovery of his sight, he is immediately endowed with the power of healing the sick, of raising the dead, and of speaking in languages unknown to him before. These powers he exercises in many countries, and for many years. And yet shall scepticism tell us that in all these things he was a self-deceiver ? Shall we be told that he only imagined that he heard a voice ; that he only fancied that he could not see ; that he deceived himself when he supposed that he healed the sick, and that they rose from their beds free from pain and weakness ; that he was deluded when he thought he saw the livid corse breathe and move at his bidding with reanimated being ; that he was miserably

mistaken when he imagined that he made himself intelligible in foreign languages, and that thousands understood and were converted by his preaching? Lamentable perverseness of human nature, which will credit such impossibilities as these, rather than believe that God might reveal his will to erring mortals, and work a miracle to confirm his declarations.

Secondly. Could Paul by possibility have been a deceiver? St. Paul a deceiver! At the bare suggestion of such a possibility, a sensation of horror thrills through every generous bosom. If St. Paul be an impostor, who is true? Where is the confidence of friendship, where the delightful trust of parental and filial affection? Where is the truth of history, and where those soothing or spirit-stirring associations which tradition hangs around spots consecrated to memory? But it is not the heart alone that revolts at the suggestion. Reason, insulted by the supposition, invokes all her powers to demonstrate its absurdity. Look at the writings of the illustrious apostle. Mark the system of pure morality, of sublime devotion, portrayed by his matchless pen. Did ever an impostor write as he wrote? Could the polluted and groveling mind of a degraded hypocrite have soared so high? And if it could, would his moral taste have selected those pure and rigid and lofty conceptions of duty, and bodied them forth as the uncompromising standard of practice for his associates and himself?

But is there within the wide range of causes which influence human beings in their actions, a single motive to be suggested, that could by possibility have induced Saul of Tarsus to become an hypocritical adherent of the hated and despised sect of Nazarines? A systematic course of deception to be continued through life, is not undertaken by any man through mere caprice. The honorable mind shrinks with abhorrence from a single falsehood, and even the most depraved would dread and shun the difficulties attending upon a life of imposture. A moment's consideration will

demonstrate that by embracing christianity, except from a conviction of its truth, Saul of Tarsus had every thing to lose, and nothing to gain. He had to lose his own brilliant hopes of fortune and aggrandizement. He closed his eyes upon those tempting prospects of wealth and power, which were just opening before him. With all the pride of Jewish ancestry beating high in his bosom, he surrendered forever his long cherished hopes of being recorded among the worthies of the race of Moses. He had to lose the respect and affection of the patrons of his youth—a bereavement most afflictive to the ingenuous heart. The complacent smile which he had ever seen lighting up the face of the venerable Gamaliel, at whose feet he had been so kindly nurtured, was to be changed to a frown. He had to lose forever his birth-right as a Jew ; to sever for life the warm ties which united him to the house of Israel—ties, to the Jewish heart, the strongest of all earthly bonds—whose mysterious influence has preserved even to the present day the identity of the Jewish nation, in spite of the loss of their country and the lapse of ages ; binding them together as one people, peculiar and indivisible, in all their wanderings and all their dispersions ; resembling, in the force and constancy of its operation, that unseen principle of gravitation which unites and attracts to a common centre, the dispersed and moving worlds of the material universe.

I have said that by an hypocritical profession of the new religion, Saul of Tarsus had nothing to gain. I was wrong : he was to gain poverty, and reproach, and stripes, and imprisonment, and a felon's death. All this he had seen exemplified in the life and death of his master ; and he well knew that his master had predicted that all this should be the inheritance, and the only earthly inheritance, of his apostles. Barren temptations these to a life of hypocrisy and deceit. Is it a thing to be desired, to incur reproach and infamy ? Is it an object of ambition to be steeped in poverty

to the very lips ? Is persecution dear ? Is danger sweet ? The scourge, the dungeon, and the torture, are they to be coveted ? Is that cross the throne to which aspiring selfishness would fain ascend ? Is that bed of fire the couch on which luxurious self-love would seek repose ? But it may be said that the apostle's object was posthumous fame. I know that posthumous fame is dear to the human heart. We love to cast forward the eye of anticipation, and fondly brood over the soothing thought that we may live and be cherished in the memory of posterity, in spite of the triumph of death and the devastation of the worm. But no one would love the reproach of posterity ; no one would court, by a life of hypocrisy and deceit, its sure result, posthumous execration. Was the apostle actuated by aspirations after rank and authority ? It is true that the station of an apostle in the church of Christ, is the highest that ever yet was filled on earth by any human being ; that the authority attached to that sacred office is the most transcendent in its nature and sublime in its character, ever entrusted to mortal hands. Yet that office and that authority could not have been the object of an impostor's ambition. He would have been wholly incapable of appreciating their intrinsic dignity : and, at that early age of the church, an apostle had no temporal power to be coveted ; his only temporal rank was pre-eminence in suffering.

If we look at the life of St. Paul subsequent to his conversion, we shall find continued evidence of his sincerity. Well did he commence, and well pursue, the high vocation to which his Master had called him. In vain did reproach assail and danger menace him ; in vain did treachery beset and violence oppose his progress ; in vain were the ignominy of stripes, the pangs of torture, and the fear of death ; in vain were the horrors of the amphitheatre and the terrors of Cæsar's name ; in vain was the hostility of man, and no less in vain were the obstacles of nature ; in vain did ocean

interpose its waves, and the desert its interminable sands ; in vain did the tempest drive his ship awreck, and the wild beast cross his solitary track ; in vain were the ties of friendship, the sacred bonds of family affection, the dear delights of home, to deter him from his Master's service. Now persecuted at Jerusalem, now expelled from Antioch, now stoned at Lystra, now beaten with rods at Thyatira, now exposed to savage beasts at Ephesus, now arraigned before Felix and Festus and Agrippa, now shipwrecked at Malta, now imprisoned at Rome, he yet pursued his onward, upward course, made Felix tremble on the judgment-seat, almost persuaded the infidel Agrippa, satisfied the scepticism of Athenian philosophy, diverted from the great goddess Diana her deluded worshippers, and made converts to the faith in the very household of Cæsar. At one time wandering on the desert soil of Arabia; at another on the distant shores of Britain, wherever the name of God was dishonored, or the way of salvation was unknown, for more than thirty years, did this illustrious disciple add proof to proof of the sincerity of his faith.

It has been frequently said that, though christianity has made many a martyr, it never made a hero. If by heroism is meant the bodying forth of that fearful ambition, which seeks

“—— to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,”

and which, if its power equalled its will, would appropriate to itself the crown of Omnipotence, and exact universal adoration ; then to the appellation of hero St. Paul confessedly has no claim. But if a noble daring in the noblest cause; if the consecration of all the energies of an exalted understanding and all the aspirations of a fervid heart in its pursuit; if the most chivalrous disregard of hardships and peril and

death ; if the union of all these virtues and their final consummation by the sacrifice of life itself, deserve the name of heroism ; then was the apostle of the gentiles indeed a hero. But I forbear. The eulogy of St. Paul is a theme too lofty for my feeble lips. The day will come when it shall be appropriately pronounced ; when in the presence of the rebuked heroes of the earth and their slaughtered victims, and of rejoicing saints and angels, this hero of the cross will receive the eulogy of heaven, pronounced by the lips of heaven's king, "well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy lord !"

If then Paul was neither deceived nor a deceiver, it follows that the account given by himself of his miraculous conversion, is true. The truth of his other communications to mankind, whether oral or written, is the necessary result. For it would be absurd as well as impious to suppose that the God of truth would commission an ambassador from heaven, and sanction his ministry by the gift of his own miraculous powers, to enable him to become the propagator of falsehoods. And if the discourses and epistles of St. Paul are proved to be true, even the sceptic would scarce take the trouble of questioning the truth of the body of the scriptures, of which these discourses and epistles form so vital a part. Indeed, St. Paul himself expressly declares, that "all scripture is given by inspiration of God." It is true then, beyond the shadow of a doubt it is true, that sacred volume, in all its diversified contents. It is true, that there is a God, omniscient, omnipresent, and almighty ; a God of holiness, of justice, and of truth. It is true, that mournful history of Adam's disobedience and fall, which shall wring with justly sympathizing anguish the bosom of his latest posterity. It is true, that copy of the divine perfections, that sacred rule of morals, that awful expression of the will of the Almighty, at whose promulgation Sinai trembled to its base. It is no fiction of the poets, that heaven and that hell, prepared for

those who fulfill or violate the precepts of that law. It is to the life, that lamentable picture which every page of scripture offers to our view of man's inability, in his fallen state, to comply with those requisitions of his Maker, and his consequent exposure to inevitable ruin. It is divine, that stupendous scheme of wisdom and of mercy which saved his sinking nature from its deep perdition, and gave it once more a chance for dignity and happiness. It was real, that awful sacrifice on Calvary ; it was no delusion, that glorious resurrection and ascension ; it is efficient, that blessed intercession, through which our humble efforts and imperfect prayers are rendered acceptable in the sight of the Father of mercies.

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

WHAT a tumult of exultation would the promised sovereignty of a world excite in the human breast ! How would the purpled robe, the jewelled diadem, the exalted throne, crowd in thick array upon the fancy as it gazed upon the glittering phantom ! How would the heart expand to meet the love and reverence of subject millions ! With what intense energy would every passion spring to the enjoyment of its object ! With what exulting transports would the soul rouse all its powers to accommodate itself to its exalted destiny ! Yet this world, with all the pomp and power attendant on its possession ; this world, whose sovereignty in prospect would so absorb every faculty of our nature, is declared by our Saviour to be far inferior in value to a single soul. To one accustomed to estimate every thing by a worldly standard, this may appear at first a startling propo-

sition. Yet even such a man cannot withhold his assent, when he considers the excellent nature of the soul itself, the eternity of existence to which it is destined, and the surprising proofs of the estimate at which it is held by higher intellects than ours.

And in the first place, the soul is spiritual in its nature. Accordingly, it possesses qualities peculiar to itself, and far superior to those which are inherent in the material substances around us. Indeed, of a nature so far superior is soul to matter, that the ancient philosophers supposed that they could describe the Deity himself in no higher or more significant terms, than when they denominated him "the soul of the universe." Incorrect as was this notion of heathen philosophy, it may nevertheless serve to furnish us with an illustration of the superior dignity, of the exalted nature, of the soul. As God pervades the universe, directing and controlling its complicated operations; so the human soul, in a far lower sphere it is true, and with far inferior yet similar powers, rules with absolute dominion that tabernacle of clay in which it dwells. Is God infinitely superior to the universe of matter which he governs? In like manner, though not in equal degree, is the soul of man superior to the frame which it inhabits, and to the kindred earth from which that frame was formed.

The nature of the soul we cannot, it is true, precisely determine. It is an essence too subtile for human examination; but its qualities we are enabled to perceive and to appreciate. It has affections; from whose exercise may be derived the purest and most exquisite enjoyment; upon whose existence depend all the important relations of social and domestic life; from whose proper cultivation arises much that is useful, and all that is endearing, in individuals or in the species. These affections, it is true, are sometimes sources of pain as well as pleasure. Misfortune may befall those that are dear to us, and through theirs inflict a wound

upon our hearts. Disappointment in friendship, or in love, may poison one of the streams of our affections, and drive it back to the fountain whence it sprung, to taint and to embitter all its waters. Death may wrest from our bosom some fondly cherished object, and fill the "aching void" with unavailing anguish. Yet even in the midst of such afflictions, we cannot wish that our hearts were hardened into marble ; we cannot but perceive that our misery is owing, not to the original constitution of the soul, but to those fruitful springs of evil which sin has introduced into the world. Nor does there breathe the man who would willingly divest himself of these constituents of his nature. No matter how deeply his feelings have been wounded ; no matter how cruelly his affections have been wronged ; no matter if the outrages of his fellows have driven him from the haunts of men, to dwell a solitary hermit in the wilderness ; even there, even in such a desolation of the heart, he will derive his dearest earthly consolation from the revival of those seared and withered affections, and from their expansion upon all even the inanimate objects around him. Thus, though a proud and unfeeling philosophy may tell us that the affections are deserving only of exclusion from our breasts, there is an instinct in our nature which points out their excellence and value, and teaches us to preserve them as a part of the noble structure of the soul.

The soul has other faculties. It has powers of imagination, which multiply the enjoyments of man ; and, when properly directed, amend and ennoble his character, by purifying the grosser materials of which it is composed. What a charm does it add to the scenery of nature ! How superior to that which is perceived through the same medium of the senses by the animal creation ! The eagle, it is true, may gaze with pleasure on that beetling cliff, for it is the abode of its young ; the fawn may bound with delight through yonder grove, and enjoy its verdant foliage and its cooling

shades ; the mute inhabitants of the lake below may sport amidst its waters, and admire the sparkling of the wave as the sunbeam enters the transparent element ; but to man, imagination gives the power of admiring them all, and of deriving from the scene a far more exalted and more exquisite enjoyment. But a more excellent faculty of the soul is reason. Do you ask for proofs of its excellence ? Behold them in the various institutions of society ; in that social compact which it establishes to preserve our race from a state of worse than brutal barbarism ; in the wholesome restraints imposed by government for the general good ; in that civil liberty which is congenial to man as a reasonable being, and is his only refuge from tyranny and violence. Mark how it appropriates to their most useful ends the various agents and substances in nature ; how it divests even the lightning of its power to harm, and subdues the elements to the convenience of man. Follow it as it expatiates through the fields of physical research ; as it traces the appearances of nature to their sources, and brings them all to light ; from the obvious cause of the simplest phenomenon, to that mysterious principle which keeps our planet in its orbit, and preserves the wondrous harmony of the universe of God.

It is, however, the peculiar excellence of the human soul, that all its powers are capable of application to moral subjects, to those eternal distinctions between right and wrong, which existed in the uncreated mind “before the mountains were brought forth, or the earth and the world were formed ;” to those wonderful operations of power, of wisdom and of mercy, which are displayed in the government of God, to the consistency, the beauty, and the grandeur which exist in infinite perfection in the character of Jehovah. Touched by grace from above, it may learn to appreciate as well as to admire ; to exercise towards the father of its existence that filial reverence which befits a creature ; that humility and penitence which become a fallen

being; that love which his mercy and long-suffering demand; that faith which lifts the soul to heaven in joyful confidence; assimilates it to the purer spirits who inhabit there, and teaches it to aspire, though with no unholy ambition, to the attainment of that image of its Maker in which it was originally formed. This susceptibility of heavenly influences is indeed the crown of human endowments, the true glory of our nature; without which, reason were insufficient for our guidance, and conscience blind to our imperfections; without which hope were "the dream of a shadow," and faith the confidence of a madman; without which the high purposes of our creation had been defeated by the fall, and man forever left to herd with brutes, and, like the Babylonian of old, "to eat grass as oxen and be wet with the dews of heaven." Such are the faculties, intellectual and moral, of the human soul. How infinitely superior to the inert qualities of matter, to the mere animal instincts of the brute creation!

But in the second place. 'The soul contains within itself a principle of immortality, which adds immeasurably to its excellence. Every thing else in our world is subject to decay. The fairest flower must wither; the tallest oak of the forest must waste away and fall; man's own body must sink into the grave and return to its kindred dust; the proudest palace that his hands have built must crumble into ruins; the most extensive empire must decline and pass away; the fame which we vainly call immortal must fade and be forgotten; the earth itself must cease its revolutions, and perish in the final conflagration. But the soul, more noble, more excellent than them all, shall never die. Ignorant of decay, it shall live on throughout the boundless ages of eternity. Eternity! Upon the very borders of that undiscovered country imagination pauses; or if it attempts to cross the infinite extent, returns fatigued with unavailing efforts; since far beyond the point of its utmost penetration,

a wider, and still a wider region, a region growing wider forever, remains to be explored. But the soul, unable as it is now to comprehend the extent of its own existence, shall hereafter traverse the whole of the infinite expanse, though it shall never arrive at the termination of its journey. Wonderful paradox ! yet true as it is wonderful ! Again, the soul derives a relative value far superior to that which arises out of the excellence of its faculties, or even the eternity of its existence, from the consideration that this eternity is to be spent in happiness without alloy, or misery without alleviation. That this consideration is true, will not admit of a doubt. Else why is it that in this lower world, Almighty Justice suffers the oppression of virtue and the exaltation of vice ? Why is it that the military murderer is often exalted to a throne, though the blood of slaughtered thousands cry from the ground to heaven for vengeance, and the wrongs of injured millions sit heavy on his soul ? Why is it that the good man is often stripped of fortune, friends and kindred, and left to sink broken hearted into an untimely grave ? “ Verily there is a reward for the righteous : verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth.” Reason acknowledges the truth of revelation when she informs us of a heaven and a hell.

That this consideration is of infinite importance, will appear from a moment’s consideration of these far different states of being. How ecstatic must be the emotions of the soul when it finds itself clothed in its immortal garb ; transferred to the “ heavenly Jerusalem, the city of the living God ;” when it looks around on those eternal “ mansions prepared from the foundation of the world,” or regards the innumerable company of angels that inhabit them ; or gazes with a far stronger than an eagle’s vision on the resplendent glories of the Majesty on high ! How incalculable shall be its felicity in those blest abodes ! There its pure and perfect affections shall be able to comprehend in one bond of univer-

sal love the countless "spirits of the just made perfect;" and to centre with fixed intenseness and infinite enjoyment on the benevolent author of its existence, the merciful bestower of its happiness. There it shall expatiate in the wide regions of the universe of being, and ascend, through the various degrees of dignity and glory, to God, the fountain of all. There it shall "see Him as he is;" it shall look back upon the world which is no more, and trace through all the changes of its eventful history, the wisdom of his Providence; it shall comprehend more fully that scheme of man's redemption which baffles the intellect of angels, and perceive in the mysterious transaction the greatness of his mercy: from its elevated station it shall look abroad throughout the universe, and recognise his presence in every world, and in every corner of that world's domain; it shall witness perhaps some new exertion of his creative power, and rank itself among those "morning stars," those "sons of God," who again shall hail with songs and shouts of joy the display of his Omnipotence. The capacity of the soul for such enjoyments will increase with its duration. We have observed the progress of the soul in this life. We have seen the mind of infancy satisfied with vacancy or intent upon a toy; we have marked its gradual expansion under the influence of exciting circumstances and continual exercise; we have seen it arrive at all the strength and vigor of confirmed manhood, and in after years attain an increase of powers by a corresponding increase of opportunities for knowledge. How then must the faculties of the soul expand and brighten and ascend in heaven! in that blest region where holy minds shall meet in contact, receiving and communicating stores of exalted knowledge; where a field for contemplation shall be opened as wide as the universe, as sublime as the character of Jehovah; where he that is "perfect in wisdom" shall point the way, and every moment shall be crowded with new operations of the power, with fresh displays of the goodness

and omniscience of God. Such is the state of the soul in a future world of bliss ! how numerous, how ecstatic its enjoyments ! how sublime, how rapturous its prospects !

But man, alas, is subject to the loss of all this happiness : not by a cessation of its existence ; for that will be each lost one's wish when he calls upon the rocks and mountains to cover him, and vainly hopes that that hell which "is moved from beneath to wait him at his coming," might prove indeed a "second death ;" but by condemnation to a state compared to which annihilation, abhorrent as it is to every principle of our nature, to every aspiration of the soul, would seem like happiness. But I forbear : no tongue can adequately tell the horrors of that state, no language can describe those—

"Regions of sorrow—doleful shades, where peace
"And rest can never dwell—hope never come,
"That comes to all, but torture without end
"Still urges"—

How is the value of the soul enhanced in our eyes, when we view it thus in the light of eternity ! How forcibly is the conviction brought home to our bosoms, that it shall not "profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul !"

But in the third place. The true value of the human soul is exhibited in its strongest point of view by a consideration of the estimate at which it is held by the superior orders of creation, and by the all-wise Author of its being. We have received it from the lips of "Him who cannot lie," that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Observe, over the repentance of a single soul. Suppose then for a moment, that by a decree of the Almighty, this earth again were swept of all the active millions that now swarm upon its surface ; and that instead of a surviving family, as in the days of Noah, a single individual alone were left the sole inheritor of all its vast

domains. Why is it that the hosts of heaven continue still to bend an attentive eye on this far distant planet ? Is it to mark with what precise exactness it accomplishes its days and months and years ? Is it to observe the dreary stillness that pervades its depopulated regions, or contemplate the hue of universal death that has gathered on its aspect and deformed its beauties ? No : it is an object of still greater interest that attracts their eager gaze ; it is that single soul, more valuable in itself than all that earth possesses of beauty and of grandeur, which causes them to stoop from their exalted thrones in fixed attention. That soul repents ; it casts its load of unshared misery—the intolerable burden of unpardoned sin, at the foot of the cross ; it receives the promised rest ; immediately there is joy in the celestial courts ; a new emotion of delight pervades the bosoms of the heavenly host, from the lowest in the scale of angelic being to “ Gabriel who standeth in the presence of God.” What then must be the value of that soul whose progress can attract the scrutiny of angels ; whose safety can create a jubilee in heaven !

The mighty work which God has performed in its behalf, affords us a proof of the value which his perfect wisdom attaches to the human soul. He sent his own Son into the world to restore it to that brightness it had lost, to preserve it from that eternal condemnation to which it was exposed. This was, it is true, an act of infinite condescension, of boundless mercy. Yet can we think the eternal Son would have “ left the glory which he had with the Father,” abandoned the throne of heaven, to be born in the likeness of sinful flesh, and to suffer an ignominious death upon the cross ; can we think he would have done all this to preserve from actual annihilation a mass of matter a thousand times larger than this earth on which we dwell, yon glorious sun itself, or to remove that sentence of final dissolution which even now rests on all the countless myriads of worlds in the material universe ? Oh no ! it was the soul, the im-

mortal soul, the soul capable of endless torment and of eternal happiness, of torment how excruciating, and of happiness how exquisite!—it was the soul alone that could present, even to infinite mercy, an adequate motive for such a sacrifice.

“What,” then, “shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” Should Satan now appear to us, as to our Saviour of old, in a material form; should he transport us, as he did the “Son of Man,” to some lofty mountain, and there display before our astonished vision the kingdoms of the world; should he then proceed to offer all their power and their glory in exchange for our immortal soul, what would be our decision at that awful moment? Perhaps, startled by the bold and open approach of the fiend, we might defy the tempter, and hold fast our integrity. At least, such may be our thoughts when we contemplate at a distance the supposed temptation. Yet blind, alas! to our real situation, are there not many among us who aspire, not indeed after empire, who seek not indeed the dominion of a world, but who are content to barter for a far less equivalent, for a little golden dust, a few ephemeral enjoyments, a breath of popular applause, “the pleasures of sin for a season;” to barter for these unsubstantial and fleeting possessions, the eternal welfare of their immortal souls! Oh folly of man! whither art thou tending? To death—the grave—to everlasting wo. Oh sacred wisdom! whither art thou fled? “Man knoweth not the place thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.” “Oh, give us wisdom, that sitteth by thy throne! and reject us not from among thy children!”

PARENTAL AFFECTION—A FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

It is a wise provision of the Author of our being, that love of the parent to his offspring. It is a natural principle, tending to the preservation of the species and the expansion of the heart; it is an instinctive feeling, which needs no aid from argument; it is a glowing impulse, beyond the power of time and chance to extinguish. We love, indeed, whatever we have cherished, be it but a brute that owes its comfort to our kindness, nay but a plant which we have nursed into luxuriance: how much more then the child upon whom we have lavished the fondest cares and the most anxious vigilance! I have seen a mother watching the slumbers of her infant offspring. The dying cadence of that murmured song; the breathless stillness which succeeds its music; the gaze, now fixed in fondness on her child, now turned to heaven, imploring future blessings on its head; express to every feeling of the heart the intenseness of maternal love.

I have seen the same gentle being employed in soothing the uprice of wayward childhood. Those persuasive arts, the instinct of affection; those cheering tones, in which pity's *If* has seemed to speak; that enduring tenderness, which perseveres in spite of disappointment in its consolatory task; speak a patient love, which, though born of earth, may most vie with that inspired clarity, whose divinest character is that it "suffereth long and is kind." I have seen the mother hovering around the couch of her sick child. That anxious brow, that troubled and yet watchful eye, who that beheld can forget? I have seen the gladness of a mother's joy. It beamed in smiles on her reviving offspring, the cheerful light of day upon exulting nature. I have

seen the anguish of a mother's grief. She sat, like Rachel, weeping for her child, and refusing to be comforted, because it was not.

Nor is this affection confined to the mother's gentle bosom. It is no less dominant in the father's heart.

"The father, whose authority, in show
When most severe and mustering all its force,
Is but the graver countenance of love."

I have seen the father returned from the new-made grave of his departed child. That self-centered look ; that wandering, uninterested gaze ; that wintry smile ; seemed as of one whose soul, already gone before, was even now communing with the unforgotten dead. Thou, O Heavenly Parent, thou alone couldst sustain him, as he meditated almost to madness on the treasure he had lost ; as he recalled the recollection of that helpless infancy which his care had cherished, of that thoughtless youth which his parental hand had restrained and guided ; as he traced the progress of those virtues implanted by his precepts, and remembered the character and attainments of that mind, into which he seemed to have transfused his own.

THE END

